



# A BOOK OF SONGS

Words and Melodies only

FOR UNISON & PART SINGING

FOR GRADES IV, V AND VI

( Students' Edition )

Compiled and Edited  
For Use in School and Home  
by ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON  
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE  
and AUGUSTUS D. ZANZIG

Lucien Horton Crane  
Tuskegee Alabama  
1947

% Lillian B. Totten



Island  
Fountain  
lovely May







# THE CONCORD SERIES

of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music  
under the Editorship of

THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

and

DR ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

No. 4

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By

ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON  
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E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.  
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*The Pianoforte accompaniments for the songs in this collection are contained in and co-ordinated with Vol. 14 of the Concord Series.*

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## PREFACE

This book is the third in the series of School Music Books of which the first is the Kindergarten Book of Folk-Songs, edited by Lorraine d'O. Warner, Concord Series, No. 9, and the second, 140 Folk-Songs for Grades I, II and III, two editions, edited by Dr. Archibald T. Davison and Thomas Whitney Surette, Concord Series, No. 3 and No. 7. The first two books, consisting largely of folk-songs, provide young children with songs as will develop their taste for the best music, and give them a long and thorough experience of it before they come in contact with its symbols, namely, notation. The introduction of notation is made, however, in Grade III. The present book serves as a continuance of rote-singing and of reading music, and provides for two- and three-part singing.

The purpose of this book is to supply children in Grades IV, V and VI (children from nine to twelve years of age) with music suitable to their capacities and interests and, at the same time, of the very highest quality. Since practically every other book of this kind makes the same claim, we wish to be explicit. With the exception of a few songs, such as "Flow gently, sweet Afton" and "Home, sweet home," which, though written by less distinguished composers, have the character and validity of folk-songs, all the songs herein are either folk-songs or are by one of the following composers: Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley, Purcell, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, César Franck. Added to these are Hymns and Rounds and Catches.

In other words, the purpose of the Editors is to bring school music up to the highest possible standard. There is no reason, either in the technique of school music teaching, or in the capacity of children to like and understand the best music, for giving them anything less than the best. Consequently, this volume contains no songs "written for this book," no songs written to illustrate technical problems, and no songs gathered here and there for the sake of novelty or sensation.

Where second and third parts have been added to the songs, these parts are *real*; i.e., each is, as far as possible, a melody in itself; each, also, preserves the style of the original melody. The value of part-singing in schools depends largely on this principle, which underlies the best choral music of the great composers. Real part-writing provides much greater interest, and develops the independence and



initiative of the children, for it accustoms them to singing not only tones which are obviously in the harmony but those which are independent of it: i.e., those which are momentarily dissonant to it. Singers trained solely in harmonic writing find almost insuperable difficulties in dealing with modern choral music. Since the principal melodies of many of the part-songs are folk-tunes, those melodies may be learned and sung long before the other parts are learned. Most of them are well suited to children in Grade IV.

In teaching these songs, both those in unison and those in parts, too much reliance should not be placed on the accompaniments, as it is desirable to cultivate independence in singing and adherence to the pitch.

A Teachers' Manual covering the Kindergarten and Grades I to VI, inclusive, will shortly be published in the Concord Series.

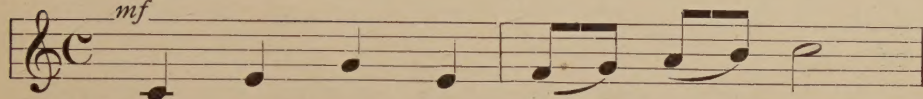
THE EDITORS

# 1. Hymn of St. Francis

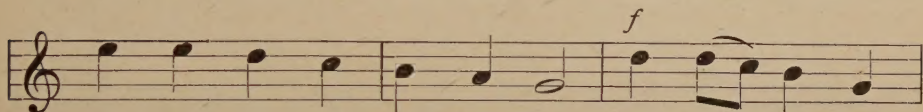
Old English Hymn

With spirit

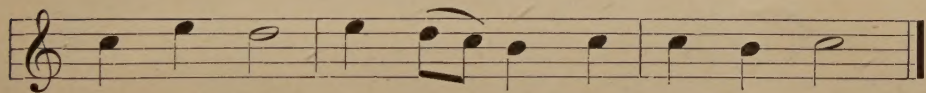
*mf*



1. Praise, O praise our God— and— King,  
 2. Praise Him that hath made— the— sun  
 3. And the sil - ver moon— by— night,



- Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing; }  
 Day by day his course to run; } For His mer - cies  
 Shin - ing with her gen - tle light; }



still en - dure Ev - er— faith - ful, ev - er sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain  
 To mature the swelling grain;  
 For His mercies still endure  
 Ever faithful, ever sure

6 Praise Him for our harvest store,  
 He hath filled the garner floor;  
 For His mercies still endure  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

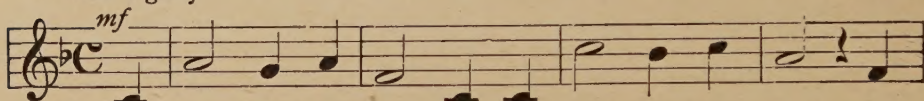
5 And hath bid the fruitful field  
 Crops of precious increase yield;  
 For His mercies still endure  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then with gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind;  
 For His mercies still endure  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

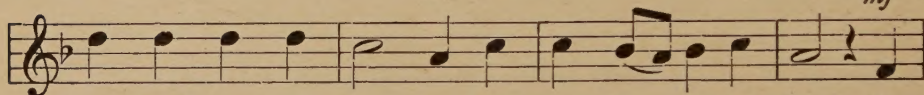
## 2. The Flag going by

Homer H. Harbaur  
With dignity

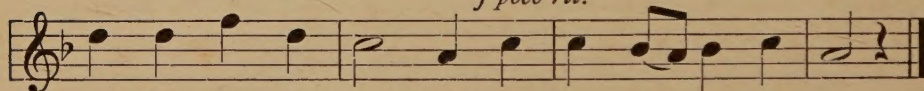
German Folk-song



1. O beau - ti - ful ban - ner all splen - did with stars, That
2. From o - cean to o - cean you bright - en our land, O'er



down the street comes fly - ing, Proud em - blem of the free! My  
prai - rie, for - est, moun - tain, Su - perb a - gainst the sky. O

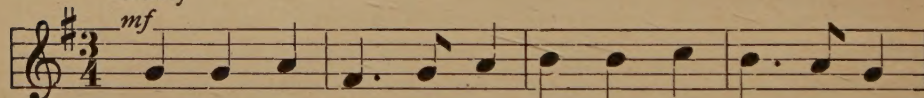


heart and hand sa - lute you, Dear flag of— lib - er - ty!  
flag for which men la - bor! O flag for which men die!

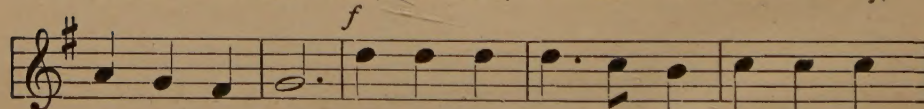
## 3. America

Samuel Francis Smith  
Slowly

Old Saxon Melody



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,—
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's





Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

#### 4. Early one morning

Anonymous

English Folk-song

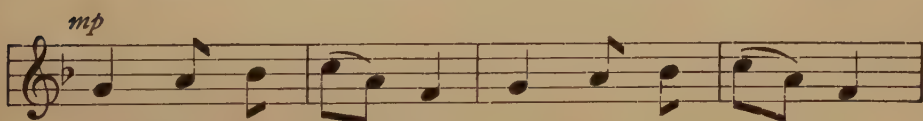
In moderate time



1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, be - fore the sun had ris - en,  
 2. One Au - tumn af - ter - noon, just as the sun was set - ting,



I heard a blue - bird in the fields gay - ly sing,  
 I heard a blue - bird on a tree pipe a song,



"South winds are blow - ing, Green grass is grow - ing,  
 "Fare - well! we're go - ing; Cold winds are blow - ing;



We— come to her - ald the mer - ry— Spring."  
 But— we'll be back— when the days grow long."

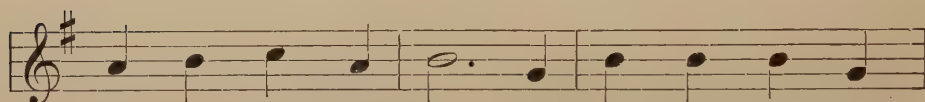
## 5. Blow away the morning dew

Allegretto

English



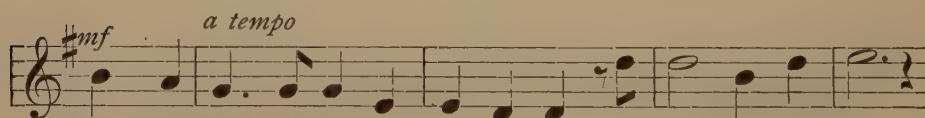
1. A while be - fore the gray of dawn, All
2. O'er si - lent mead - ow, lake and stream, A
3. Then all at once the wak - ing birds Set
4. And, lo, the ris - ing sun's bright face Peeps



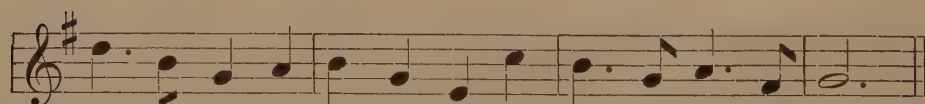
on a sum - mer's day The stars be - gin to  
smok - y mist - one sees, And just the faint - est  
up their cho - rus sweet, From rob - ins in the  
o'er the spark - ling bay, Com - menc - ing for a



shine less bright And slow - ly fade a - way.  
breath be - gins To stir the sleep - ing trees.  
or - chard to The spar - rows in the street.  
hap - py land A per - fect gold - en day.



And sing blow a - way the morn - ing dew, The dew, and the dew,



Blow a - way the morn - ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow!

## 6. The Singing Bird

Katherine Davis  
Moderato

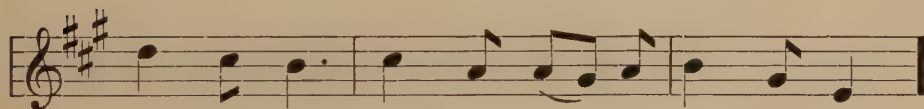
Netherlands Air



1. I had a lit - tle sing - ing bird,  
2. I o - pen'd wide the sil - ver door,



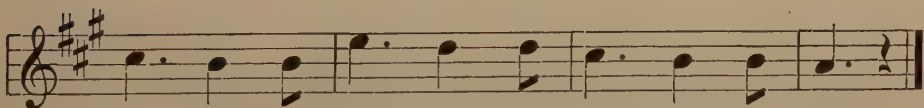
Tir - ra lir - ra lay, His cage was all of  
Tir - ra lir - ra lay, The bird he perch'd in a



sil - ver fine, Yet that lit - tle bird of mine  
lin - den tree, There he sang right mer - ri - ly,



Was si - lent all the day. Tir - ra  
And sing - ing flew a - way. Tir - ra



lay lir - ra lay, All the day, all the day.  
lay lir - ra lay, Flew a - way, flew a - way.

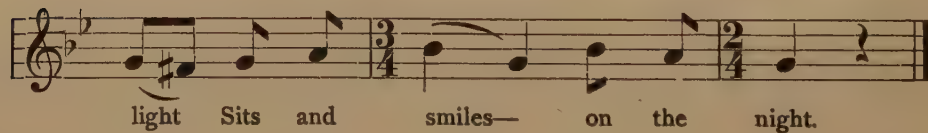
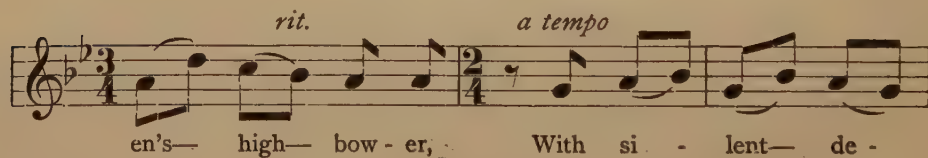
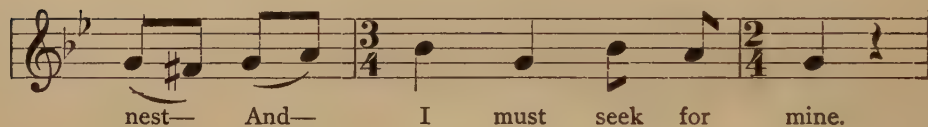
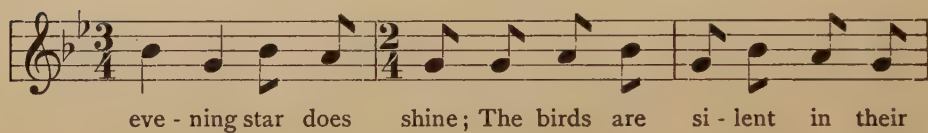
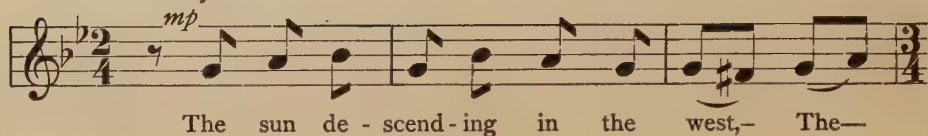


## 7. Night

William Blake

French Song

Moderately slow



## 8. The Stars

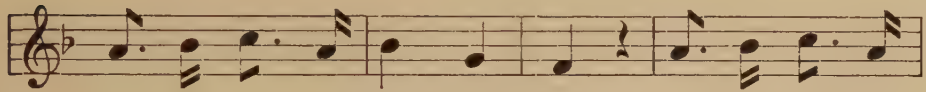
Katherine Davis

French

Allegretto



All the gold - en stars are glow - ing,



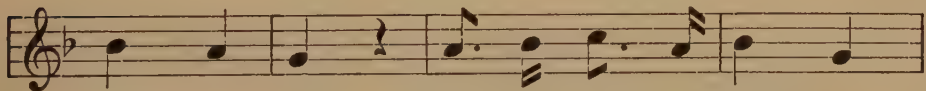
Glow - ing in a pur - ple sky; They are dan - de -



li - ons grow - ing, Grow - ing in a gar - den high.



Dan - de - li - ons fade with morn - ing, Breez - es blow their



heads a - way; Dan - de - li - on clouds of



sil - ver Float a - cross the sky all day.

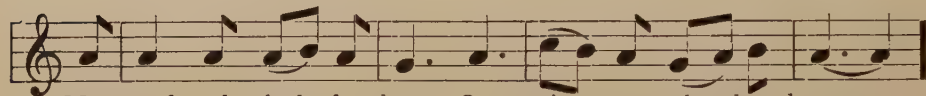
## 9. The Child and Heaven

Langdon Warner  
Not too fast; simply

Breton Folk-song



1. They say a lit - tle child With Je - sus meek and mild—
2. The stars on Ma - ry's brow Will clos - er seem than now,—
3. And saints will greet him there That are so tall and fair,—



May stand and look far down On riv - er, church, and town;—  
The lil - ies she doth hold Will shine for him like gold;—  
No harm can come to me When I'm at Ma - ry's knee;—



May stand and look far down On riv - er, church, and town.—  
The lil - ies she doth hold Will shine for him like gold.—  
No harm can come to me When I'm at Ma - ry's knee.—

## 10. Gloria

(Easter Song)

English version by L. d'O. W.

Russian Folk-song



1. Glo - ri - a, glo - ri - a! the an - gels in
2. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly the bells in the
3. Glo - ri - a, glo - ri - a! the Lord Christ to -



Heav - en are sing - ing glo - ri - a!  
vil - lage are ring - ing, hap - pi - ly.  
day is a - ris - en, glo - ri - a!



## 11. Man in the Moon

Katherine Davis  
Allegro

French

*mp*

1. Man in the Moon, who may you be With your  
2. Man in the Moon, how came you there To the  
3. Man in the Moon, may I come, too, If I

face— so round and smil - ing, High in the  
sky— where you are shin - ing, Float - ing so  
climb— un - til I'm wea - ry, May— I

*f* >

sky for all to see?  
high in the frost - y air? } O say, Man in the Moon!  
sit in the sky with you?

## 12. The High Moon

Langdon Warner  
Slowly

Breton Folk-song

*mf*

1. The moon walks high, so high in the  
2. The stars of June are spark - ly and

*mp*

sky, Where all her sleep - y clouds go by;— } La - dy  
gay, Eve - ning is sweet with new-mown hay;— }



Moon, lead - ing your lambs, will you sing me Star - ry songs,



wind - y songs, whis - per - ing to me?—

### 13. The Minuet

Katherine Davis

Bohemian

Tempo di Menuetto



1. Come the lords and la - dies fine, Where the light - ed
2. Low they bow with bend - ed knee, 'Tis a sight full



ta - pers shine, To a tune state - ly.  
fair to see, Hap - py eyes glow - ing.

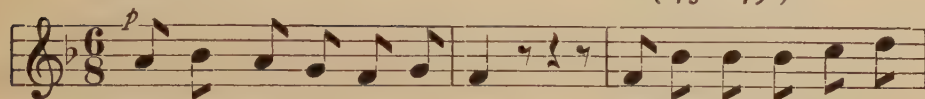


Now they dance se - date - ly, Where the light - ed ta - pers shine.  
Blush - es com - ing, go - ing,— 'Tis a sight full fair to — see.

# 14. Cradle Song

W. J. Westbrook  
Andante

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)



1. Sleep now, my lit - tle one, sleep! Soft rest the birds and the  
2. Sleep now, my lit - tle one, sleep! Soft flow the wa - ters so



sheep, Gar - dens and mead - ows are dumb,  
deep, Qui - et is all in the house,



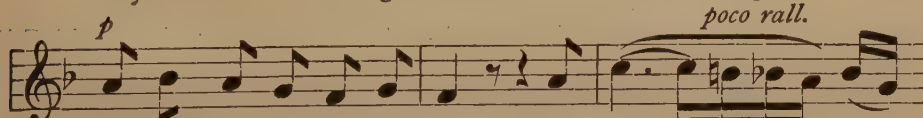
Lit - tle bees no lon - ger come;  
Tired are the cat and the mouse;



Lu - na all sil - ver - y bright, Sheds thro' the win - dow her  
Here now in slum - ber they lie. Bright are the clouds in the



light: Stars now their night-watch do keep; }  
sky: An - gels their watch o'er thee keep; }



Sleep now, my lit - tle one, sleep, Oh, sleep, now —



sleep! sleep!

## 15. Cradle Song

From folk-songs set to music by  
Brahms for Schumann's children  
Translation anonymous

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

\*) Not too slow

1. Sleep, ba - by, - sleep. Thy fa - ther tends the — sheep, Thy  
2. Sleep, ba - by, - sleep. And you shall have a — sheep, And  
moth - er shakes the dream-land tree And down come all the  
he shall have a gold - en bell And play with ba - by  
dreams for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
in the 'dell. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

## 16. Osme's Song

George Darley  
Con moto

East Indian

Hi - ther! hi - ther! O — come hi - ther! Trip it  
Lads and lass - ies, come and see! —  
neat - ly, — Foot it — feat - ly — O'er the grass - y —  
turf to — me, — O'er the grass - y turf to — me. —

\* Original Key, C major



# 17. Over the sea in my boat with me

Katherine Davis

English

With spirit



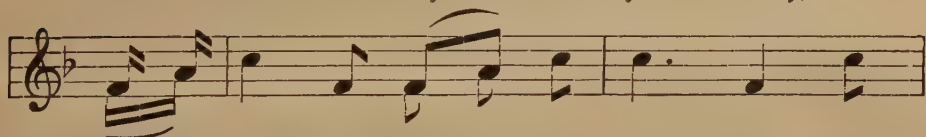
1. Come o - ver the sea in my boat with me, The  
2. Come o - ver the sea in my boat with me To



waves, are break - ing high, — And up and down we're  
coun - tries far a way, — And up and down we'll



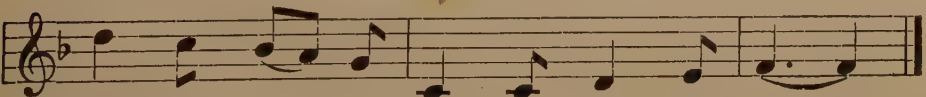
rid - ing Be - neath — a sum - mer sky, —  
wan - der For man - y and man - y a day, —



With a dash we're off — a - ghid - ing, Our  
And — when we wea - ry of wan - d'ring, Past



sails are fly - ing free, — Yo ho, yo ho! A -  
man - y a for - eign shore, — Yo ho, yo ho! A -



way we go — a - sail - ing on the sea. —  
way we go — a - sail - ing home once more. —

## 18. Poland

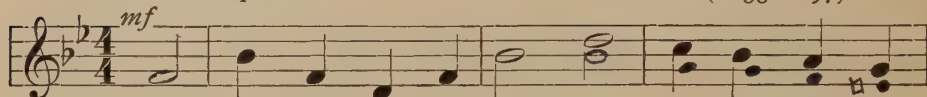
From folk-songs set to music by  
Brahms, for Schumann's children.

Translation anonymous

In a martial spirit

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)



1. In Po - land there's an inn, In Po - land there's an  
2. A pret - ty maid is there, A pret - ty maid is



inn, In Po - land there's a Po - lish inn Where  
there, A serv - ing - maid of beau - ty rare Who



Po - lish sol - diers stout and thin, Are al - ways flock - ing  
brings each guest the choic - est fare, Who brings each guest the

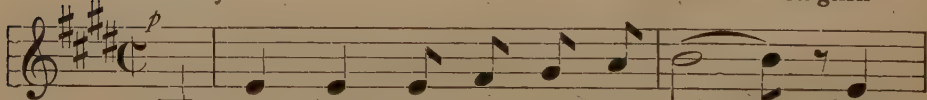


out and in, For ev - er out and in.  
choic - est fare The host - ess can pre - pare.

## 19. The Cuckoo

Gracefully

English



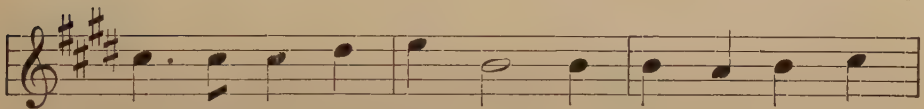
1. The cuc - koo is a pret - ty bird, — She  
2. The cuc - koo is a gid - dy bird, — No  
3. The cuc - koo is a wit - ty bird, — Ar -



sing - eth as she flies;— She bring - eth us good  
oth - er is as she,— That flits a - cross the  
riv - ing with the spring.— When sum - mer suns are



ti - dings, She tell - eth us no lies; She  
mead - ow, That sings in ev - 'ry tree. A  
wan - ing, She spread - eth wide her wing. She



sip - peth all sweet flow - ers To keep her throt - tle  
nest she nev - er build - eth, A va - grant she doth  
flies th'ap-proach-ing win - ter, She hates the rain and



clear,— And ev - 'ry time she sing - eth Cuc - koo,  
roam;— Her mu - sic is but tear - ful— Cuc - koo,  
snow;— Like her, I would be sing - ing, Cuc - koo,



cuc - koo, cuc - koo, The sum - mer draw - eth near.  
cuc - koo, cuc - koo, "I no - where have a home."  
cuc - koo, cuc - koo, And off with her I'd go!



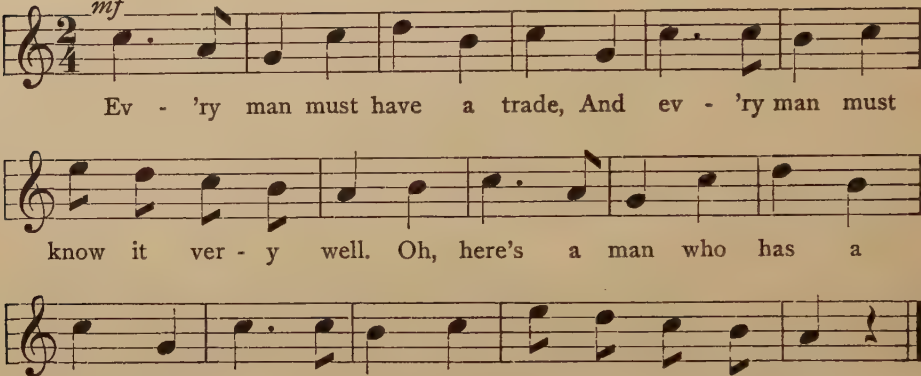
## 20. A Game of Trades\*

Katherine Davis

Russian

Lively

*mf*



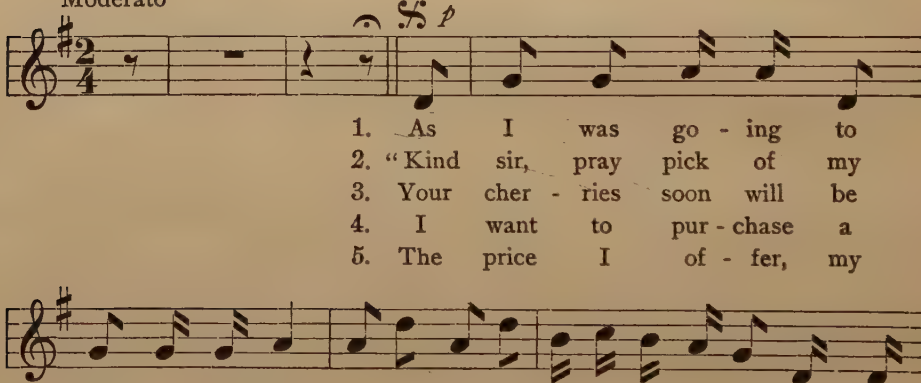
Ev - 'ry man must have a trade, And ev - 'ry man must  
know it ver - y well. Oh, here's a man who has a  
trade, But what it is we nev - er, nev - er tell.

## 21. Strawberry Fair

English

Moderato

*ff*



1. As I was go - ing to  
2. "Kind sir, pray pick of my  
3. Your cher - ries soon will be  
4. I want to pur - chase a  
5. The price I of - fer, my

Straw - ber - ry Fair,  
bas - ket!" she said  
wast - ed a - way,  
gen - er - ous heart,  
sweet pret - ty maid,

(1.) I  
(2.) My  
Sing-ing, sing-ing, but-ter-cups and dai-sies (3.) Your  
(4.) A  
(5.) A

\* Note: — One or more children, while singing this song, represent in pantomime a trade,—to be recognized and named by those looking on.



met a maid - en tak - ing her ware, Fol - de - dee!  
cher - ries ripe, or my ro - ses — red, Fol - de - dee!  
ro - ses with - er and nev - er — stay, Fol - de - dee!  
tongue that is nei - ther nim - ble nor tart, Fol - de - dee!  
ring of gold on your fin - ger dis - play'd," Fol - de - dee!



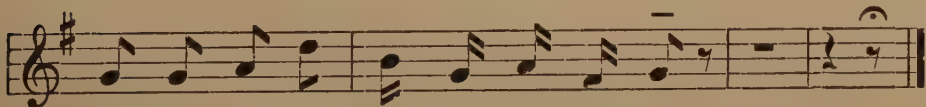
Her eyes were blue, and gold - en her hair,  
"My straw - ber - ries sweet I can of them — spare,  
'Tis not to seek such per - ish - ing — ware,  
An hon - est mind, but such tri - fles are — rare,  
So, come, make o - ver to me your — ware



As she went on to Straw - ber - ry Fair,  
As I go on to Straw - ber - ry Fair,  
That I am tramp - ing to Straw - ber - ry Fair,  
I doubt they're found at Straw - ber - ry Fair,  
In church to - day at Straw - ber - ry Fair,



Ri - fol, ri - fol, tol - de - rid - dle - i - do,



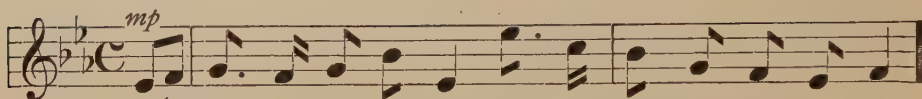
Ri - fol, ri - fol, tol - de - rid - dle - dee.

## 22. Summer

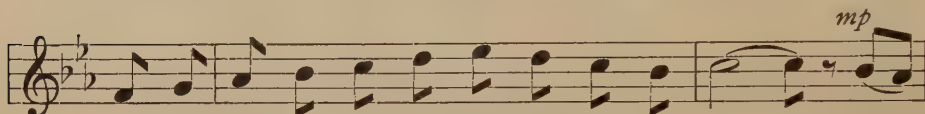
Nathan Haskell Dole

Scotch

Andante



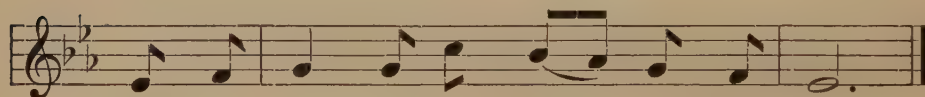
1. The win - ter now is past; Lin - g'ring sum - mer's here at last;
2. Red ros - es on the wall, And the mead - ow clo - ver tall,



And the live - ly lit - tle birds make hol - i - day! — It —  
Give their hon - ey to the yel - low coat - ed bee; — The



seems that ev - 'ry - thing — Must gai - ly dance and sing;  
swal - lows in the sky Far and wide ex - ult - ing fly;



Then, oh, why should I fail — to be - gay?  
Then, oh, why should not joy — dwell in me?

## 23. The Tailor and the Mouse

Allegretto

English



1. There was a tai - lor had a mouse,
2. The tai - lor thought the mouse was ill;
3. The tai - lor thought his mouse would die,
4. The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,
5. The tai - lor found his mouse was dead,





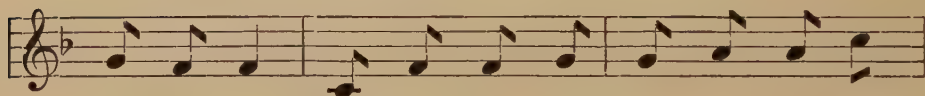
## 24. Spinning Song

Katherine Davis  
Andante

Cashmere Folk-tune



1. Here we sit a - spin - ning, spin - ning, Threads weav - ing  
2. Here we sit a - spin - ning, spin - ning, Threads weav - ing



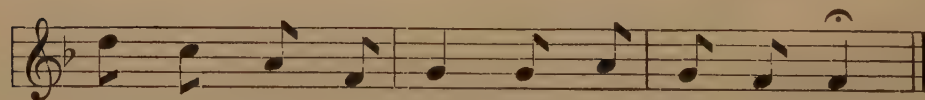
to and fro, Rose and pur - ple, blue and yel - low,  
to and fro, Blue and pur - ple come from twi - light,



Bright - ly the col - ors glow. } Weave them all to - geth - er,  
Rose from the morn - ing glow. }



Soft, soft, and ver - y fair, There'll soon be



cloth a - plen - ty, Fit for a queen to wear.

## 25. Butterfly

Anonymous

Dutch Folk-song

Slowly, wistfully



"But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly, Whence do you come?"



"I nei - ther know nor care, I ne'er had home."



"But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly, where do you go?"



"Where the sun shines— and where the buds grow."

## 26. Longing for Spring

W. J. Westbrook

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Merrily

(1756-1791)



1. Come, love - ly May, and scat - ter The clouds that hang a -
2. 'Tis true the nights of win - ter Have pleas - ures of— their
3. Yet still we long for May - time, With calm and sun - ny





bove, And clothe with leaves the for - est, With  
own, The snow - y walk, the cold — wind, And  
days; We long for man - y vio - lets, And



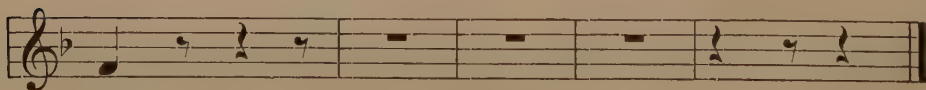
vio - lets deck the grove. I long to see — the  
danc - ing in — the town; The gay and fes - tive  
wood - birds' song of praise. O come, thou May be -



blos - soms Be - side — the lit - tle brook, And  
meet - ing, And sleigh - ing o'er — the field, With  
lov - ed! Come breathe up - on — the vale, Come



take my eve - ning saun - ter, And sit — in sha - dy  
man - y more en - joy - ments Doth stern old win - ter  
bring thy mod - est flow - ers, Thy song - ful night - in -



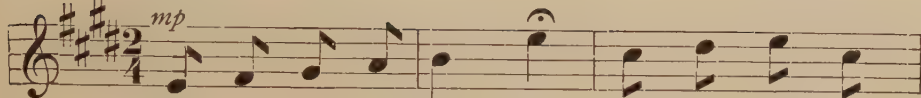
nook.  
yield.  
gale.

## 27. In a Garden

Adapted by A. D. Z.

Andante

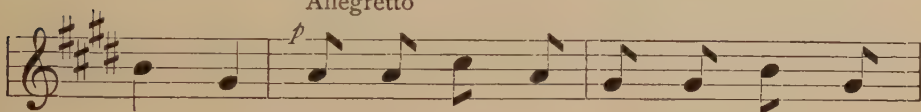
Folk-song  
Little Russia



1. "Prith - ee, lit - tle maid - en, work - ing in a

2. "No, I need no aid, Sir, work - ing in a

Allegretto



gar - den, Let me la - bor at your side, for

gar - den, You are ver - y kind, but there is



you are ver - y fair, O! And I love the

work in yon - der mead - ow, And the mer - ry



sun - light play - ing on your gold - en hair, O!"

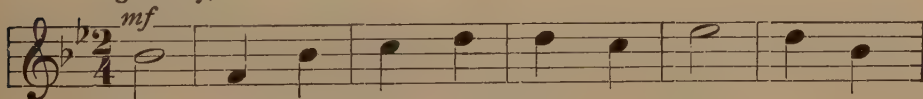
sun - light there will play on your own head, O!"

## 28. Fair are these fields

Everett Smith

Vigorously, like a march

French



1. "Fair are these fields and for - ests, Blue are the

2. Now fer - tile fields roll on - ward Far as the



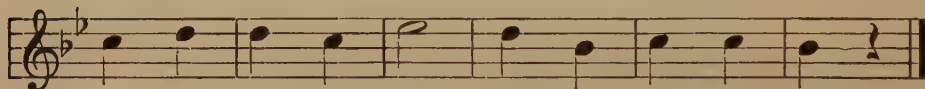
skies a - bove; Fear - less we brav'd the o - cean,  
eye can see; Land of the pil - grim fa - thers,



Strong is this new-born love. For this is now our  
Land where all men are free. Praise God for this our



coun - try, Loy - al each heart and hand; God grant we  
coun - try, Grant she may ev - er be Ref - uge for



may be wor - thy:" So sang the pil - grim band.  
wea - ry wan - d'ers, Sym - bol - of lib - er - ty.

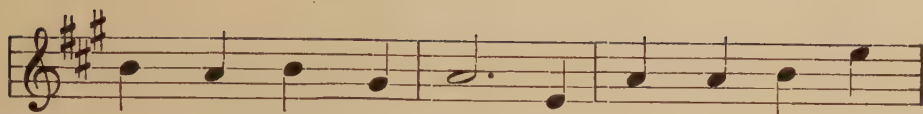
## 29. Lincoln's Birthday

Homer H. Harbour  
In moderate time

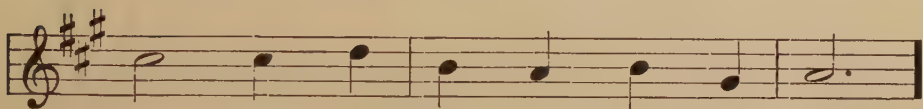
Netherlands Folk-song



1. In tow'r and spire were ring - ing, This
2. The for - est winds went sigh - ing, One
3. The roll - ing years add bright - ness To



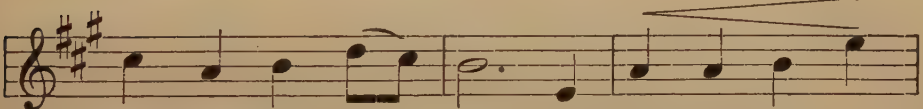
day at dawn, the bells; And now the chil - dren's  
drear - y win - ter day, A - round a rough log -  
Lin - coln's well - lov'd name, And chil - dren of our



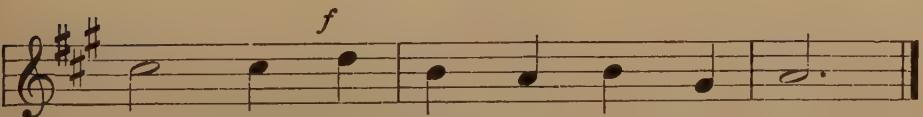
sing - ing From hall and school - house swells.  
cab - in Where as a babe he lay.  
chil - dren Shall sing his praise and fame.



Of— one who lov'd his— peo - ple The  
But— nev - er king nor— cap - tain Did  
Wide - o'er this land the— peo - ple With



glad birth - day to— greet: Ring, bells from ev - 'ry  
no - bler deeds than— he, Who saved a might - y  
joy his birth - day— greet: Ring, bells from ev - 'ry



stee - ple, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!  
na - tion, And set a peo - ple free.  
stee - ple, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!

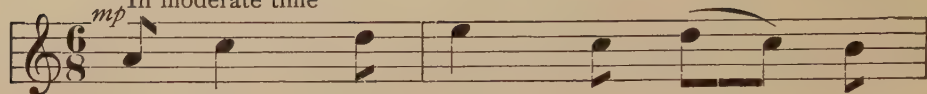


# 30. On Easter Day

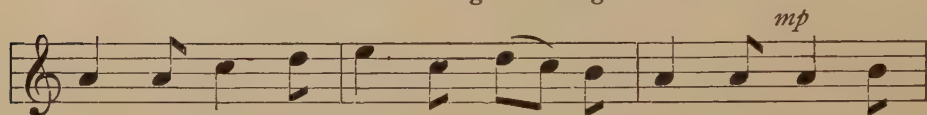
John Irwin

Old Melody

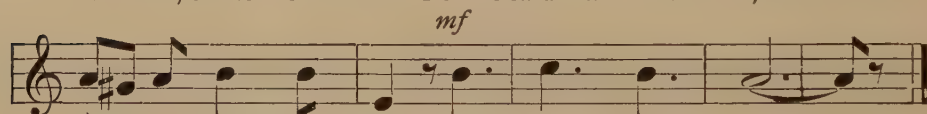
*mp* In moderate time



1. On Eas - ter Day, as I — was
2. And with the dis - tant church - bells'
3. I wish'd the song might last — for -



- go - ing Thro' the woods, the winds were blow - ing; Far a -  
ring - ing Came the sound of chil - dren sing - ing, Sweet as  
ev - er; Sweet - er mu - sic heard I nev - er; Borne a -



- way — the church - bells rang: Ding - dong, cling - clang —  
an - gels heard a - far: Al - le - lu - ia! —  
cross the fields a - far: Al - le - lu - ia! —

# 31. Passing by

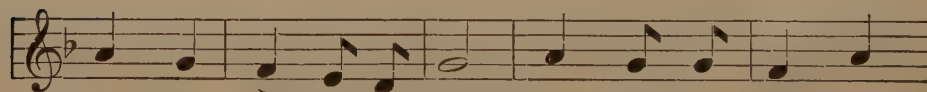
Anonymous

Edward Purcell

*mp* Andante con moto



1. There is a la - dy sweet and kind, Was nev - er
2. Her ges - tures, mo - tions, and her smile, Her wit, — her
3. Cu - pid is wing - ed and doth range; Her coun - try,



- face so pleas'd— my mind, I did but see her  
voice, my heart— be - guile, Be - guile my heart, I  
so my heart— doth change, But change she earth, or



pass - ing by, And yet I love her till I die.  
 know not why, And yet I love her till I die.  
 change she sky, Yet will I love her till I die.

## 32. The Wild Rose

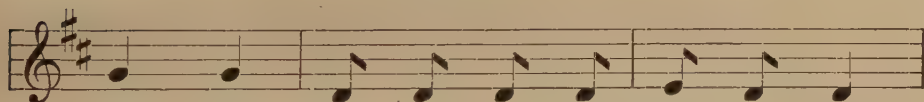
Anonymous

German Folk-song

In moderate time



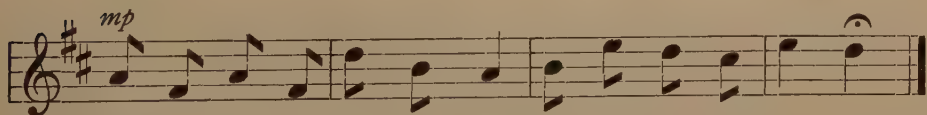
1. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild - rose  
 2. Said the boy: "I'll pluck thee now, Rose in for - est  
 3. Yet the wild boy pluck'd the rose, In the for - est



grow - ing; There so fresh and bright it lay,  
 grow - ing." Said the rose: "I'll sting, I vow,  
 grow - ing; From his hand the red blood flows,



He would bear the prize a - way In its beau - ty glow - ing.  
 Make thee think of me, I trow, When thy tears are flow - ing." }  
 All his tears, full well he knows, Can - not stay its flow - ing.



Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose, In the for - est grow - ing.

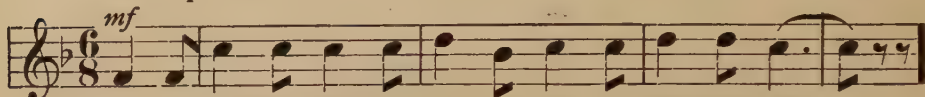
# 33. On a Summer Day

*En passant par la Lorraine*

Homer H. Harbour

French Folk-song

With spirit



1. Oh, as I went down to Do-ver, On a sum-mer day;—

1. *En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots,—*



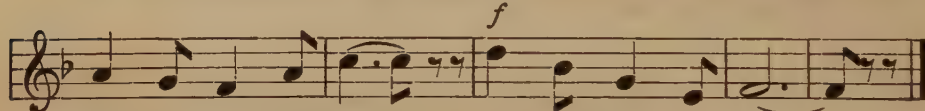
Oh, as I went down to Do-ver, On a sum-mer day;—

*En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots,—*



All the air was sweet with clo-ver, Where the far-mer boys were

*Ren-con-trai trois ca-pi-tai-nes, A-vec mes sa-bots don-*



mow-ing in the hay,— On a sum-mer day.—

*dai-ne, Oh! oh! oh!— A-vec mes sa-bots.—*

2  
||: All the air was sweet with clover,  
On a summer day;:||  
And the sky was blue all over,  
Not a single cloud was sailing,  
Far away, on a summer day.

3  
||: Oh, the sky was blue all over,  
On a summer day;:||  
And at last I came to Dover  
Where the merry bells were ringing  
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

2  
||: *Ils m'ont appelée vilaine*  
*Avec mes sabots;:*||  
*Je ne suis pas si vilaine*  
*Avec mes sabots dondaine,*  
*Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!*

3  
||: *Car le prince de Lorraine,*  
*Avec mes sabots;:*||  
*M'a donné pour mes éternelles*  
*Avec mes sabots dondaine,*  
*Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!*

4  
||: *Un bouquet de marjolaine,*  
*Avec mes sabots;:*||  
*S'il m'épous' je serai Reine*  
*Avec mes sabots dondaine,*  
*Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!*

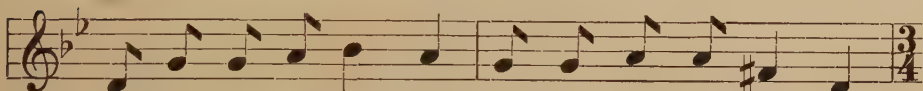
## 34. In a shady garden

Katherine Davis  
Andante

Silesian



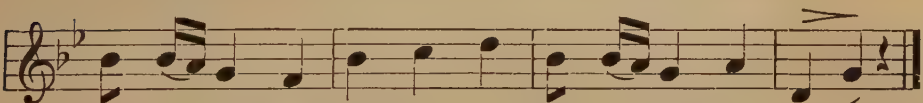
1. In a sha-dy gar-den Walk'd a prin-cess slen-der,
2. Far be-yond the gar-den Sun-ny fields are gleam-ing,



- Gold her hair and shin-ing, Blue her eyes and ten-der;  
Riv-ers all of sil-ver Down the hills are stream-ing;



- Clad in-silks and sat-ins gay, Fair she was to see,—  
Winds are blow-ing fresh and free, Come you out, fair maid!



- Yet a-lone she walk'd all day, All a-lone walk'd she,—  
Must a prin-cess al-ways be In her gar-den's shade?

## 35. It Snows in the Night\*

Homer H. Harbour  
Slowly

Slavonic Folk-song



1. Slow-ly the snow comes float-ing down, O-ver the
2. Gray comes the day-light dawn-ing clear; Clouds all are

\* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between F and G, in the last measure, should be observed strictly.





roof - tops in the town, Down thro' the night with -  
gone, the sun is here. Oh, what a love - ly



out a sound, Turn - ing and whirl - ing to the ground  
morn - ing blue Shines on a world made white and new.

### 36. Come away and join the dance

Katherine Davis

In waltz time, gaily

Bohemian



1. Come a - way and join our dance, Heigh-ho, heigh-  
2. See the rose in El - sa's hair, Heigh-ho, heigh-



ho, we- go; Left foot, then right—ad - vance, Heigh-ho, heigh-  
ho, we- go; But her blush is far— more fair, Heigh-ho, heigh-



ho, we— go. } Hark! the fid - dle's mer - ry— sound.  
ho, we— go. }



Swift - ly swing your part - ner-round; Here's where joy and



mirth a - bound, Come a - way and join the dance, Ho!

### 37. Morning Song

Con moto

English  
18th Century



The sun is ris - ing out of bed, And



in the East the sky is red;—Then up and wake, each



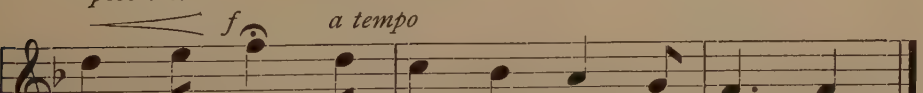
sleep - y head, So ear - ly in the morn - ing. 'Tis



shame to dream the hours a - way When all the world is



bright with day,— And na - ture calls to



work and play So ear - ly in the morn - ing.

# 38. Hark, the tiny cowslip bell

English  
17th Century

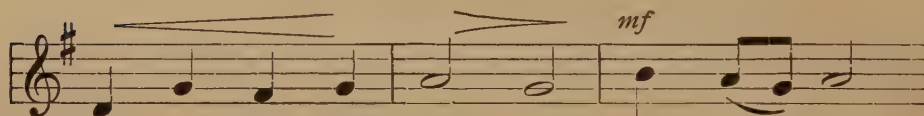
Allegretto



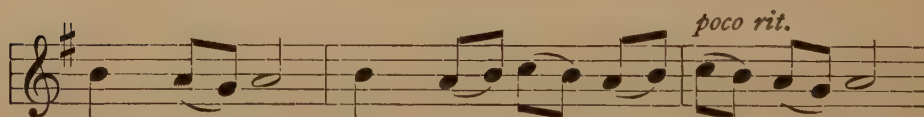
1. Hark, the ti - ny cow - slip bell In the breeze is  
2. Spring has come to make us— glad, Let us give her



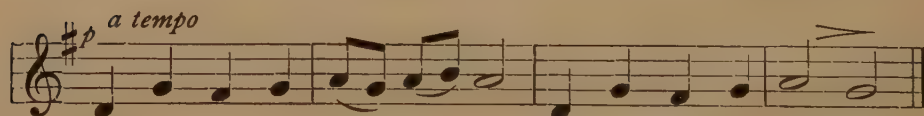
ring - ing; Birds in ev - 'ry wood - land dell  
greet - ing; Win - ter days were cold— and sad,



Songs of joy are sing - ing. Win - ter's— o'er,  
Win - ter's reign is fleet - ing. Hearts are— gay,



Spring once more Spreads a - broad her— gold - en— store.  
Blithe as— May, Dance and— sport the— live - long day;



Hark, the ti - ny cow - slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing.  
Spring has come to make us— glad, Let us give her greet - ing.

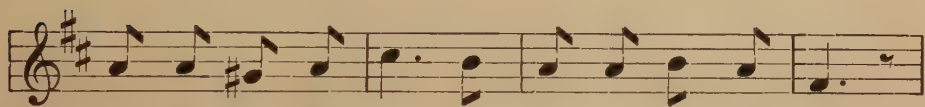
## 39. Autumn Song

John Irwin  
Slowly

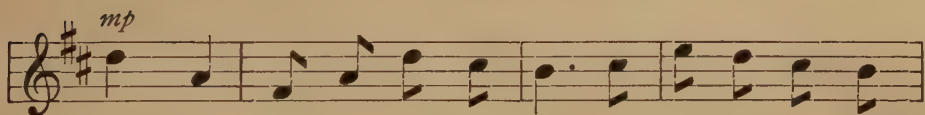
Bohemian Folk-song



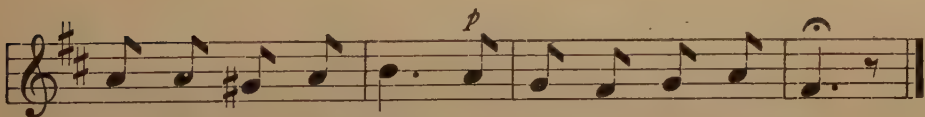
1. From the boughs o'er-head The leaves are float-ing down;
2. Some fall in the street, And some fall on the grass;
3. Some are rak'd in piles And burn'd by leap-ing fire;



Some are flam-ing red, And some are with-er'd brown;  
Some the chil-dren's feet Send fly-ing as they pass;  
Some are blown for miles By winds that nev-er tire;



Slow they flut-ter thro' the air, And sail-ing, spin-ning,  
Some lie in the gut-ters wide, And when it rains, sail  
Some lie thro' long win-ter hours As cov-ers for the



sink-ing to the ground, Lie scat-ter'd ev-'ry-where.  
off like fair-y boats A-down the rush-ing tide.  
sleep-ing lit-tle seeds Be-fore they wake to flow'rs.



## 40. Weaving Song

Katherine Davis  
Moderato

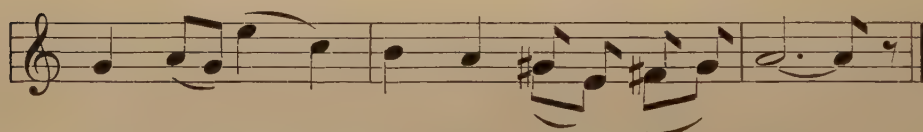
Russian



1. Ol - ga sits— a - weav - ing, weav - ing,
2. Cream - y lin - ens— Ol - ga's weav - ing,
3. Ol - ga sits— a - dream - ing, dream - ing,



In her cot - tage door - way white, Where the road goes  
With her snow - y, — fly - ing hands, Who will bear them  
Why for - ev - er— must she stay? Down the road her



wind - ing by, — O'er the hill and out of sight. —  
down the road, — Far a - way to dis - tant lands? —  
thoughts are fly - ing, Far and far — a - way. —

## 41. The Three Huntsmen

Con spirito

English



1. There were three jo - vial Welsh-men, As I have heard men.
2. One said it sure - ly was a ship, The sec - ond, he said,
3. One said it sure - ly was the moon, The sec - ond, he said,
4. One said it was a hedge - hog, The sec - ond, he said,

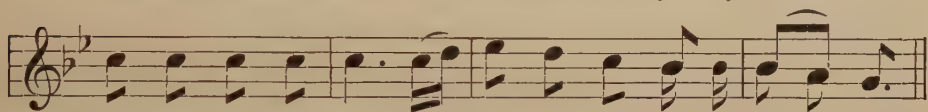


say, And they would go a - hunt - ing, boys, Up -  
 Nay, The third de - clared it was a house With the  
 Nay, The third de - clared it was a cheese, The  
 Nay, The third, it was a pin - cushion, The

*mf*

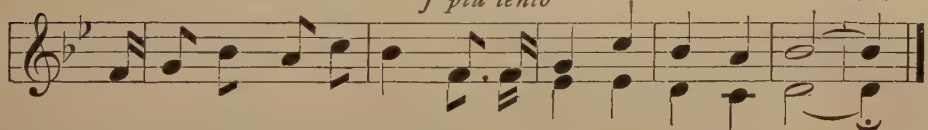


on St. Da-vid's Day. And— all the day they hunt-ed, But  
 chim-ney blown a - way. Then— all the night they hunt-ed, And  
 half o't cut a - way. Then— all next day they hunt-ed, And  
 pins stuck in wrong way. Then— all next day they hunt-ed, And



noth - ing could they find, Ex - cept a ship a - sail - ing,  
 noth - ing could they find, Ex - cept the moon a - glid - ing,  
 noth - ing could they find, Ex - cept a hedge-hog in a bush  
 noth - ing could they find, Ex - cept a hare in a tur - nip field

*f più lento*



A - sail - ing with the wind.  
 A - glid - ing with the wind.  
 And that they left be - hind.  
 And that they left be - hind. } And a - hunt - ing they did go.—

5

One said it surely was a hare,  
 The second, he said, Nay;  
 The third, he said it was a calf,  
 And the cow had run away.  
 Then all next day they hunted,  
 And nothing could they find,  
 But one owl in a holly-tree  
 And that they left behind.  
 And a-hunting they did go.

6

One said it surely was an owl,  
 The second, he said, Nay;  
 The third said t'was an aged man  
 Whose beard was growing grey,  
 Then all three jovial Welshmen  
 Came riding home at last,  
 "For three days we nothing killed,  
 And never broke our fast!"  
 And a-hunting they did go.

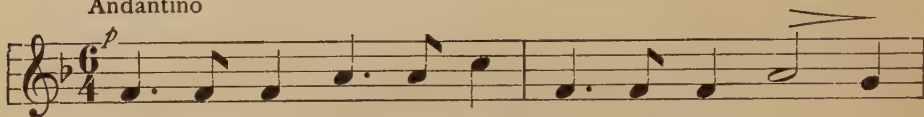
## 42. Hush ye, my bairnie

Old Gaelic Lullaby

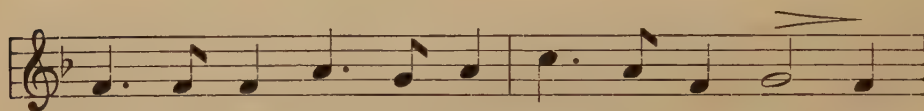
Tr. by Malcolm Macfarlane

Andantino

Scotch



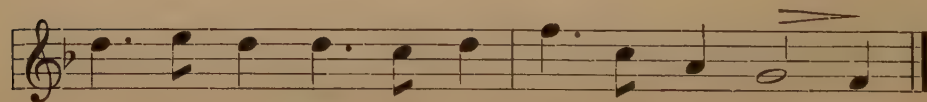
1. Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,
2. Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,
3. Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,



When ye're a man ye shall fol - low your dad - die;  
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tac yer mam - mie;  
Sleep! come and close the e'en heav - y and wear - ie;



Lift me a coo, and a goat and a weth - er,  
Hare frae the mead - ow, and deer frae the moun - tain,  
Clos'd are the wear - ie e'en, rest ye are tak - in',



Bring - ing them home to yer min - nie the - gith - er.  
Grouse frae the muir - lan', and trout frae the foun - tain.  
Sound be yer sleep - in' and bright be yer wak - in'.

# 43. Fireflies

English version by  
Nathan Haskell Dole  
Vivamente

Russian



1. When the pur - ple eve - ning shad - ows Dark - en o - ver
2. In the dark en - tranc - ing, glanc - ing, As if liv - ing



grass - y mead - ows, Set - tle down on dew - y mead - ows,  
stars were danc - ing, As if twink - ling stars came danc - ing



Where the dai - sies grow; When the si - lent  
Thou - sands of them there! Ev - 'ry mer - ry



stars are bright - 'ning, Then like sparks of ti - ny light - ning,  
lit - tle fel - low Bears a lamp of green - ish yel - low,



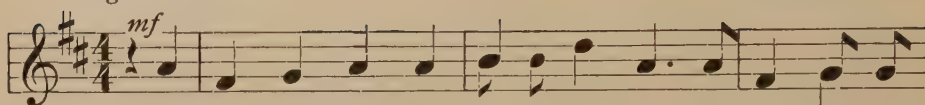
Viv - id sparks of harm - less light - ning, Swarms of fire - flies go.  
Soft and cool and bright and mel - low, Gleam - ing in — the air.



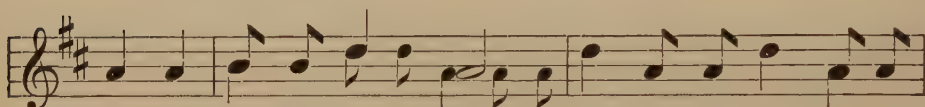
# 44. The Keeper

Traditional  
Allegro moderato

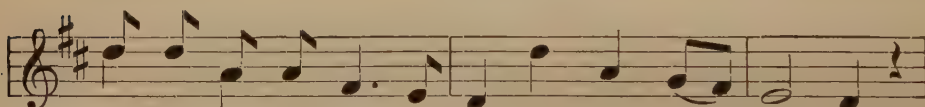
English  
18th Century



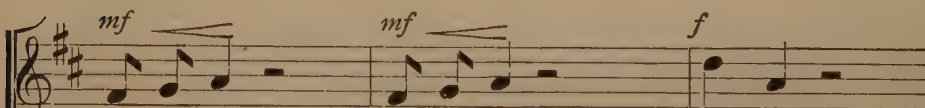
1. The Keep - er did a shoot - ing go, And un - der his
2. The first doe she did cross the plain, The Keep - er—
3. The sec - ond doe she cross'd the brook, The Keep - er—
4. The third doe she ran o - ver the plain; But he with his



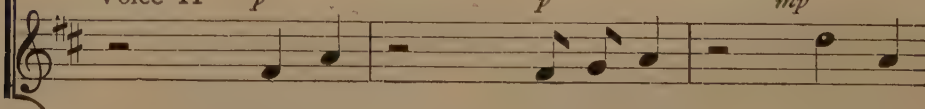
cloak he car - ried a bow, All for to shoot at a  
fetch'd her back— a - gain, Where she is now she—  
fetch'd her back— with his hook, Where she is now you may  
hounds did turn her a - gain, And it's there he did hunt in a



mer - ry - lit - tle doe,  
may— re - main, } A - mong the leaves so— green, O.  
go— and— look, }  
mer - ry, mer - ry vein, }  
Voice I



Jack - y boy, Sing ye well? Hey down,  
Voice II *p* *p* *mp*



Mas - ter, ver - y well, Ho down,

*mf*

Der - ry, der - ry down, A - mong the leaves so- green, O, To my

*mf*

A - mong the leaves so- green, O,

*f*

hey down, down, Hey down,

*p* *mp*

To my ho down, down, Ho down,

*mf*

Der - ry, der - ry down, A - mong the leaves so- green, O.

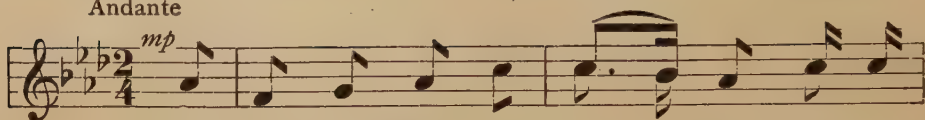
*mf*

A - mong the leaves so- green, O.

# 45. The Locust Tree

Katherine Davis  
Andante

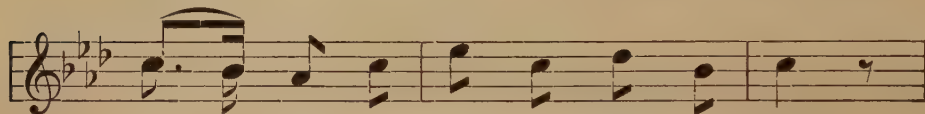
Swedish



1. As o'er the hills I wan - der'd In the  
2. A - bove my head she cast a shade Of—



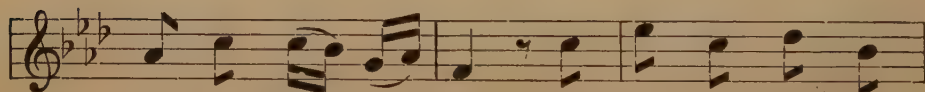
mer - ry month of May, A lo - cust tree stood  
hon - ey'd lo - cust flow'rs; A - bout my feet the



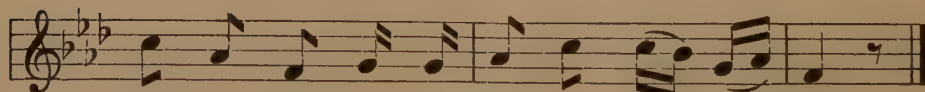
bloom - ing Be - side the King's high - way;  
pet - als fell In dew - y, melt - ing show'rs;



All soft she stood in bri - dal white, A  
And all the air was breath - ing Her



mar - vel for - to - see. } There nev - er was a  
sweet - ness out - to - me. }



sight so fair As the snow - y lo - cust tree.

# 46. Lovely May is coming

Katherine Davis  
Gaily

Polish



1. South - ern wind blow - ing On sil - ver streams  
2. Morn - ing is break - ing, A gold - en light



flow - ing, And but - ter - cups grow - ing For  
mak - ing, Our sleep - y eyes wak - ing, A



all the bees a - hum - ming; O - ri - ole sing - ing,  
way we go to - geth - er! Hap - py eyes glanc - ing



Up - on the bough a - swing - ing, Daf - fo - dils  
To greet the day en - tranc - ing, Let us go



spring - ing, The love - ly May is com - ing!  
danc - ing To meet the sum - mer weath - er.

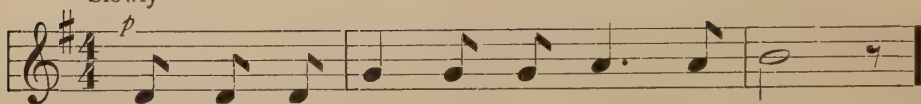


# 47. Ladybird

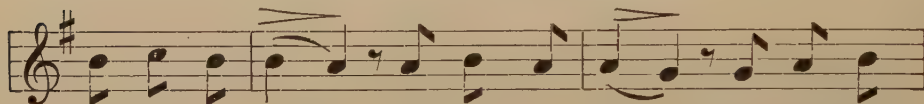
Anonymous

German Folk-song

Slowly



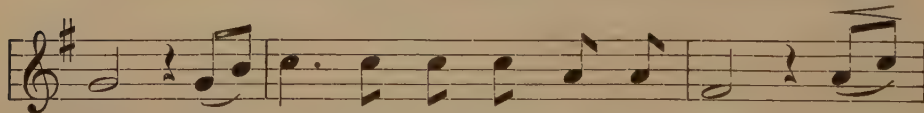
1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy - bird, rest a - while,
2. Poor lit - tle la - dy - bird, fly a - way,
3. Dear lit - tle la - dy - bird, pray re - turn



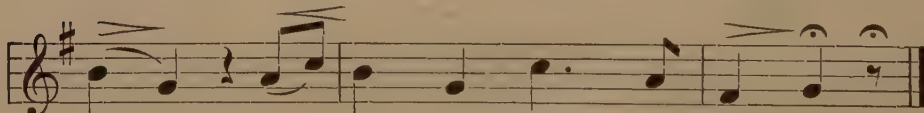
Come rest a - while— up - on my hand,— And naught shall  
Thy home's on fire,— thy chil - dren all— In pit - eous  
To me once more,— to me once more;— The sky is



there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee well and set thee  
tones are cry - ing; The cru - el spi - der lin - gers  
bright a - bove thee; Thy house is safe, thy chil - dren



free, If— thy bright wings thou'lt spread for me; Those  
here, Fly,— fly a - way or much I fear Thou'lt  
well, So— thou canst all thy fears dis - pel; And—



wings,— those love - ly wings de - light me.  
find,— thou'lt find thy chil - dren dy - ing.  
dear - ly, and— dear - ly do I love thee.

# 48. Contentment

W. J. Westbrook

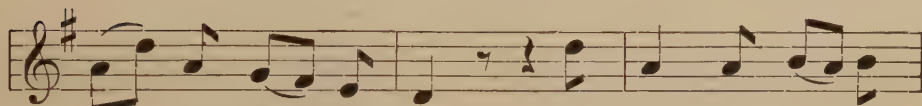
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Moderato

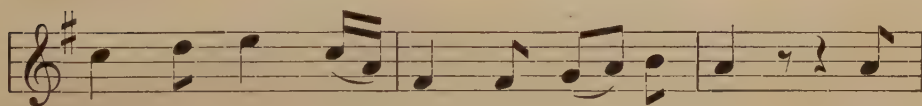
(1756-1791)



1. Why should I pine for lack of gold, If  
(2.) man - y have a - bun - dant wealth, Have  
(3.) call - the world a vale of tears, And  
(4.) will - I praise and love my God, My



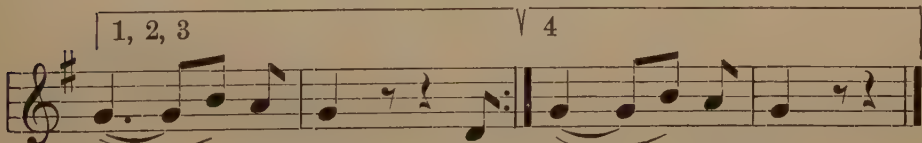
I - am well con - tent? If God will on - ly  
house and farm and store, And yet they sad - ly  
yet - de - light a - bounds, Its joys are real - ly  
songs shall bold - ly rise, For all our bless-ings



give me health My - praise I will - pre - sent; My  
talk of care, The while they crave for more; They  
num - ber - less, Its mel - o - dy - re - sounds; The  
here be - low De - scend from yon - der skies; Yea,



voice shall sound in ac - cents strong At ma - tins and at  
nev - er seem to have e - nough, But mur - mur at - each  
bee - tle can - re - joice in May, And none need emp - ty  
al - way will - I songs of praise, To Him with fer - vent



e - ven - song. 2. So (4.) heart - up - raise.  
slight - re - buff. 3. They  
go - a - way. 4. Then

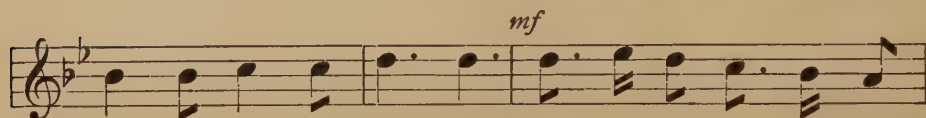
# 49. Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John

16th Century English Air

Poco allegretto



1. Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, Said Lit - tle John, Come
2. Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, Rode to the town, And
3. Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, Said to his men, Ne'er



- dance be - fore the Queen - a. }  
danc'd be - fore the Queen - a. } In a red pet - ti - coat  
dance be - fore the Queen - a. }



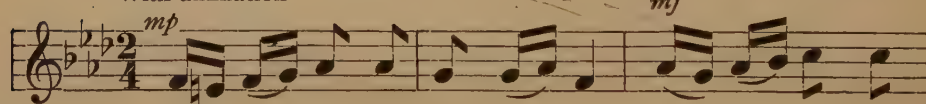
and a green jack - et, A white hose and— a green - a.

# 50. Come you now and walk with me

Katherine Davis

Russian

With animation



1. Come you now and walk with me All up - on this
2. Come you now and rest a - while All up - on this
3. Come you now and take my hand, Let us—dance a



- pleas - ant lea—Heigh - ho! The day is fair!  
moss - y stile—Heigh - ho! The fields are fair!  
cross the land—Heigh - ho! With hearts so gay,



Wind is sing - ing ev - 'ry - where: Heigh - ho! The  
Flow - ers spring - ing ev - 'ry - where: Heigh - ho! The  
O'er the hills and far a - way: Heigh - ho! With



day is fair! Wind is sing - ing ev - 'ry - where.  
fields are fair! Flow - ers spring - ing ev - 'ry - where.  
hearts so gay! O'er the hills and far— a - way.

## 51. The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies, O!

*Allegro commodo*

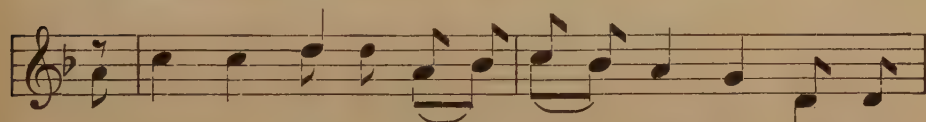
English



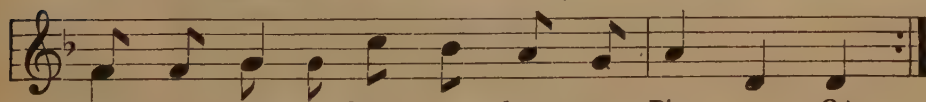
1. There— were three gyp - sies a -
2. Then— she pull'd off her—
3. It was late last night when my



come to my door, And down-stairs ran this a - la - dy, O!  
silk fin - ish'd gown And put on hose of— leath - er, O!  
lord came— home, In - quir - ing for his a - la - dy, O!



One sang high and the oth - er sang low, And the  
The rag - ged, rag - ged rags a - bout— our door She's—  
The ser - vants said, on— ev - 'ry hand: "She's—



oth - er sang bon - ny, bon - ny Bis - cay, O!  
gone— with the wrag - gle - tag - gle gyp - sies, O!  
gone— with the wrag - gle - tag - gle gyp - sies, O!"

## 52. From the west the soldier came

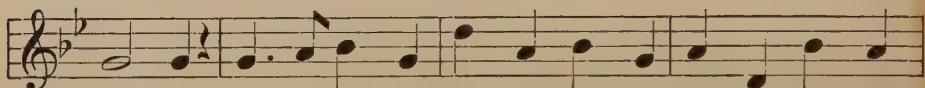
Katherine Davis

Slovak

Vigorously



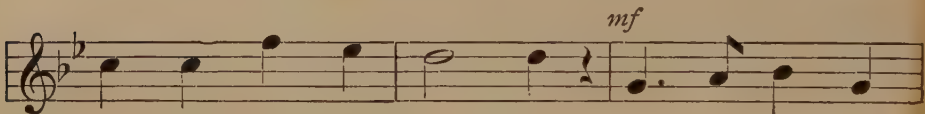
1. From the west the sol - dier came, his mus - ket on his
2. To the west the sol - dier comes with ban - ner proud - ly



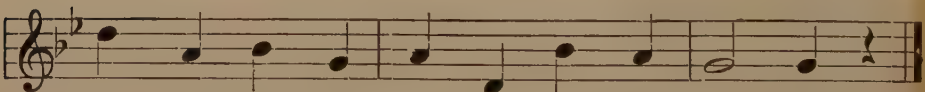
shoul - der, Free of foot with eyes a - flame, no ea - gle could be  
stream - ing; See up - on his wea - ry brow the lau - rel wreath is



bold - er. "Sol - dier, tell us where you go and  
gleam - ing; "Hon - ors would I give a - way, and



what may be your sto - ry:" "Far a - cross the  
pride is on - ly fleet - ing; All I ask is



o - cean blue I go to fight for glo - ry."  
hearth and home where one true heart is beat - ing."

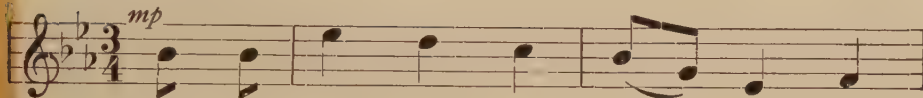


## 53. Valentines

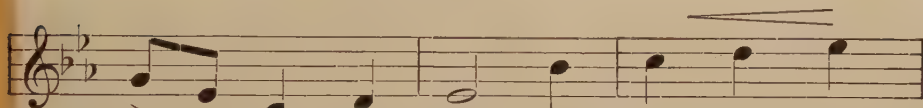
Homer H. Harbour

Old English Melody

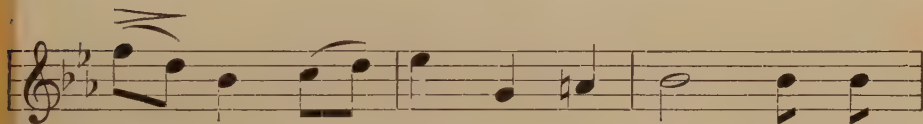
In moderate time



1. In the dark of the win - ter when  
2. There are hearts and gay rib - bons, and



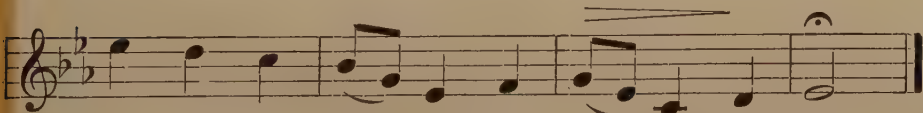
cold— winds do blow, Saint Val - en - tine's  
birds— on the wing, Gilt, lace and red



Day comes like— flow'rs in the snow; Bring - ing  
ros - es, with— ev - 'ry fine thing; But the



thoughts of our dear ones whose love we re - new, By  
love— in our hearts send - ing— gifts on their way, Is



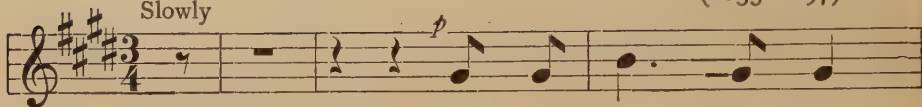
send - ing them greet - ings of friend-ship still true.  
best of all bless - ings on Val - en - tine's Day.

# 54. Lullaby and good-night

Anonymous

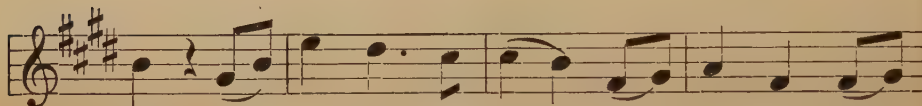
Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Slowly

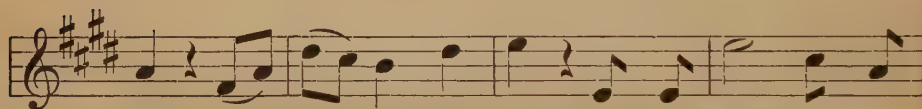


1. Lul - la - by and good

2. Lul - la - by and good



night, with ro - ses be - dight, With lil - ies o'er -  
night, thy moth-er's de - light, Bright an - gels be -



spread is— ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and  
side my- dar - ling a - bide; They will guard thee from



rest, may thy slum - ber be blest; Lay thee  
harms, thou shalt wake in my arms, They will



down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be blest.  
guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.

# 55. The Shepherd of Sleep

Katherine Davis  
Moderato

Welsh



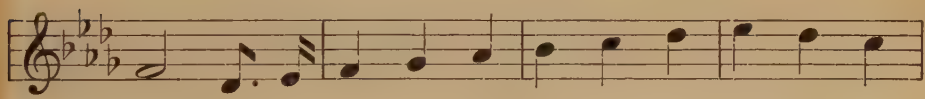
All soft through the twi - light the shep - herd of—



sleep Comes si - lent - ly guid - ing his flock as he



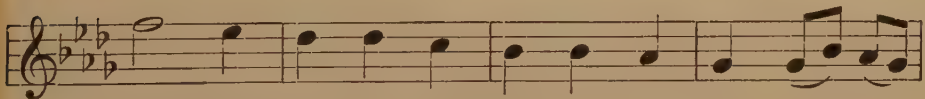
goes; The dew on the mead - ow is sil - ver—and



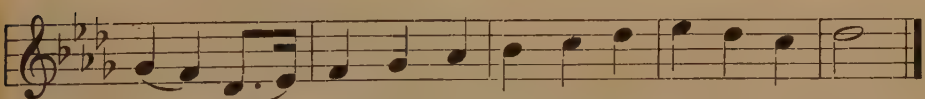
deep, And the sky is all - cloud - ed with pur - ple and



rose. Ah,— soft through the night goes the shep - herd so



gray, While slow - ly the sheep o'er the grass - y— fields



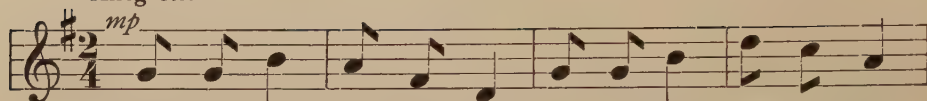
stray 'Till— si - lence and dark - ness have hid them a - way.

## 56. Spring

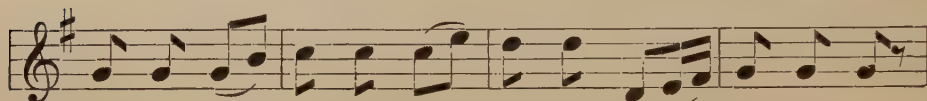
William Blake

Russian

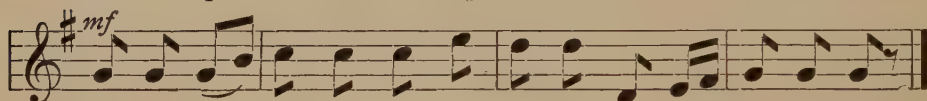
Allegretto



1. Sound the flute! Now 'tis mute; Birds de-light Day and night;
2. Lit-tle boy, Full of joy; Lit-tle girl, Sweet and small,
3. Lit-tle lamb, Here I am; Come and lick My soft neck;



Night-in-gale— In the dale, Larks in sky— Mer-ri-ly, }  
 Cock does crow, So do you; Mer-ry voice,— In-fant noise; }  
 Let me pull—Your soft wool; Let me kiss— Your soft face; }



Mer-ri-ly,— Mer-ri-ly to wel-come in the year, the year.

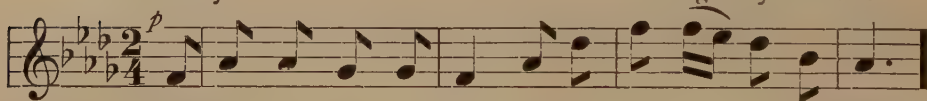
## 57. The golden day is dying

Katherine Davis

Selim Palmgren\*

Slowly

Arranged by A. D. Z.



1. The gold-en day is dy-ing Be-yond the pur-ple hill,
2. But soon a-bove the mead-ows The sil-ver moon will swing,



The gold-en day is dy-ing Be-yond the— pur-ple hill;  
 But soon a-bove the mead-ows The sil-ver moon will swing;



The lark that sang at morn-ing In dusk-y wood is still,  
 And where the wood is dark-est The night-in-gale will sing,

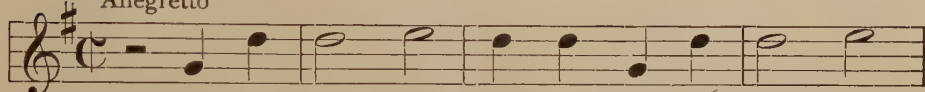


The lark that sang at morn - ing In dusk - y wood is still.  
And where the wood is dark - est The night - in - gale will sing.

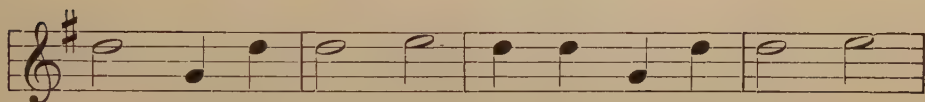
## 58. Spring

Katherine Davis  
Allegretto

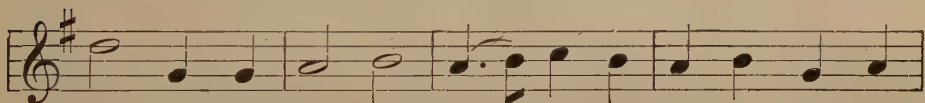
French



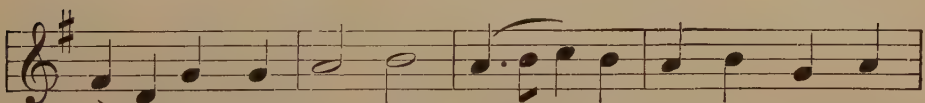
1. Who is she who com - eth on a morn in  
2. When they know her com - ing on a morn in



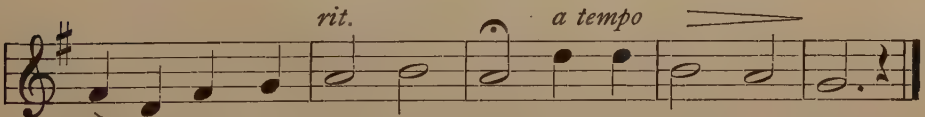
May, Down the mead - ow pass - ing at the break of  
May, Ev - 'ry hedge - row blos - soms with a wild - rose



day, With her hair all gold - en, and lit - tle sil - ver  
spray, Ev - 'ry bird flies car - ol - ing on dew - y feath - er'd



shoon, And her eyes as soft— as shad - ows from the  
wing, And the whole world wakes— to greet the love - ly



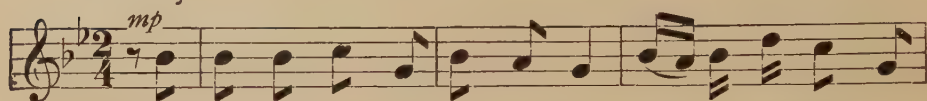
moon, From a sleep - y moon, from a sleep - y moon?  
Spring, For her name is Spring, Ah, her name is Spring.



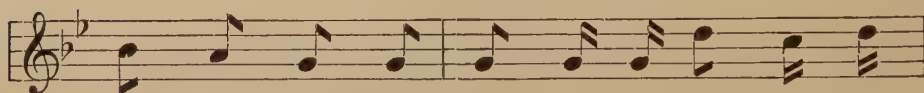
# 59. The fair maid who the first of May

Old Rhyme  
Slowly

Lithuanian



The fair maid who the first of May Goes to the fields at



break of day, And wash - es in dew from the



haw - thorn tree Will ev - er aft - er hand - some be.

# 60. Flowers in the Valley

Traditional  
Moderato

English



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. O there was a wo - man and she was a wid - ow,     | } |
| 2. There came a — Knight all — cloth - ed in red, —   |   |
| 3. There came a — Knight all — cloth - ed in green, — |   |
| 4. There came a — Knight, in — yel - low was he, —    |   |



- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley. | (1.) With a  |
|  | (2.) "I —    |
|  | (3.) "This — |
|  | (4.) "My —   |



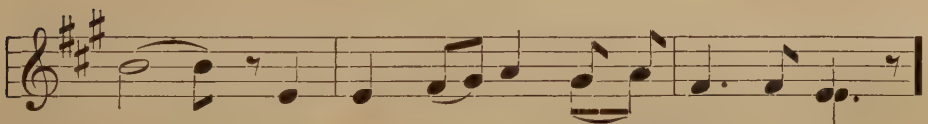
daugh - ter as fair as a fresh sun - ny mea - dow,  
would thou— wert my— bride," he — said,— } The  
maid so— sweet might— be my— queen."—  
bride, my— queen, thou— must with— me !"—



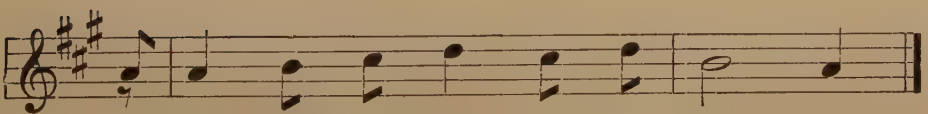
Red, the— Green, and the Yel - low. The Harp— the Lute— the



Pipe— the Flute— the Cym - bal. Sweet goes the tre - ble Vi - o -



(1.) The maid so rare and the flow'rs so fair,  
lin.— (2.) "I would," she sighed, "Ne'er wins a bride!"  
(3.) "Might be," sighed she, "Will ne'er win me!"  
(4.) With blush - es red, "I— come," she said;



To - geth - er they grew in the val - ley.  
Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley.  
Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley.  
"Fare - well, the flow'rs in the val - ley."

# 61. The Tree in the Wood

From "Folk-Songs from Somerset"\*

Moderato

Accompaniment by

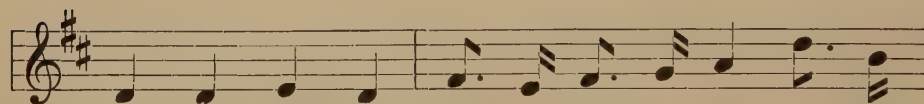
Cecil J. Sharp



1. All in— a— wood there grew a tree, The



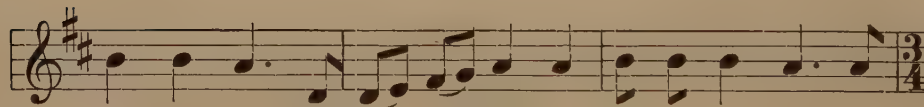
fi - nest tree you ev - er did see, And the



green leaves "grew a - round, a - round, a - round, And the



green leaves grew a - round. 2. And on— this— tree there  
(3.) on— this— limb there  
(4.) on— this—branch there



was a limb, The fi - nest limb you ev - er did see, The  
was a branch, The fi - nest branch you ev - er did see, The  
was a nest, The fi - nest nest you ev - er did see, The

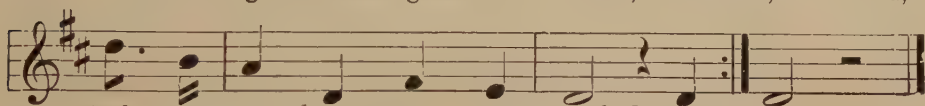
\* By permission of Mr. Sharp.



limb was on the tree, The.  
 branch was on the limb, The: ||  
 limb was on the tree, The—tree was in the wood,—  
 nest was on the branch, The.  
 branch was on the limb, The.  
 limb was on the tree, The.



And the green leaves grew a - round, a - round, a - round,



And the green leaves grew a - round. 3. And  
 4. And (9.) round.

- 5 And in this nest there was an egg,  
The finest egg you ever did see, etc.,
- 6 And in this egg there was a yolk,  
The finest yolk you ever did see, etc.,
- 7 And in this yolk there was a bird,  
The finest bird you ever did see, etc.,
- 8 And on this bird there was a wing,  
The finest wing you ever did see, etc.,
- 9 And on this wing there was a feather,  
The finest feather you ever did see,  
The feather was on the wing,  
The wing was on the bird,  
The bird was in the yolk,  
The yolk was in the egg,  
The egg was in the nest,  
The nest was on the branch,  
The branch was on the limb,  
The limb was on the tree,  
The tree was in the wood,  
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,  
And the green leaves grew around.

\* This measure is repeated twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, four times in the fifth, five times in the sixth, and so on.

## 62. The Jolly Miller

Traditional

17th Century English Song

Gaily

*mf*



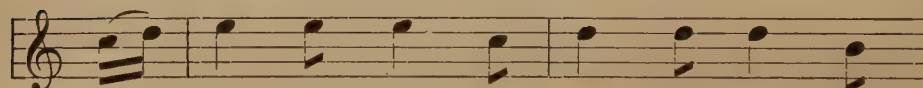
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd  
2. When spring be - gins his mer - ry ca - reer, Oh,



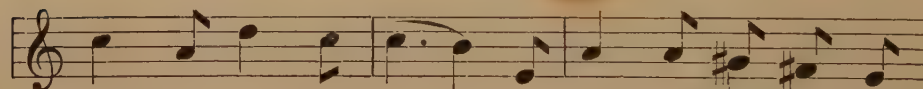
on — the riv - er Dee; — He work'd and sang from  
how — his heart grows gay; — No sum - mer's drought a -



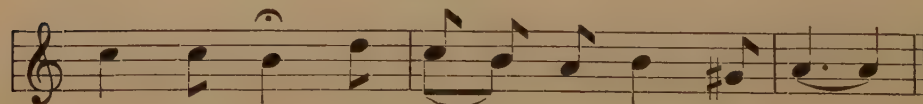
morn till night, No lark more blithe than he. —  
larms his fear, Nor win - ter's cold de - cay; —



And this the bur - den of his song For -  
No fore - sight mars the mil - ler's joy, Who's



ev - er used to be: — "I care for no - bo - dy,  
wont to sing and say: — "Let oth - ers toil — from



no, not I! If no - bo - dy cares for me." —  
year to year, I live — from day to day." —



# 63. Hedge Roses

Translation of poem by Goethe

Franz Schubert

Allegretto

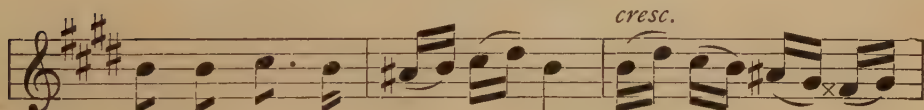
(1797-1828)



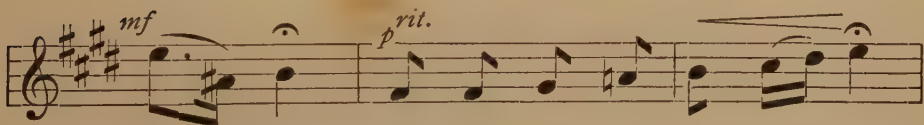
1. Spied a boy a rose - bud rare, Rose - bud of the
2. Said the boy: "I'll gath - er thee," Rose - bud of the
3. Heed - less - ly the bud he gain'd, Rose - bud of the



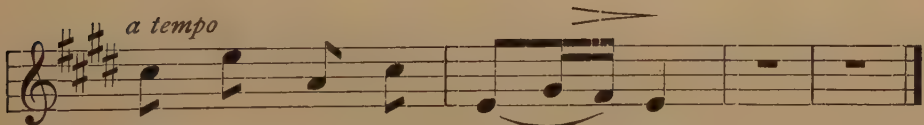
wild - wood, Fresh as dew and pass - ing — fair,  
wild - wood; Cried the rose: "My thorns thou'lt see  
wild - wood, Quick she stings, but all — in — vain,



Swift he ran to see — it — there; Danc - ing up — so —  
If thou dar'st to in - jure me; I — will nev - er —  
Use - less all her cries of pain, Yields at — last — so —



joy - ous - ly.  
bend to thee! } Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red,  
scorn - ful - ly,

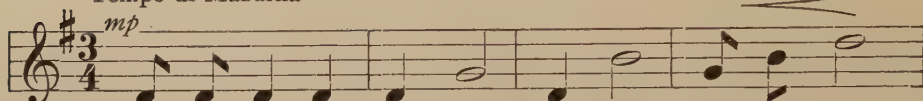


Rose - bud of the wild - wood.

# 64. In golden firelight dancing

Katherine Davis  
Tempo di Mazurka

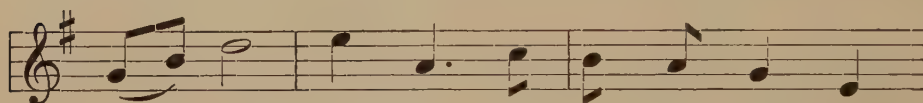
Croatian



1. and 2. In the camp-fire's light, Ho! Dance, Ho! Gyp - sies all!



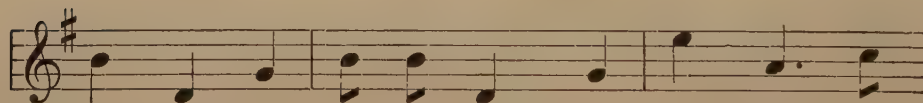
{ 1. Proud go the Gyp - sy lads A - mong the maid - ens  
{ 2. Fair gleam the Gyp - sy girls With mer - ry eyes en -



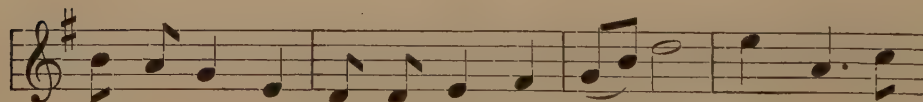
glanc - ing, Proud go the Gyp - sy lads In  
tranc - ing, Fair gleam the Gyp - sy girls In



gold - en fire - light danc - ing. } Right, ho! Then up we go! Then  
gold - en fire - light danc - ing. }



left, ho! A - way we go! (1.) Ah, proud go the  
(2.) Ah, fair gleam the



Gyp - sy lads A - mong the maid - ens glanc - ing, Proud go the  
Gyp - sy girls With mer - ry eyes en - tranc - ing, Fair gleam the



Gyp - sy lads In gold - en fire - light danc - ing.  
Gyp - sy girls In gold - en fire - light danc - ing.

## 65. The Song of the Mermaid

Katherine Davis  
Moderato

German



1. Ma - ri - ner, Ma - ri - ner, on the dark foam - ing  
2. Maid - en fair, Wait - ing there on your rock 'mid the



sea, Mag - ic songs I float— to— you,  
foam, Sweet your songs come float - ing o'er the sea,



Far a - cross the wave so— blue, Ma - ri - ner,  
Vi - sions bright they bring to— me, Sing no more,

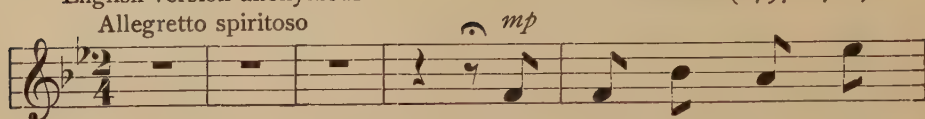


Ma - ri - ner, Hark - en to me!  
Sing no more, Swift - ly I come!

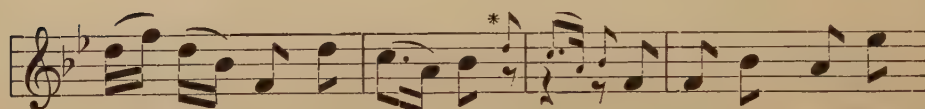
# 66. Wandering

English version anonymous  
Allegretto spiritoso

Franz Schubert (1797-1728)



1. To wan - der is the
2. The liv - ing wa - ter
3. The con - stant mill - wheel
4. To wan - der on - ly



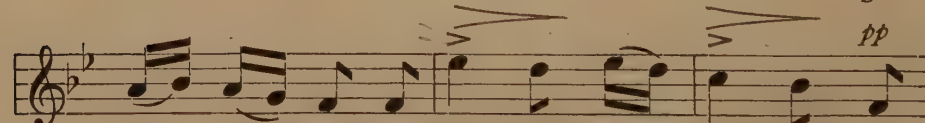
mil - ler's joy, to	wan - der,	To wan - der is the
ev - er—roams, the	wa - ter,	The liv - ing wa - ter
ev - er—turns, the	mill - wheel,	The con - stant mill-wheel
is— my— joy, to	wan - der,	To wan - der on - ly



mil - ler's— joy, to	wan - der.	A—
ev - er—roams, the	wa - ter.	It—
ev - er—turns, the	mill - wheel.	It—
is— my— joy, to	wan - der.	O—



fool - ish mil - ler	he— must be	Who nev - er wan - der'd
day and night no	rest— hath known	But— wand'reth ev - er
loves not to be	stand - ing— still,	But— turns all day with
Mas - ter mine, and	Mis - tress dear,	Bid— me no lon - ger



far— and— free, And	wan - der'd, and—	wan - der'd, And
on— and— on, The	wa - ter, the—	wa - ter, The
right good will, The	mill - wheel, the—	mill - wheel, The
lin - ger— here, But	wan - der, but—	wan - der, But

\* The small notes may be sung when the accompaniment is not played.



wan - der'd, and- wan - der'd.  
 wa - ter, the- wa - ter.  
 mill - wheel, the- mill - wheel.  
 wan - der, but- wan - der.

## 67. Dabbling in the dew

From "Folk-Songs from Somerset" \*

*Allegro commodo*

Accompaniment by

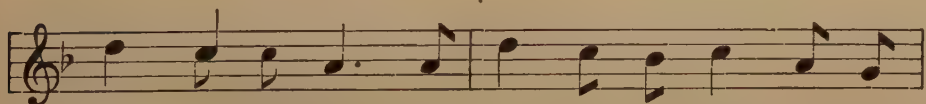
Cecil J. Sharp



1. — O where are you go - ing to, my  
 3. — Sup - pose I were to car - ry you, my  
 5. O but Lon - don's a cit - y, my



pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sie cheeks, and your  
 pret - ty lit - tle dear, In a cha - riot with hor - ses, a  
 pret - ty lit - tle dear, And— all men are gal - lant and



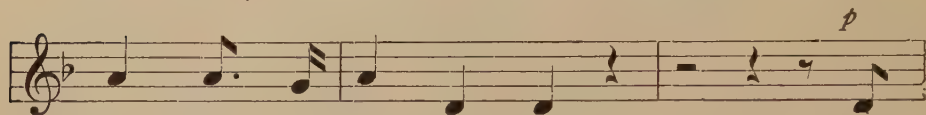
coal - black— hair? "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, kind  
 gray gal - lant pair? "O no, sir, O no, sir, kind  
 brave that are there. "O no, sir, O no, sir, kind

\* By permission of Mr. Sharp.



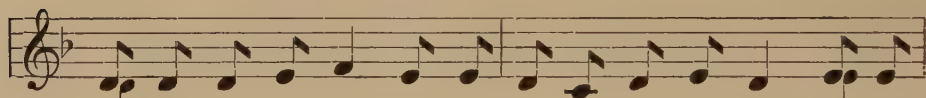


Sir," she an - swer'd me, And it's dab - bling in the  
 Sir," she an - swer'd me, For it's dab - bling in the  
 Sir," she an - swer'd me, For it's dab - bling in the



dew makes the milk - maids fair.  
 dew makes the milk - maids fair.  
 dew makes the milk - maids fair.

*p*  
 2. Sup -  
 4. Sup -  
 6. O



pose I were to clothe you, my pret - y lit - tle dear, In a  
 pose I were to feast you, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With-  
 fine— clothes and daint - ies, and car - riag - es so rare, Bring -



green silk - on gown and the am - e - thyst rare? "O  
 dain - ties on sil - ver, the whole— of the year? "O  
 grey to the cheeks and — sil - ver to the hair. What's a

*cresc.*

*mf*



no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir," she an - swer'd me, For it's  
 no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir," she an - swer'd me, For it's  
 ring on the fin - ger, if rings are round the eye? But it's

*D.C.*

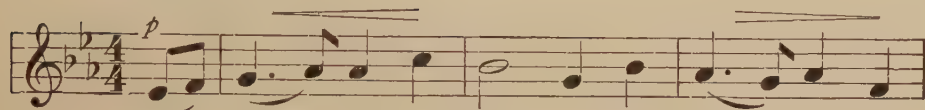


dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair.

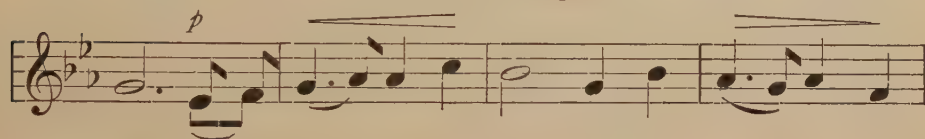
# 68. Home, sweet home

John Howard Paine  
In moderate time

Henry Bishop (1786-1855)



1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may
2. I— gaze— on the moon as I tread— the dear
3. An— ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in



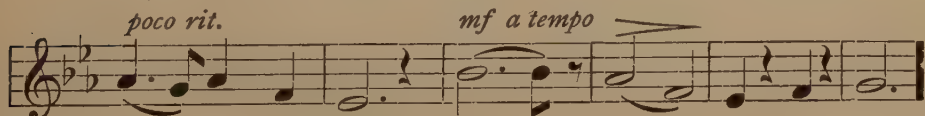
roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no— place like  
wild, And— feel— that my moth - er now thinks of her  
vain; Oh,— give— me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a -



home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us  
child, As she looks— on that moon from our own— cot - tage  
gain; The birds— sing - ing gai - ly, that came— at my



there, Which, seek— thro' the world, is ne'er  
door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall  
call, Give me them,— and that peace of mind—



met— with else— where.  
cheer me no more. }  
dear - er than all. }

Home,— home,— sweet, sweet, home;

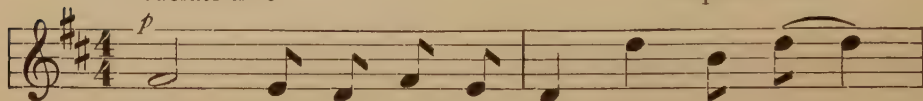


Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no— place like home.  
 { There's— no— place like home, Oh, there's no— place like home.  
 There's— no— place like home, Oh, there's no— place like home.

## 69. The Old Folks at Home

Words and Music by  
Stephen Foster

In moderate time



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er,—  
 2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd—  
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es,—



Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is  
 When I was young, Then man - y hap - py  
 One that I love, Still sad - ly to my



turn - ing ev - er,— There's where the old folks  
 days I squan - der'd,— Man - y the songs I  
 mem - 'ry rush - es,— No mat - ter where I



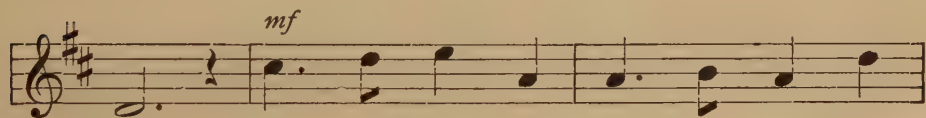
stay. All up and down the whole cre - a - tion,—  
 sung. When I was play - ing with my broth - er,—  
 rove. When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming,—



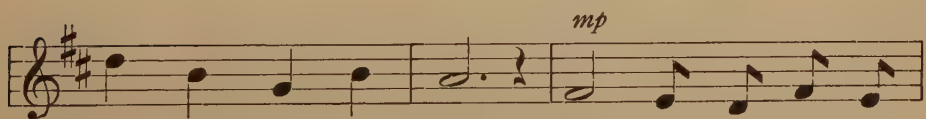
Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for the  
Hap - py was I, Oh, take me to my  
All 'round the comb? When shall I hear the



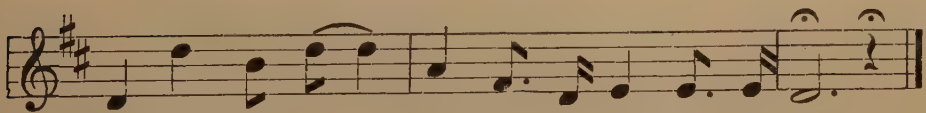
old plan - ta - tion,— And for the old folks at  
kind old moth - er,— There let me live and—  
ban - jo tum - ming,— Down in my good old —



home.  
die! } All the world is sad and drear - y,  
home? }



Ev - 'ry - where I roam, Oh, dark - ies, how my

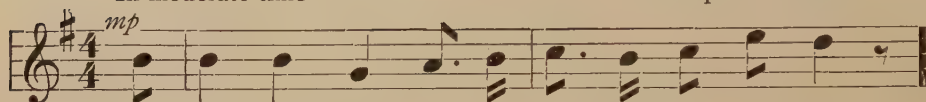


heart grows wea - ry,— Far from the old folks at home.

# 70. My Old Kentucky Home

Words and Music by  
Stephen Foster

In moderate time



1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck - y home,
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon,



'Tis sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; The  
On the mead - ow, the hill, and the shore; They



corn - top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the  
sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the



birds make mu - sic all the day. The  
beach by the old - cab - in door. The



young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor,  
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart,

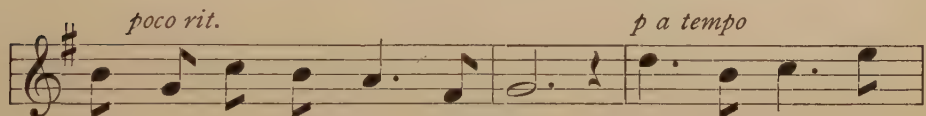




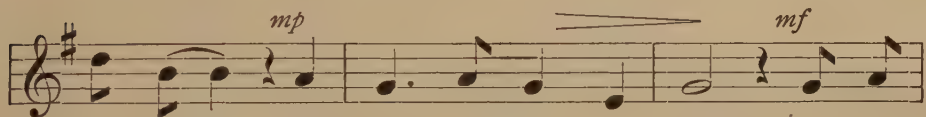
All mer - ry, and hap - py and bright; By'm -  
With sor - row where all was de - light; The



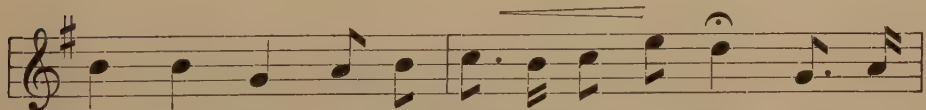
bye hard times come a - knock - ing at the door, } Then my  
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, }



old Ken - tuck - y home, good night! Weep no more, my



la - dy,— Oh, weep no more to - day; We will



sing one song for the old Ken - tuck - y home, For the



old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

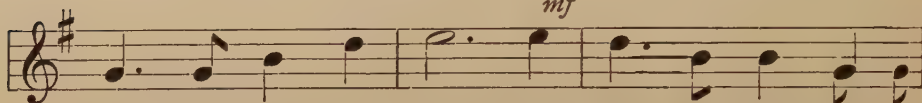
# 71. Auld lang syne

Robert Burns  
Slowly

Scotch Air



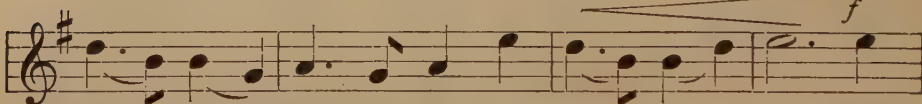
1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes And
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn, From
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And



nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance  
pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've wan - der'd mon - y a  
morn - ing sun till dine, But seas be - tween us  
gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'



be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? And  
wea - ry foot, Sin' auld — lang — syne. Sin'  
braid ha'e roar'd, Sin' auld — lang — syne. Sin'  
kind - ness yet, For auld — lang — syne. For



days of auld lang syne, my dear, And days of auld lang syne, Should  
auld — lang — syne, my dear, Sin' auld — lang — syne, We've  
auld — lang — syne, my dear, Sin' auld — lang — syne, But  
auld — lang — syne, my dear, For auld — lang — syne, We'll



auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?  
wan - der'd mon - y a wea - ry foot Sin' auld — lang — syne.  
seas be - tween us braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld — lang — syne.  
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld — lang — syne.

## 72. Soldiers' Hymn

Josef Haydn  
(1732-1809)

Majestically

1. We, thy sol - diers, hail thee, hail thee, Great Re -  
2. Forth to bat - tle march we, march we, We, thy

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of three flats. The melody is marked 'Majestically' and begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are split into two parts: '1. We, thy sol - diers, hail thee, hail thee, Great Re -' and '2. Forth to bat - tle march we, march we, We, thy'.

pub - lic, moth - er coun - try; We, thy sol - diers, hail thee,  
sons, have heard the sum - mons; Forth to bat - tle march we,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'pub - lic, moth - er coun - try; We, thy sol - diers, hail thee, sons, have heard the sum - mons; Forth to bat - tle march we,'.

hail thee, On the eve of bat - tle. Thou hast call'd us:  
march we, We will fight for free - dom. God of bat - tles,

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are 'hail thee, On the eve of bat - tle. Thou hast call'd us: march we, We will fight for free - dom. God of bat - tles,'.

“Arm ye, arm ye, O my brave and val-iant sons.”  
be Thou with us, For our cause is just and right;

Thou hast call'd us: “Arm ye, arm ye, Free-dom is in per-il.”  
God of bat-tles, be Thou with us, Bring us home tri-umph-ant!

We, thy sol-diers, hail thee, hail thee, We go forth to war.  
Forth to bat-tle march we, march we, Na-tion of the free.

## 73. Night Song

Katherine Davis  
Andante

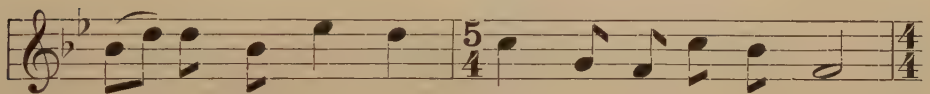
Russian  
Harmonization adapted from  
Tchaikovsky



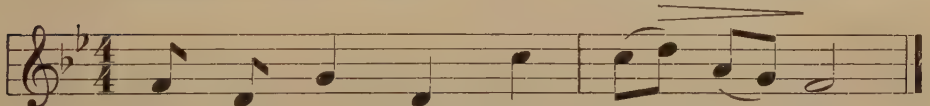
1. O'er the qui - et mead - ow      Who comes at close of day,  
2. O'er the dis - tant hill - top      Who comes at fall of night,



Si - lent and slow, all clothed in man - tle gray?  
Shin - ing and swift, all clothed in sil - ver light?



Soft are her eyes and gray as the wa - ter deep,  
All through the dark - ness see how her gar - ments gleam!



Do you not know? Her name is — Sleep.  
Do you not know? Her name is — Dream.

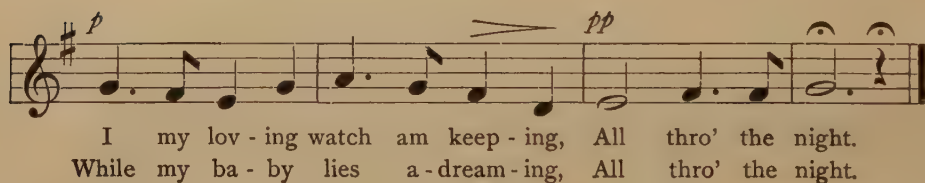
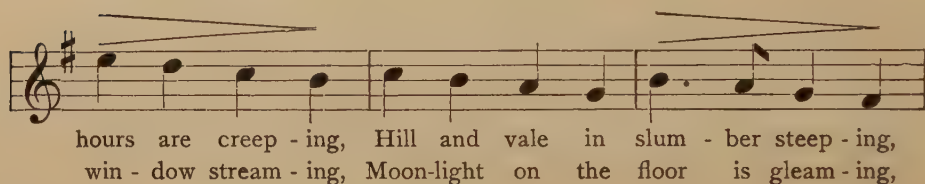
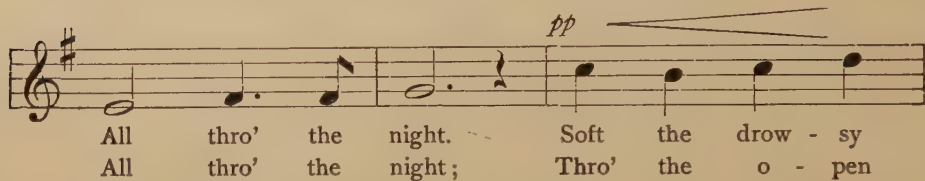
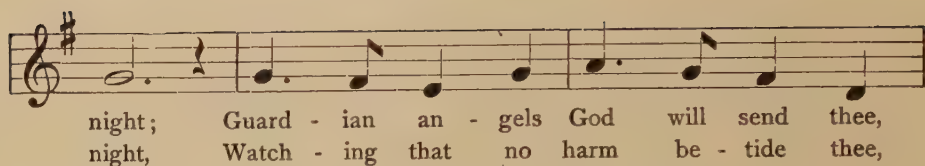
## 74. All through the night

Anonymous  
Slowly

Welsh Air



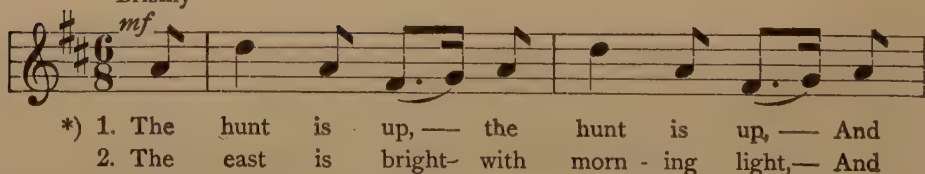




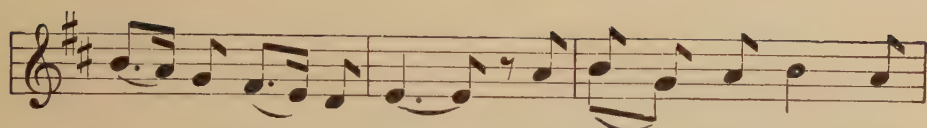
## 75. The hunt is up

Traditional  
Briskly

English



\* The first verse is repeated after second verse



it — is well - nigh day, — And Har - ry our king is  
dark - ness it — is fled; — The mer - ry horn wakes

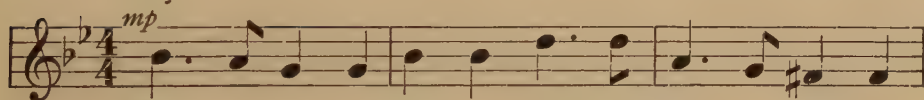


gone a - hunt - ing To bring his deer — to bay. —  
up — the morn To leave his i - dle bed. —

## 76. A Prophecy

Anonymous  
Slowly

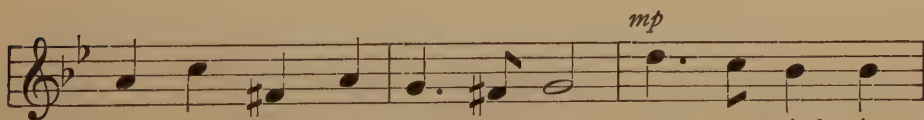
Creole Folk-song



When the wind is in the East, 'Tis neith - er good for



man nor beast; When the wind is in the North, The



skil - ful fish - er goes not forth. When the wind is



in the South, It blows the bait in the fish - es' mouth;

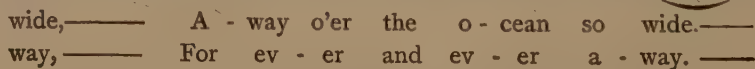
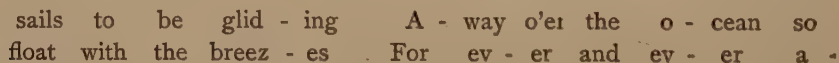
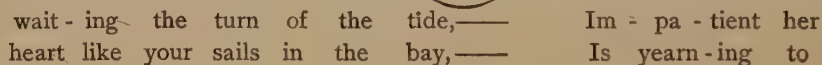


## Katherine Davis

German

The first staff of music is in treble clef, key of D major (indicated by two sharps), and 3/4 time. It begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. The melody consists of the following notes: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (half), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). There is a fermata over the C5 note.

1. The ship at her an - chor is rid - ing, A -  
2. O ship with the sil - ver - y pin - ions, My



## 78. In the Poplars

Katherine Davis  
In swinging rhythm

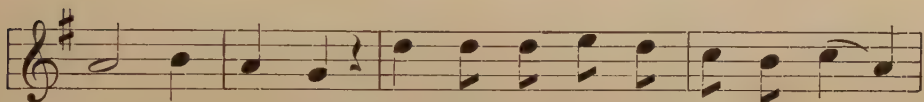
Dutch



1. In the pop - lars, in the pop - lars, } When the wind is  
2. By the lake - side, by the lake - side, }



blow - ing, There's a mur - mur, there's a mur - mur, There's a



mur - mur go - ing. (1.) Green leaves a - rus - tle all the day,-  
(2.) Soft rip - ples lap - ping all the day,-

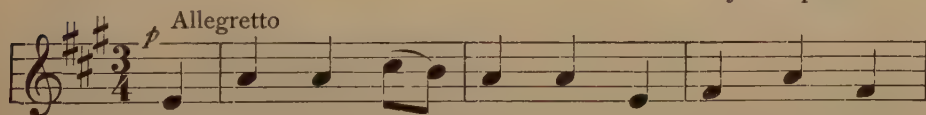


Swing to and fro and soft - ly say :- "Hush, now hush!"  
Break on the shore and seem to say :- "Hush, now hush!"

## 79. Flow gently, sweet Afton

Robert Burns

J. E. Spilman



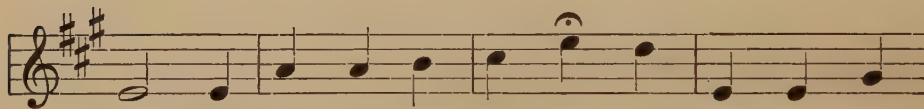
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green  
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing  
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it



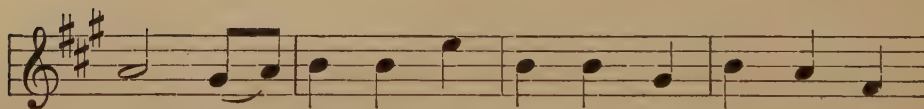
braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
hills, Far mark'd with the cours - es of clear wind - ing  
glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re -



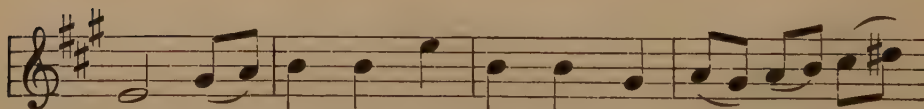
praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing  
rills; There dai - ly I— wan - der, as morn ris - es  
sides! How wan - ton thy— wa - ters her snow - y feet



stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her  
high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my  
lave, As gath - 'ring sweet flow'r - ets, she stems thy clear



dream. Thou stock dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the  
eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -  
wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green



hill, Ye— wild whist - ling black - birds in you thorn - y—  
low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es—  
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of— my—





den, Thou green crest - ed - lap - wing, thy scream - ing for -  
 blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps o - ver the  
 lays; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing



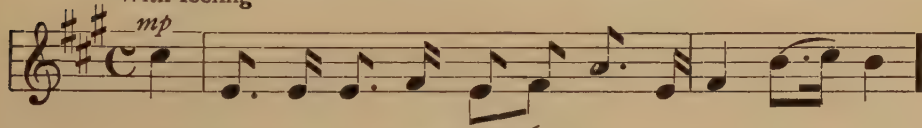
bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
 lea, The sweet scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
 stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

## 80. There grows a bonnie brier-bush

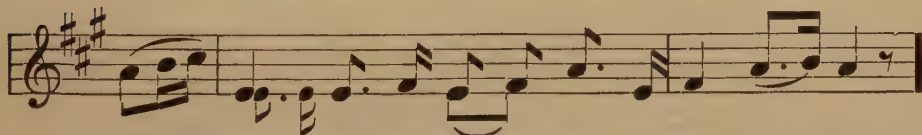
Lady Carolina Nairne (1766-1845)

Scotch

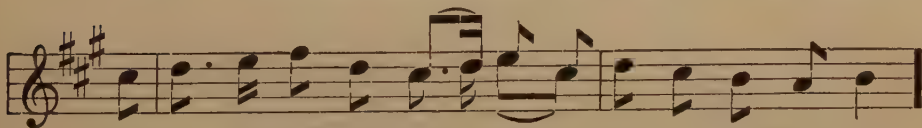
With feeling



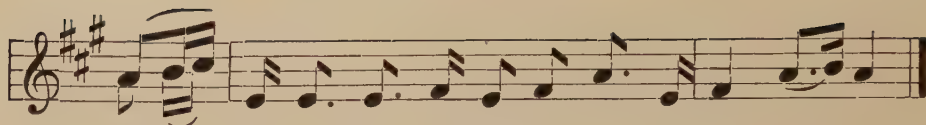
1. There grows a bon - nie bri - er - bush in oor Kail - yaird,
2. He's com - in' frae the north— that's to fan - cy— me;
3. The bri - er bush was bon - nie ance in oor Kail - yaird,



And— white are the blos - soms on't, in oor Kail - yaird;  
 He's— com - in' frae the north— that's to fan - cy— me;  
 The— bri - er - bush was bon - nie ance in oor Kail - yaird;



Like wee bit white cock - ades— for our loy - al Hie - land lads;  
 A feath - er in his bon - net, a rib - bon at his knee,  
 A blast blew o'er the hill that gaed— A - tholl's flow'rs a chill:



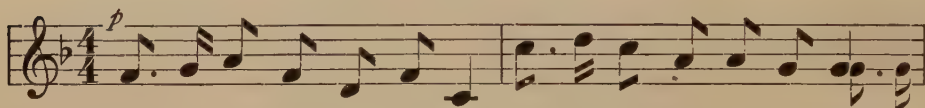
And — las - ses lo'e the bon - nie bush in oor Kail - yaird.  
 He's a — bon - nie Hie - land lad - die and you'll na be — he.  
 And the bloom's blawn aft the bon - nie bush in oor Kail - yaird.

## 81. Bonnie Charlie's now awa'

Lady Carolina Nairne (1766-1845)

Scotch

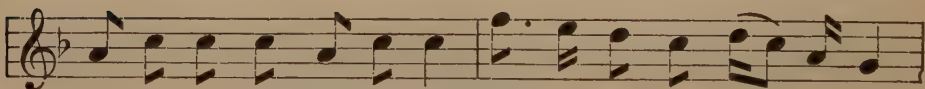
Andante



1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa', Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main,
2. Hills he trod were all his ain, Bed be - neath the birk - en tree, The
3. Sweet the lav' - rock's note and lang, Lilt - in' wild - ly up the glen, But



Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.  
 bush that hid him on the plain None on earth can claim but he.  
 aye to me he sings ae song "Will ye no come back a - gain?"



Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come back a - gain?



Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - not be, Will ye no come back a - gain?

# 82. The Frog and the Mouse

Traditional  
Con spirito

English



1. There was a frog liv'd in a well,
2. He rode till he came to Mou - se's Hall,
3. "My Un - cle Rat is not at home;
4. "Here's been a fine young gen - tle - man,
5. Four part - ridge pies with sea - son made,



- Whip - see did - dle - dee dan - dy dee.
- (1.) There
  - (2.) Where
  - (3.) I
  - (4.) Who
  - (5.) Two



- was a mouse liv'd in a mill,  
he most ten - der - ly did call:  
dare not for my life come down."  
swears he'll have me if he can."  
pot - ted larks and mar - ma - lade,
- Whip - see did - dle - dee



- dan - dy dee.
- (1.) This frog he would a -
  - (2.) "Oh! Mis - tress Mouse, are
  - (3.) Then Un - cle Rat he
  - (4.) Then Un - cle Rat gave
  - (5.) Four wood - cocks and a



woo - ing ride, With sword and buck - ler  
you at home? And if you are, oh,  
soon comes home, "And who's been here since  
his con - sent, And made a hand - some  
ven - i - son pie. I would that at that



by his side.  
pray come down." }  
I've been gone?" } With a ha - rum sca - rum  
set - tle - ment.  
feast were I!



did - dle dum da - rum, Whip - see did - dle dee dan - dy dee.

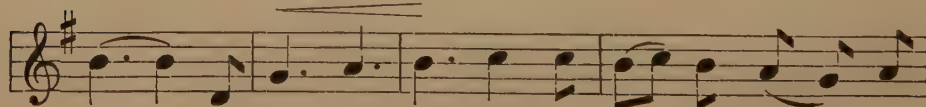
### 83. Begone, Dull Care

Old English  
Allegro

The Queen's Jig  
17th Century



1. Be - gone, Dull Care! I pri - thee be - gone from  
2. O too much Care will make — a young man



me; — Be - gone, Dull Care! Thou and I — shall nev - er a -  
gray, — And too much Care will turn an - y old man — to



gree,— Long time thou hast been tar - ry - ing here, And  
clay.— My— wife will dance and I will sing, So



fain— thou wouldst me kill— But in - deed, Dull  
mer - ri - ly pass the day,— For I hold it one of the



Care, Thou nev - er shalt have thy will.—  
wis - est things To drive— Dull Care a - way.—

## 84. Loch Lomond

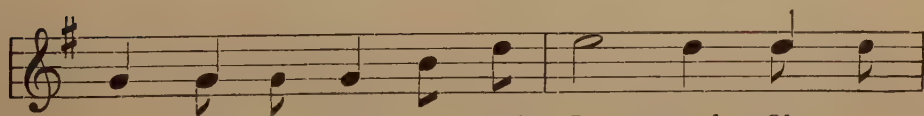
Anonymous

Scotch Melody

Slowly



1. By yon bon - nie banks and yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. I mind where we part - ed on yon sha - dy glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing and the wild flow - ers spring; And in

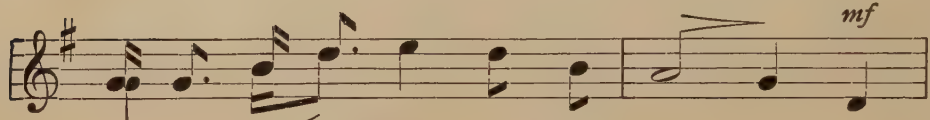


sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Oh,  
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in  
sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the

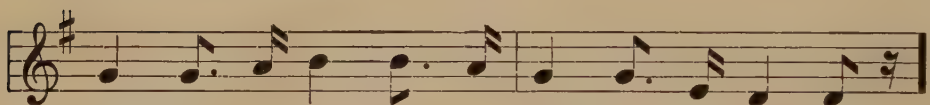




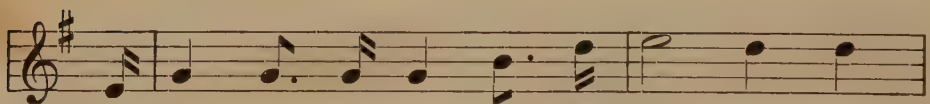
we 'two have pass'd so ma - ny blithe - some days, On the  
pur - ple — hue the High - land hills we view, And the  
bro - ken — heart it seeks no sec - ond spring, And the



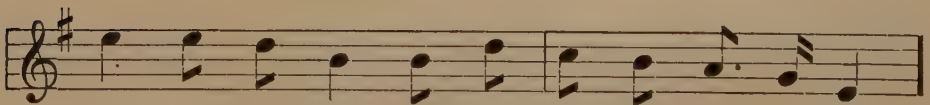
bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. } Oh,  
moon — shines — out from the gloam - ing. }  
world does not know how we are greet - ing. }



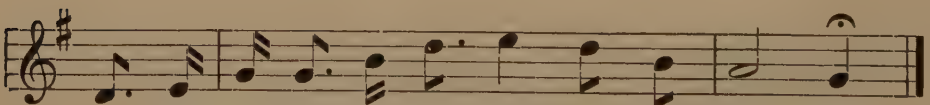
you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,



And I'll be in Scot - land be - fore you; But



I and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain,



On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

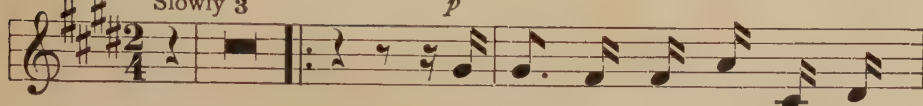
# 85. In Lovely May

English version  
by A. D. Z.

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

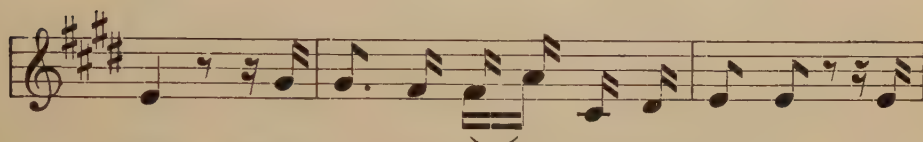
Slowly 3

*p*



1. In won - der - ful and love - ly

2. In won - der - ful and love - ly

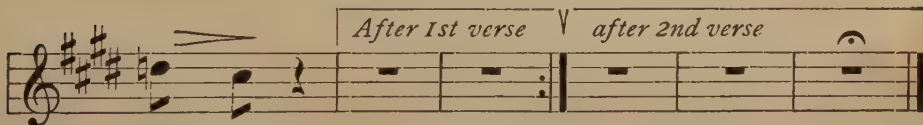


May, When in - to life the flow'rs are spring-ing, There

May, When all the birds- are re - turn-ing, My



comes to ev - 'ry be - ing A joy the spir - it  
thoughts are up - ward wing - ing, My heart is ev - er



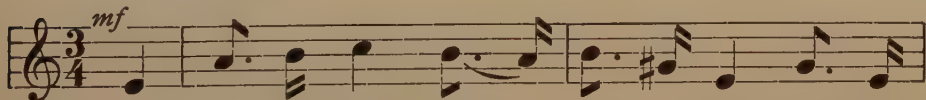
free - ing.

sing - ing.

# 86. A Mighty Ship

Katherine Davis  
In moderate time

Norwegian



1. A might - y ship was the Gun - dre - mar, Proud - ly

2. All dark the night and— wild the storm, Wa - ters

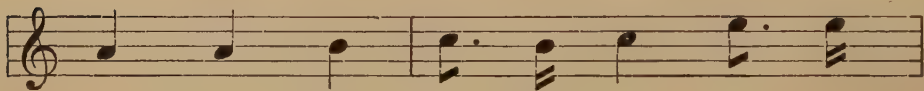
3. A ghost - ly ship is the Gun - dre - mar, Ev - er



sail - ing, proud - ly sail - ing; O'er win - ter wave she ad -  
churn - ing, wa - ters churn - ing; Full brave the ship on the  
sail - ing, ev - er sail - ing; O'er win - ter skies she ad -



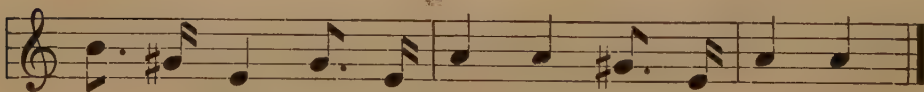
ven - tured far, North - ward hail - ing, north - ward  
roll - ing sea, Dan - ger spurn - ing, dan - ger  
ven - tures far, North - ward hail - ing, north - ward



hail - ing. Through crash of storm and the  
spurn - ing. Loud crash of rock on a  
hail - ing. No shad - ow falls on the



tem - pest's roar, A - plung - ing on to find a  
shat - ter'd prow, And down be - neath the wave a  
sil - ver night, As down the moon - lit way she



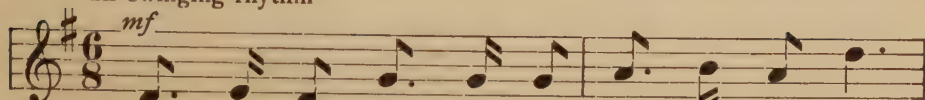
dis - tant shore, Proud - ly sail - ing, proud - ly sail - ing.  
ship shall bow, Un - re - turn - ing, un - re - turn - ing.  
takes her flight, Ev - er sail - ing, ev - er sail - ing.

# 87. Skye Boat Song

Traditional

Scotch

In swinging rhythm



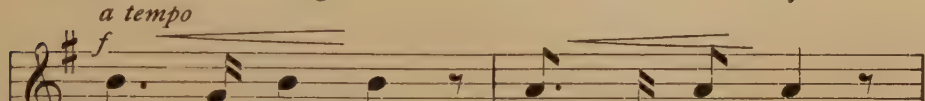
"Speed, bon - nie boat, like a bird on the wing,



On - ward,"the sail - ors cry!— "Car - ry the lad that's



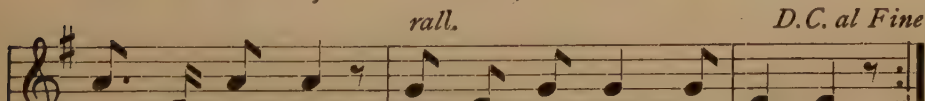
born to be king O - ver the sea to Skye!"



- |              |           |        |          |           |        |
|--------------|-----------|--------|----------|-----------|--------|
| 1. Loud      | the winds | howl,  | loud     | the waves | roar,  |
| 2. Though    | the waves | leap,  | soft     | shall ye  | sleep, |
| 3. Man - y's | the lad   | fought | on       | that day, |        |
| 4. Burn'd    | are our   | homes, | ex - ile | and       | death  |



Thun - der clouds	rend the	air;—	Baf - fled	our foes
O - cean's a	roy - al	bed;—	Rock'd	in the deep,
Well the clay - more	could	wield,—	When the	night came,
Scat - ter the	loy - al	men;—	Yet,	e'er the sword



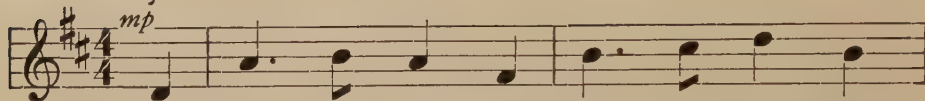
stand	on the	shore,	Fol - low	they will	not	dare.—
Flo - ra	will	keep	Watch	by your	wea - ry	head.—
si - lent - ly	lay	Dead	on	Cul - lo - den's	field.—	
cool	in the	sheath,	Char - lie	will come	a - gain.—	

# 88. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls

Thomas Moore

Irish Air

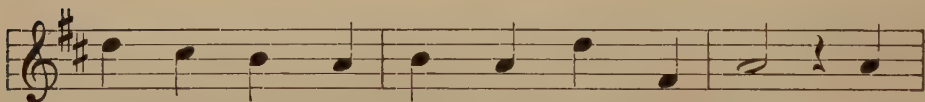
Slowly



1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The



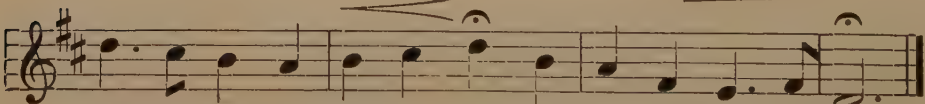
soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on  
harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that



Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So  
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And  
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is



hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.



## 89. The Fountain of Knowledge

Nathan Haskell Dole  
Moderato

## German Student Song

*mp*

1. Like a foun - tain clear and bright, Know - ledge free - ly  
2. School re - veals this new de - light; Teach - ers glad - ly

How - ing, Brings to all a - bound - ing pleas - ure,  
share it. Lov - ing - ly, dear School, we hail thee;

whole - some thoughts thro' life to treas - ure. Wis - dom wi - der—  
Loy - al hearts will nev - er fail thee. Let our song de -


grow - ing, Wis - dom wi - der— grow - ing.  
clare - it! Let our song de - clare - it!

## 90. A Tragic Story

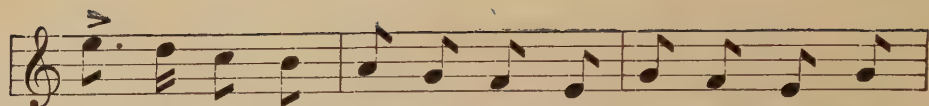
William Makepeace Thackeray

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

## Allegretto ed animato



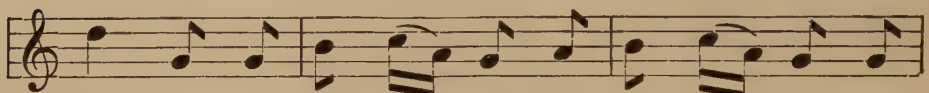
1. There liv'd a sage in  
2. Says he, "The mys - ter -  
3. And right, and left, and



days of yore, And he a hand - some pig - tail wore ; But  
y I've found,—I'll turn me round"—he turn'd him round ; But  
round a - bout, And up, and down, and in, and out, He



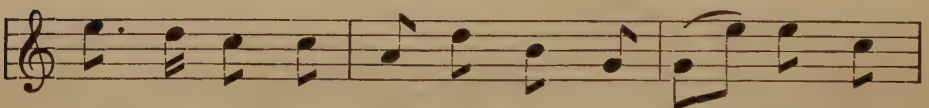
won - der'd much, and sor - row'd more, Be - cause it hung be -  
still it hung be - hind— him, But still it hung be -  
turn'd ; but still the pig - tail stout, Hung stead - i - ly be -



hind him. He mused up - on this cu - rious case, And  
hind him. Then round and - round, and out and - in, All  
hind him. And though his - ef - forts nev - er—slack, And



swore he'd change the pig - tail's place, And have it—hang - ing—  
day the puz - zled sage did spin ; In vain—it—mat - ter'd  
though he twist and twirl and tack, A - las ! still faith - ful—



at his face, Not dang - ling there be - hind— him, Not  
not a pin—The pig - tail hung be - hind— him, The  
to his back, The pig - tail hangs be - hind— him, The



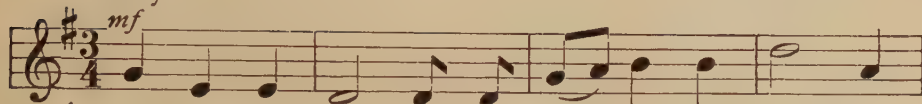
dang - ling there be - hind him.  
pig - tail hung be - hind him.  
pig - tail hangs be - hind him.

## 91. Song of the Watch

Anonymous

English Song

Slowly



1. }  
2. } Past three o - clock, And a cold frost - y morn - ing,  
3. }

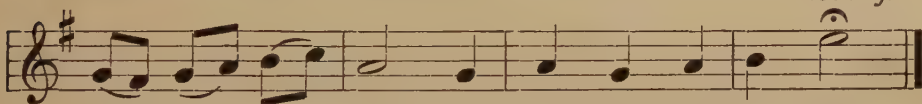


Past three o - clock, Good mor - row, mas - ters all.



- (1.) While in your beds you're peace - ful - ly sleep - ing,  
(2.) We go the round, you rest at your lei - sure,  
(3.) When morn - ing breaks, and slum - ber is end - ed,

*D.C. al fine*



Un - der— the— stars our watch we are keep - ing.  
Safe is— your— house and safe is your treas - ure.  
Give us— your— thanks, your homes who've de - fend - ed.

## 92. Now is the month of Maying

Old English

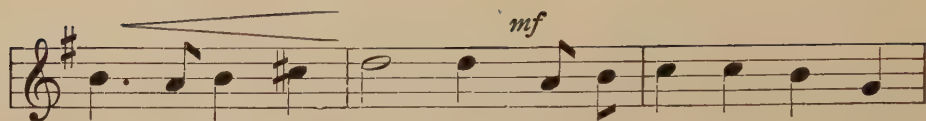
Thomas Morley

Vivace

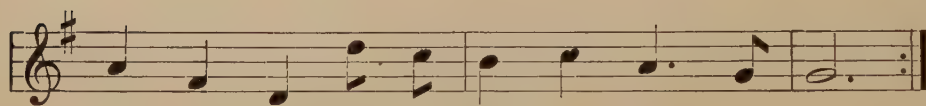
(1557-1603)



1. Now is the month of May - ing, When  
2. The Spring, clad all in glad - ness, Doth  
3. Fie, then, why sit we mus - ing, Youth's



mer - ry lads are play - ing,  
 laugh at Win - ter's sad - ness, } Fa la la la la la  
 sweet de-light re - fus - ing? }



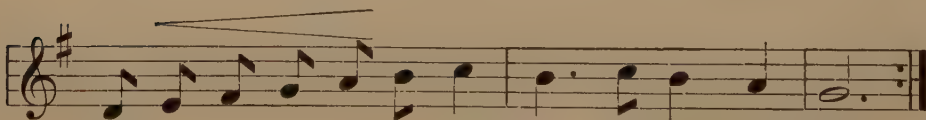
la la la, Fa la la la la la.



(1.) Each with his bon - ny lass, A -  
 (2.) And to the bag - pipes' sound The  
 (3.) Say, dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall



danc - ing on the grass. }  
 nymphs tread out the ground. } Fa la la la la,  
 we play bar - ley break? }



Fa la la la la la la la la la la.

# 93. Santa Lucia

Anonymous  
Moderato

Neapolitan



1. { Now 'neath the sil - ver moon O - cean is glow - ing,  
Here balm - y zeph - yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite - us,
2. { When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play - ing,  
To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en,



O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are blow - ing.  
And as we gen - tly row, All things de - light us.  
Thy spell can soothe us, All care al - lay - ing.  
Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by Heav - en.

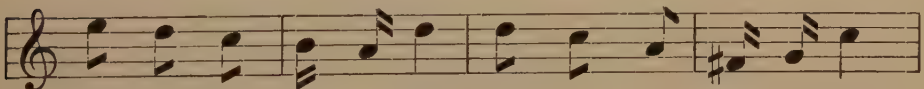
*mf*



Hark, how the sail - ors' cry Joy - ous - ly ech - oes nigh:



"San - ta— Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!"



Home of fair po - e - sy, Realm of pure har - mo - ny,



San - ta— Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

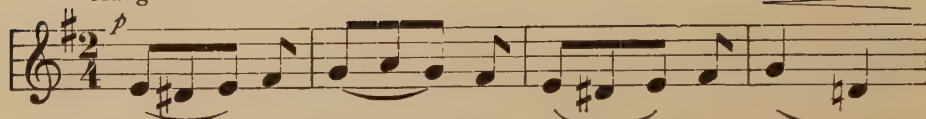


# 94. Mother Volga

Katherine Davis

Russian

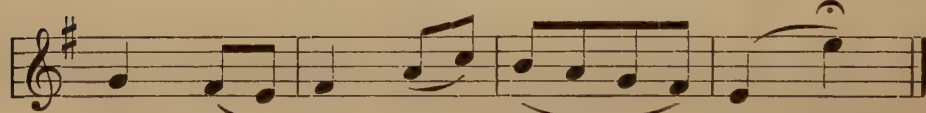
Adagio



1. O'er— thy wa - ters dark - ly flow - ing,
2. Though— thy waves— their crests— are rear - ing,
3. Through the spray— she comes— a - swing - ing,
4. Thanks— to thee,— O Moth - er, stern,—



- |               |                        |
|---------------|------------------------|
| Vol - - - ga, | Black with storm a—    |
| Vol - - - ga, | One small boat is—     |
| Vol - - - ga, | Sail - ors strong and— |
| Vol - - - ga, | Thou dost grant our—   |

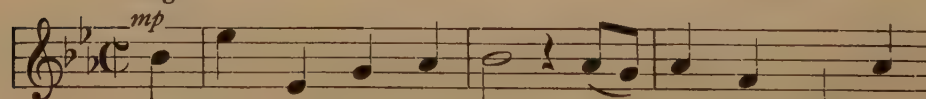


- |                         |                  |      |
|-------------------------|------------------|------|
| bit - ter— wind is—     | blow - - ing.    | Hey! |
| in - ward brave - ly—   | steer - - ing.   | Hey! |
| stur - dy— home - ward  | bring - - - ing. | Hey! |
| sail - ors— safe re - - | turn - - ing.    | Hey! |

# 95. Good morrow, Gossip Joan

Traditional  
Allegro

English



- |                                      |                         |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Good - mor - row, Gos - sip Joan! | Where have you been a - |
| 2. My spar - row's flown a - way,    | And will no more come   |
| 3. Let's home to - geth - er go,     | And set the tea a -     |



walk - ing? I have for you at— home,  
to me; I broke a glass to - day,  
brew - ing; It's soon I'll let you know,



I— have for you at— home— A  
I— broke a glass to - day, The  
It's soon I'll let you— know— What

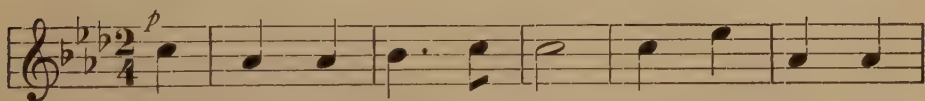


bud - get full of talk - - ing, Gos - sip Joan!  
price will quite un - do— me, Gos - sip Joan!  
ev - 'ry - one is do - - ing, Gos - sip Joan!

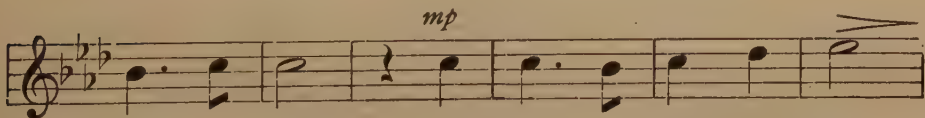
## 96. The nightingale is singing

Adapted from the French  
Andantino

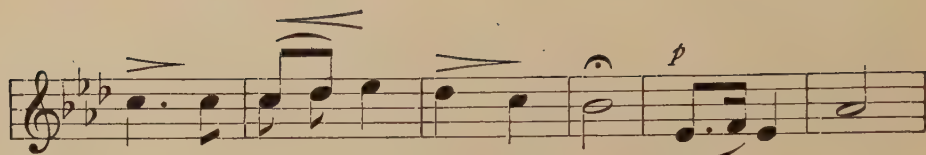
French



1. The night - in - gale is sing - ing All in the  
2. The daf - fo - dils are danc - ing All on a



month of May; Oh, sing and sing your sweet -  
sun - ny day; The breez - es bear sweet fra -



ness, Your heart— is light and gay! } But—my heart  
grance, As o - ver the flow'rs they play; }



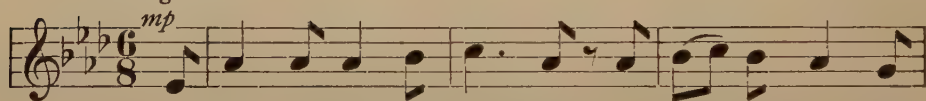
is sad For Pierre has gone a - way.

## 97. A Mystery of the Sea

Katherine Davis

Italian

Allegretto



1. I met a lit - tle mer - maid A - swim - ming in the  
2. "En - chant - ing lit - tle mer - maid, O will - you tell to



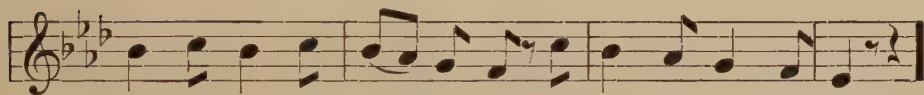
sea, Her cheeks were pink as ro - ses And  
me The cus - toms and the man - ners Of



fair, - in - deed, was she; She sat up - on a  
peo - ple in the sea? The things they eat, the



moss - y rock And comb'd her hair of blue; I  
things they wear, The things they like to do; The



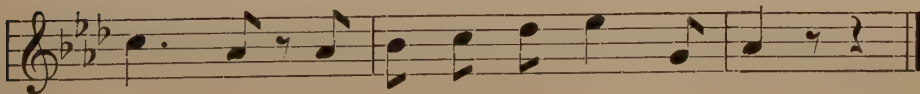
sat me down be - side her there To see what she would do. }  
things they say, the things they hear, And why their hair is blue." }



The gen - tle lit - tle mer - maid, she



bent her curl - y head, She gazed up - on me

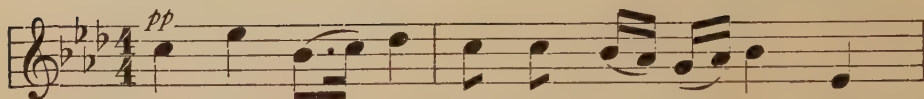


sad - ly, But nev - er a word she said.

## 98. Cradle Song

Anonymous  
Andante

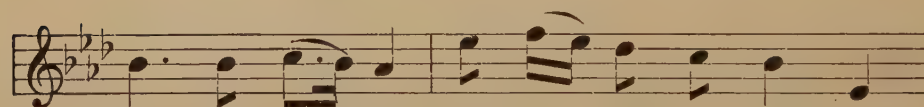
Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)



1. Slum - ber sweet - ly, slum - ber, O— my ba - by;
2. Eve - ning shad - ows call thee now to slum - ber;



- O'er thee, sleep - ing, moth - er watch will keep.  
Close a - round thee is thy moth - er's arm.



- In the morn - ing, when the sun - is shin - ing,  
Fond - est wish - es, thoughts most sweet and ten - der,

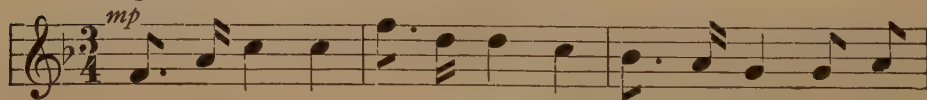


- Thou shalt wa - ken from thy gen - tle sleep.  
All will shield thee, dear - est babe, from harm.

## 99. The Little Goatherd

Everett Smith  
Allegretto

Swedish



1. Why un-hap - py, lit - tle goat - herd, Sit - ting sleep - i - ly
2. Now you're hap - py, lit - tle goat - herd, Danc - ing mer - ri - ly

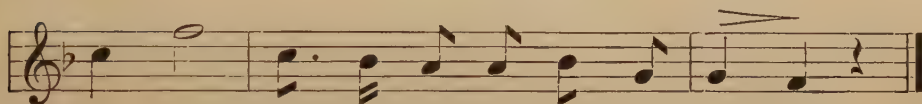




on the hill - side? Hark, how the birds are mak - ing song,  
on the hill - side; You sing like ev - 'ry mer - ry bird;



Come and dance with us, join the mer - ry throng! Why should you  
But your goats— where now has gone your herd? Far they are



sor - row? Come and greet the ra - dant mor - row.  
pranc - ing, You, a - las, can - not be danc - ing.

## 100. O no, John!

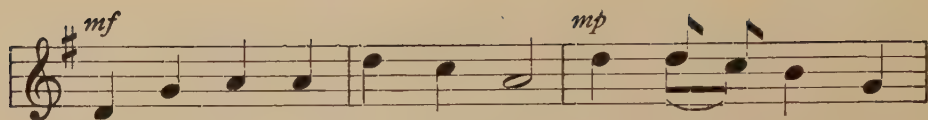
From "Folks-Songs from Somerset" \*  
Allegro moderato

Accompaniment by  
Cecil J. Sharp



1. On yon - der hill there stands a— crea - ture,
- (2.) fa - ther was a Span - ish— cap - tain,—
- (3.) Mad - am, in your face is— beau - ty,
- (4.) Mad - am, I will give you— jew - els;
- (5.) Mad - am, since you are so— cru - el,
- (6.) I will stay with you for— ev - er
- (7.) Hark! I hear the church bells ring - ing;

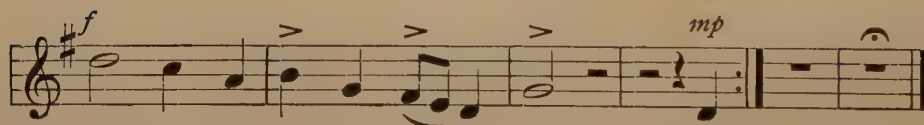
\* By permission of Mr. Sharp.



Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her  
 Went to sea a month a - go. First he— kiss'd me,  
 On your lips red ros - es grow. Will you— take me  
 I will make you rich and free. I will— give you  
 And that you do scorn me so, If I— may not  
 If you will not be un - kind. Mad - am,— I have  
 Will you come and be my wife? Or, dear— Mad - am,



for her- beau - ty; She must an - swer Yes or No.  
 then he— left me— Bid me al - ways an - swer No.  
 for your lov - er? Mad - am, an - swer Yes or No.  
 silk - en— dress - es. Mad - am, will you mar - ry me?  
 be your lov - er, Mad - am, will you let me go?  
 vowed to— love you; Would you have me change my mind?  
 have you— set - tled To live sin - gle all your life?



- O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!
2. My
  3. O
  4. O
  5. O
  6. Then
  7. O

# 101. Lullaby

Everett Smith

Finnish Rune

Andante moderato



1. Sleep, lit - tle ba - by; comes the Sand - man,
2. Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, in the wil - lows,
3. Flow - ers are nod - ding on the mead - ows,



Sweet dreams bring - ing; Dreams of the sea where  
Breez - es are sigh - ing, Dream-birds are drift - ing  
Gray is the twi - light; Comes the— Sand - man



tall ships lie at an - chor—swing-ing.  
through the shad-ows, si - lent-ly fly - ing.  
to my ba - by, here in the fire-light.

# 102. Driving away at the smoothing iron

From "Folk-Songs from Somerset"\*

Accompaniment by

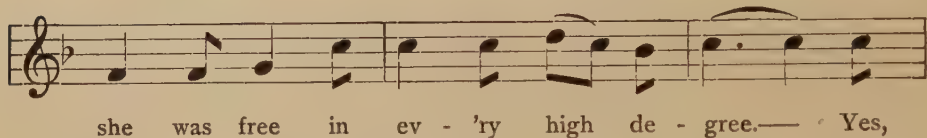
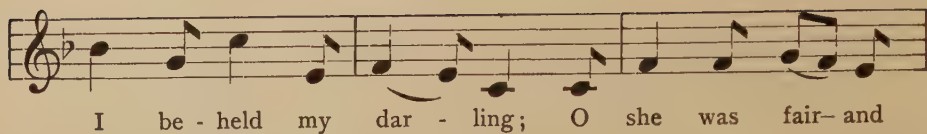
Moderato

CECIL J. SHARP



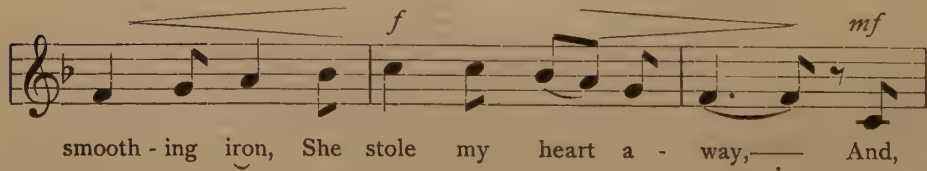
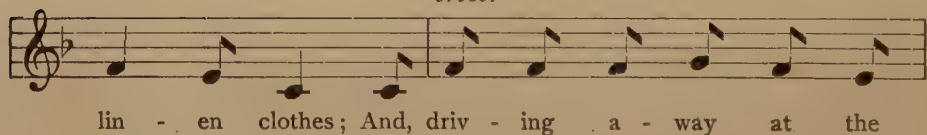
1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing
  - (2.) on a Tues - day morn - ing
  - (3.) on a Wednes - day morn - ing
  - (4.) on a Thurs - day morn - ing
  - (5.) on a Fri - day morn - ing
  - (6.) on a Sat - ur - day morn - ing
  - (7.) on a Sun - day morn - ing
- When

\* By permission of Mr. Sharp



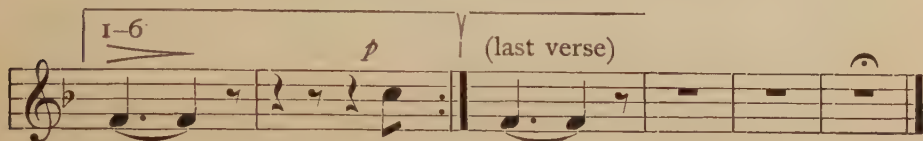
she was neat and will - ing, O, (1.) A - pick - ing up her  
 (2.) A - soap - ing of her  
 (3.) A - starch - ing of her  
 (4.) A - hang - ing out her  
 (5.) A - roll - ing down her  
 will - ing, O, — (6.) iron - ing of her  
 (7.) A - wear - ing of her

*cresc.*





driv - ing a - way at the smooth - ing iron, She stole my heart a -



way.—

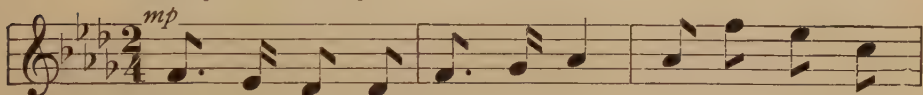
2-6. 'Twas (7.) way.—

## 103. The Praise of Islay

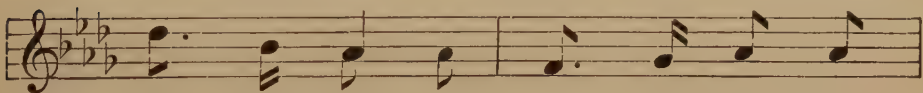
Translation by Thomas Pattison

Scotch

Slowly and fervently



1. See a - far yon hill Ard-more, Beat - ing bil - lows
2. Though its shore is rock - y, drear, Ear - ly doth the
3. Ma - vis sings on ha - zy bough, Lin - nets haunt the
4. O my Is - land! O my Isle! O my dear and



wash its shore; But its beau - ties  
 sun ap - pear On leaf - y brake and  
 glen be - low; O may long their  
 na - tive soil! Naught from thee my



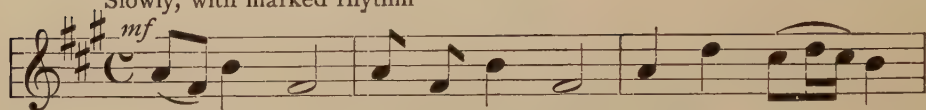
bloom no more For me, now far from Is - lay.  
 fal - low deer, And flocks and herds in Is - lay.  
 wild notes flow With mel - o - dies in Is - lay.  
 heart can wile That's wed with love to Is - lay.

# 104. Song of the Volga Boatmen

Willys P. Kent

Russian

Slowly, with marked rhythm



Row, men, row! Tho' the winds blow! 'Gainst the cur - rent,



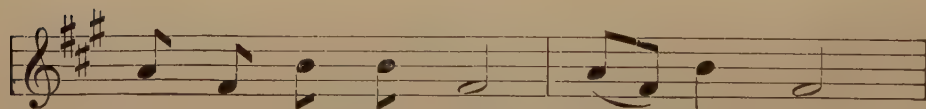
row,—men, row! Yon - der birch - es — on the shore,



We must reach them, bend the oar! Swift - ly the Vol - ga's



wa - ters— flow,— We're their mas - ters,



on - ward still we go. Row,— men, row!



Tho' the winds blow! 'Gainst the cur - rent, row,— men, row!



# 105. The Keys of Canterbury

From "Folk-Songs from Somerset" \*

*Allegro con grazia*

Accompaniment by

Cecil J. Sharp



1. O Mad - am, I will give to you The
3. O Mad - am, I will give to you A
5. O Mad - am, I will give to you A
7. O Mad - am, I will give to you A
9. O Mad - am, I will give to you A



keys of Can - ter - bur - y,	And all the bells in
pair of boots of cork,	The one was made in
lit - tle gold - en bell,	To ring for all your
gal - lant sil - ver chest,	With a key of gold and
broid - er'd silk - en gown'd,	With nine— yards a -



Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry,	} If
Lon - don, The oth - er made in York.—	
ser - vants And make them serve you well,—	
sil - ver And jew - els of the best,—	
droop - ing And train - ing on the ground,—	



you will be my joy,— my sweet and on - ly

\* By permission of Mr. Sharp.

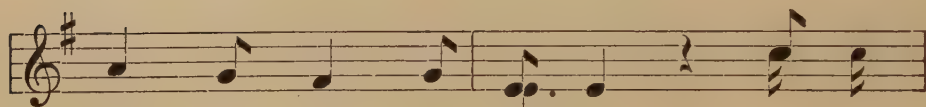


dear,— And walk a - long with me, an - y - where.—

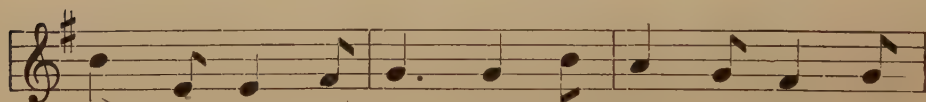
*mp*



2. I shall not, Sir, ac - cept of you The  
 4. I shall not, Sir, ac - cept of you A  
 6. I shall not, Sir, ac - cept of you A  
 8. I shall not, Sir, ac - cept of you A  
 10. O Sir, I will ac - cept of you A



keys of Can - ter - bur - y, Nor  
 pair of boots of cork,— Though  
 lit - tle gold - en bell,— To  
 gal - lant sil - ver chest,— With a  
 broid - er'd silk - en gown'd,— With



all the bells in Lon - don Shall ring to make us  
 both were made in Lon - don, Or both were made in  
 ring for all my ser - vants And make them serve me  
 key of gold and sil - ver, And jew - els of the  
 nine— yards a - droop - ing And train - ing on the

*mf*



mer ry.)

York.—  
 well.—  
 best.—

ground.—

- (2-8.) I will not be your joy,— your  
 (10.) Then I will be your joy,— your

sweet and on - ly dear, — Nor walk a - long with  
sweet and on - ly dear, — And walk a - long with  
you, an - y - where. —

## 106. Spring Song

English words by  
Katherine Davis

Allegro, ma non troppo

Frederic Chopin  
(1810-1849)

*poco cresc.*

1. Were I a sun - beam, in the heav - ens  
2. Were I a bird - ling, in the branch - es

gleam - ing, On - ly for you, my dear, Would my light be  
sing - ing, On - ly for you, my dear, Would my song be

beam - ing. Nev - er in for - est shade, Nev - er in  
ring - ing. Nev - er in for - est shade, Nev - er in

dusk - y glade, But at your lit - tle win - dow,  
dusk - y glade, But at your lit - tle win - dow,



Were I a sun - beam, In the heav - ens gleam - ing,  
Were I a bird - ling, In the branch - es sing - ing,

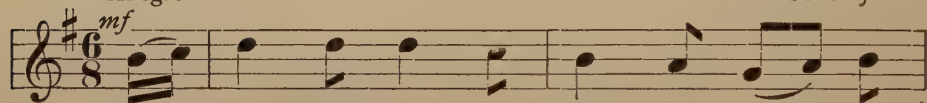


There by your win - dow would my light be beam - ing.  
There by your win - dow would my song be ring - ing.

## 107. Under the Greenwood Tree

Traditional  
Allegro

English  
17th Century



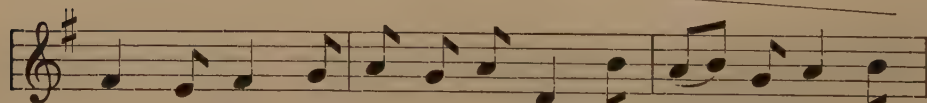
In— sum - mer - time when flowers do spring,— And



birds sit on each tree,— Let mourn - ful hearts say



what they will— There's none so mer - ry as we.— With



joy - ful sound we gath - er a - round, Our hearts are full of

*f*  
glee; Oh,— how— we skip it, Ca - per and trip it,  
Un - der the green-wood tree.— In— sum - mer-time when  
*f*  
flowers do spring, And birds sit on each tree,— Let mourn - ful hearts say  
what they will,—There's none so mer - ry as we.—

## 108. Spring Morning

A. D. Z.

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

*Allegretto*

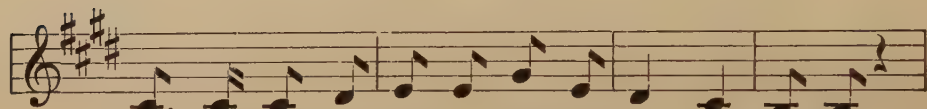
*p*  
When at morn in the mer - ry spring, I  
in - to the gar - den go, All the  
flow - ers are danc - ing In sun - ny dew a - glow.



The birds their beds for -



sak - ing, Are sweet - est mu - sic mak - ing, I,



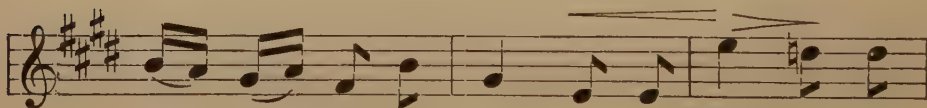
too, must dance and sing, of their great joy par - tak - ing,



When at morn in the mer - ry spring, I in - to the gar - den.



go, All the flow - ers are danc - ing, In



sun - ny — dew a - glow, All the flow - ers are



danc - ing in sun - ny dew a - glow.



# 109. Cornish May Song

Traditional

English

Gaily; like a dance



1. Ye maids of — Hel - ston,\* gath - er — dew,  
2. Ye youths who — own May's ar - dent — pow'r,



While yet the morn - ing — breez - es blow; The  
To — yon - der shel - ter'd — bank re - pair, There



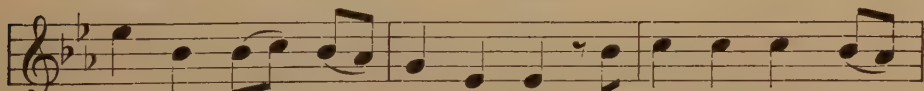
fai - ry — rings are — fresh and — new, Then  
seek the — ear - ly — ope - ning flow'r, To —



cau - tious mark them — as you go. } A -  
crown in joy — each — maid - en fair. }



rise, a - rise, a - wake — to — joy! The -



sky - lark hails The — dawn of day; Care, get thee hence, from



Hel - ston\* fly! For mirth rules here this morn of May!

\* The name of the local town or school may be substituted for this name of a Cornish town.

# 110. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon

Robert Burns  
With pathos

Scotch  
James Miller-(1788)



Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How



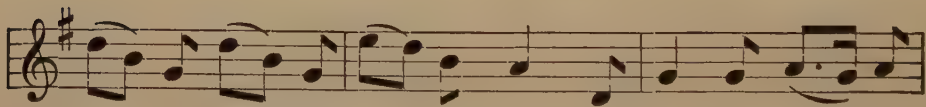
can— ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye



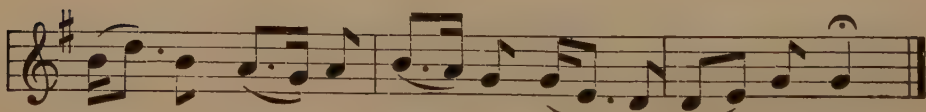
lit - tle birds, And I— sae wea - ry, fu'— o' care!



Thou'lt break my heart, Thou war - bling bird,— That



wan - tons through the flow - 'ring thorn; Thou mind'st me, o'— de -



part - ed joys,— De - part - ed, nev - er to— re - turn.

# 111. As a bird in prison pining

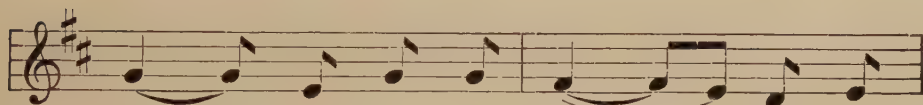
Katherine Davis

Croatian

Andante



1. As a bird— in pris - on pi - ning For the  
2. As a bird— in pris - on pi - ning When the



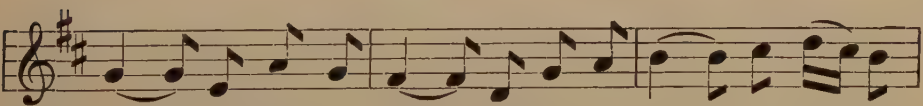
hills— so blue and far, Dreams of  
sum - mer days are long Breaks the



mead - ows blue and shi - ning Where its hap - py com-rades  
si - lence with the beau - ty, With the griev - ing of his



are.— 'Tis thus my heart— for - ev - er turn - ing From these  
song.— 'Tis thus my heart— to ease its sor - row Makes a



days— all dark with woe— Re-mem-bers still— with sighs of  
song— of pain and woe, For-gets to fear— a dark to -



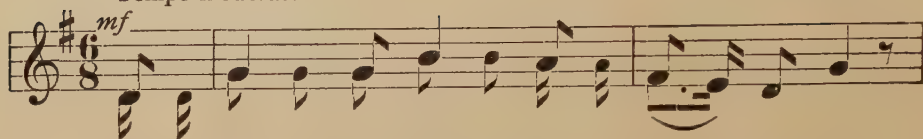
yearn - ing, Van - ished joys— of long a - go.—  
mor - row, Dreams of joys— of long a - go.—

# 112. Widdecòmbè Fair

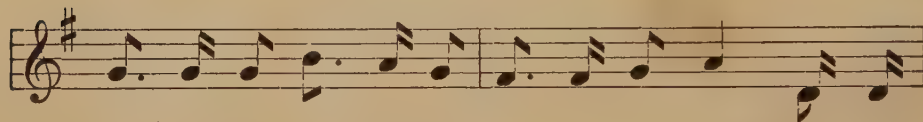
Traditional

English

Tempo moderato



1. "Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your gray mare,
2. "And when shall I see my grey mare— a - gain?"
3. Then Fri - day came, and Sat - ur - day noon,
4. So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill,
5. So Tom Pear - ce's old mare, her took sick — and died,
6. But this is - n't the end o' this shock - ing af - fair.
7. When the wind whis - tles cold on the moor of a night,
8. And all the long night be heard skirl - ing and groans,



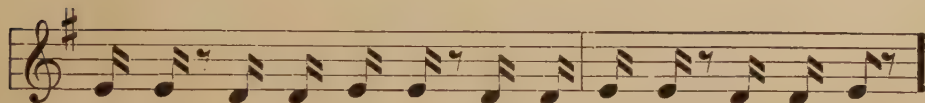
- (1.) For I  
(2.) By —  
(3.) But Tom  
All a - long, down a - long, out a - long, lee. (4.) And he  
(5.) And —  
(6.) Nor, —  
(7.) Tom —  
(8.) From Tom



- |             |     |        |             |                        |
|-------------|-----|--------|-------------|------------------------|
| want        | for | to     | go — to     | Wid - de - combe Fair, |
| "Fri - day  | day | soon - | or          | Sat - ur - day noon,   |
| Pear - ce's | old | mare - | hath        | not trot - ted home,   |
| seed        | his | old    | mare - down | mak - ing her will.    |
| Tom he      | sat | down - | on a        | stone and he cried.    |
| though they | be  | dead,  | of the      | hor - rid ca - reer    |
| Pear - ce's | old | mare - | doth ap -   | pear ghast - ly white, |
| Pear - ce's | old | mare - | in her      | rat - tling bones,     |



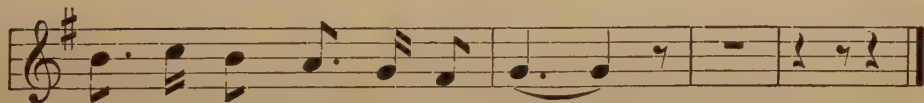
- (1.-5.) Wi' Bill Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pet - er  
 (6.) Of Bill Brew - er, (etc.)  
 (7.) Wi' Bill Brew - er, (etc.)  
 (8.) And from Bill Brew - er, (etc.)



Gur - ney, Pet - er Da - vy, Dan - 'l Whid-don, Har - ry Hawk,



Old Un - cle Tom Cobb - ley and all,"— Old



Un - cle Tom Cobb - ley and all.—

## 113. The Smith

Anonymous  
Allegro

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)



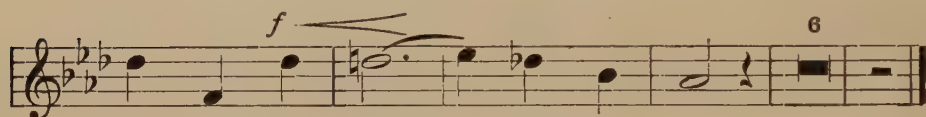
1. The black - smith I hear, With clash and with  
 2. And grand is the sight Of forge bright - ly



clam - or Re - sound - eth his ham - mer, His  
glow - ing, Of sparks up - ward go - ing, While



might - y arm swing - ing, His might - y strokes  
sturd - y and stead - y, The black-smith stands



ring - ing Like bells— loud and clear.  
read - y, A king— in his might.

## 114. The British Grenadiers

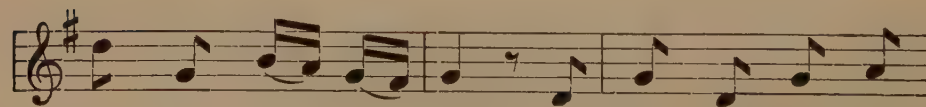
Traditional

*mf* Con spirito

English

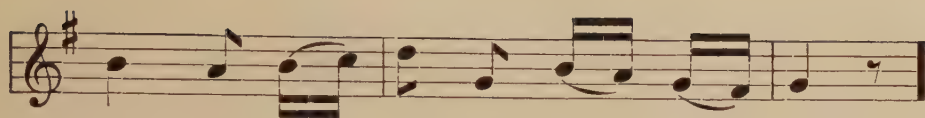


1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And—
2. Those he - roes of an - ti - qui - ty Ne'er—
3. Now when the siege is o - ver, We—



some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec - tor and Ly -  
saw a can - non - ball, Or knew the force of  
to the town re - pair, The town's - men cry: " Hur -

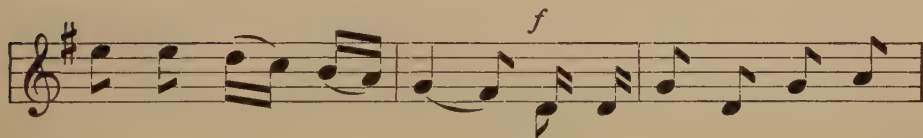




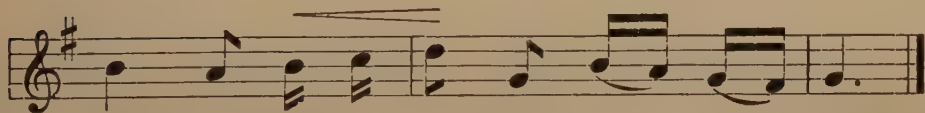
san - der, And— such great names as— these;  
pow - der To— slay their foes— with - al;  
rah, boys, Here— comes a Gren - a - dier!



But of all the world's brave he - roes There's  
But— our brave boys do know— it, And  
Here— come the Gren - a - diers, my boys, Who



none that can— com - pare,— With a tow, row, row, row,  
ban - ish all— their fears, Sing— tow, row, row, row,  
know no doubts or— fears," Then sing, tow, row, row, row,



row, row, To the Brit - ish Gren - a - dier.  
row, row, For the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.  
row, row, For the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

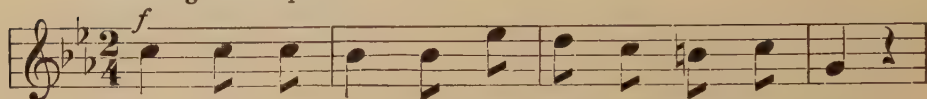
# 115. Long live King Henry

*Vive Henri Quatre*

English version by Katherine Davis

French

*Allegro con spirito*



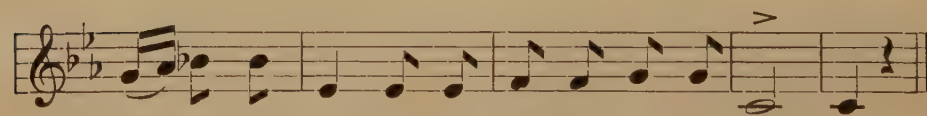
1. Long live King Hen - ry! And may he pros - per well!  
2. Long live King Hen - ry! And may he pros - per well!



- Long live King Hen - ry! And may he pros - per well!  
Long live King Hen - ry! And may he pros - per well!



- Brave doth he bare— His sword so keen and bright,  
Strong his right arm,— De - fend - ing la - dies fair,



- And ev - 'ry - where doth he wield it for the right.—  
So - nev - er harm can be - fall them an - y - where.—

# 116. Evening Song

Sir Walter Scott

Irish

*Andante*



1. The sun up - on— the lake is low, The  
2. The no - ble dame on— tur - ret high Who  
3. Now to their mates the— wild swans row, By



wild birds hush their song, The hills have eve - ning's  
waits her gal - lant knight, Looks to the west - ern—  
day they swam a - part; And to the thick - et—



deep - est glow, Yet Leon - ard tar - ries— long.  
beam to spy The flush of ar - mour bright.  
wan - ders slow The hind be - side— the— hart.



Now all whom va - ried toil and care From  
The vil - lage maid with hand on brow The  
The wood - lark at his part - ner's side Twit -



home and love di - vide, In the calm— sun - set—  
lev - el ray to shade, Up - on the foot - path  
ters his clos - ing song; All meet whom day— and



may re - pair Each to the lov'd one's side.  
watch - es now For Col - in's dark - 'ning plaid.  
care di - vide, But Leon - ard tar - ries long.

# 117. High Germany

Traditional  
Like a march

English



1. O Pol - ly, love, O Pol - ly, the
2. O Har - ry, love, O Har - ry, you
3. A horse I'll buy you, dap - ple grey, and
4. O no, my love, it may not be, I
5. O curs - ed are the cru - el wars that



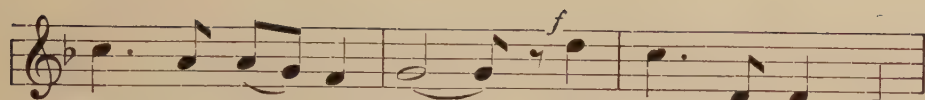
rout has now be - gun, — And - we must be - a -  
 heark - en what I say: — My - feet are all - too -  
 on it you shall ride, — And - all my heart's de -  
 can - not with you ride, — For - I have here my -  
 ev - er they should rise, — And - out of mer - ry



march - ing at the beat - ing of — the drum; —  
 ten - der, I — can - not march a - way; —  
 light will be a - trot - ting at — your side; —  
 chil-dren dear, at — home I must a - bide; —  
 Eng - land press — man - y a lad — like - wise; —



Go — dress your - self all — in your best, and  
 Be - sides, my dear - est — Har - ry, though  
 We'll ride o'er moor and — moun - tain high, and  
 But — all my thoughts and man - y pray'rs shall  
 They press'd my Har - ry — from — me; as



come a - long with me, — I'll take you to the  
 man and wife we be, — How am I fit for  
 breathe the air— so free, — And jaun - ti - ly we'll  
 be the while with thee, — As thou dost fight Old  
 all my broth - ers three, — And sent them to the



cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny.  
 cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny?  
 ride a - long in High Ger - ma - ny.  
 Eng - land's wars in High Ger - ma - ny.  
 cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny.

## 118. The Wanderer

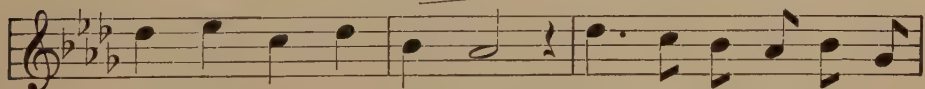
Katherine Davis

Spanish

Slowly



1. High up - on a lone - ly hill Where the  
 2. Out a - cross the pleas - ant fields His—  
 3. Far be - yond the far - thest field His—



wind goes by with sigh - ing; All a - lone be - neath the  
 wool - y lambs are stray - ing; Yet he nev - er tunes his  
 wing - ed tho'ts are stream - ing; Pass the shep - herd gen - tly



sky Is a si - lent shep - herd ly - ing.  
 pipe To— call them back with play - ing.  
 by, Nor— call him back from dream - ing.

# 119. Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?

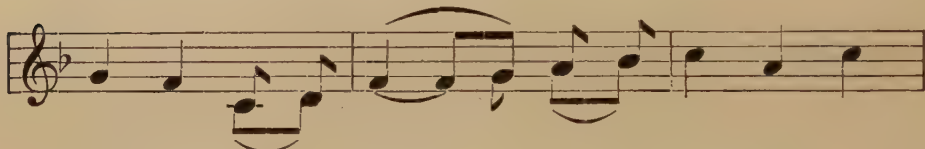
Old Scottish Ballad

Scotch

Simply



1. "Will ye gang—— to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie
2. "To—— gang—— to the Hie - lands wi'——
3. "O—— Lee - zie, lass, ye maun—— ken——
4. She has kilt - - ed her coats o' green——



Lind - say? Will ye gang—— to the Hie - lands wi'  
 you, sir, I—— din - na ken—— how that may  
 lit - tle, If—— sae—— ye—— din - na ken  
 sat - in, She has kilt - - ed them up to her



me? Will ye gang—— to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie  
 be; For I ken—— na the land that you——  
 me; For my name—— is Lord Ron - ald Mac——  
 knee; And she's off—— wi' Lord Ron - ald Mac——



Lind - say, My bride and my dar - ling to be?"  
 live in, Nor ken I the lad— I'm gaun wi'."  
 Don - ald, A chief - tain of high—— de - gree."  
 Don - ald, His bride and his dar - ling to be.



# 120. Cossack's Lullaby

Translation anonymous

N. Bachmetieff

Moderato



1. Sleep, ah, sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lul - la -
2. All too soon wilt thou be learn - ing Of a war - rior's
3. Keep this tal - is - man I give thee In re - mem - brance



by; — See, the moon is watch - ing o'er thee, Peace - ful -  
 life; — With the gun and pranc - ing war - horse, Mov - ing  
 dear. — May it through thy life pro - tect thee When dark



ly on high. — Thou shalt hear a won - drous sto - ry,  
 to the strife. — Sad - dle, bri - dle, all, my ba - by,  
 dan - ger's near. — Think of me when thou dost see it,



Close each wake - ful eye; — And a song, as  
 Shalt have bye - and - bye. — Now, my dar - ling,  
 Pray to God — on high; — Sleep, my boy, my



well, I'll sing thee, Su, su, lul - la - by. —  
 thou must slum - ber, Su, su, lul - la - by. —  
 dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lul - la - by. —

# 121. The Singing River

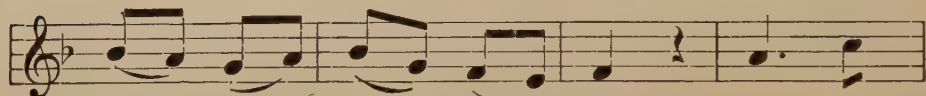
Katherine Davis

Flemish

Andante con moto



1. Gai - ly sing - ing— runs— the riv - er, Where the
2. Soft - ly sing - ing— runs— the riv - er, Where the



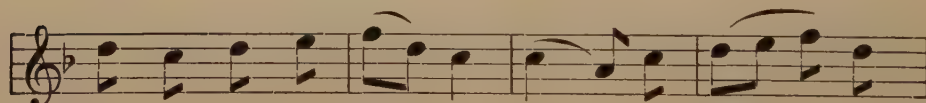
fields — with — flow'rs are — bright; Gai - ly  
woods — are — cool — and — green; Soft - ly



sing - ing — runs — the riv - er, Danc - ing  
sing - ing — runs — the riv - er, Dark the



down in — gold - en — light. Ah, sing - ing riv - er,  
shad - ow'd banks be - tween. Ah, sing - ing riv - er,



Whith - er do you wan - der? Bear — my bon - ny  
Whith - er do you wan - der? Bear — my bon - ny



boat I — pray, — Through the shin - ing — mag - ic  
boat I — pray, — Through the dusk - y, — dream - ing



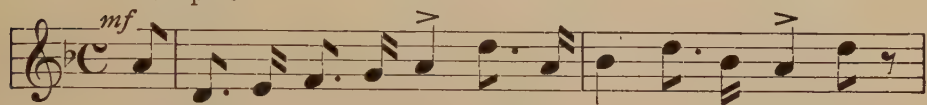
mead - ows, To the o - cean - far - a - way.  
wood - land, To the o - cean - far - a - way.

## 122. Oh, Charlie is my darling

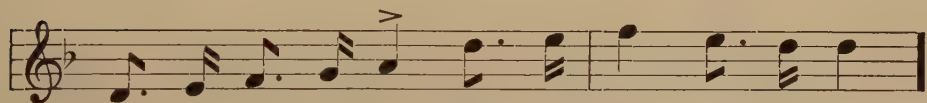
Lady Caroline Nairne

Scotch

With spirit



1. Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling!



Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier.



'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right  
2. As he cam' march - ing up the street The  
3. Wi' Hie - land bon - nets on their heads, And



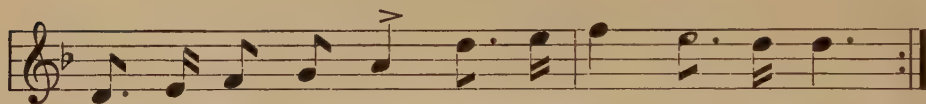
ear - ly in the year, When Char - lie cam' to  
pipes play'd loud and clear; And a' the folks cam'  
clay-mores bright and clear; They cam' to fight for



our— town, The— young— chev - a - lier.  
 rin - nin' out, To— meet the chev - a - lier.  
 Scot - land's right, And the young— chev - a - lier.



Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling!



Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier.

## 123. Land of beauty

Katherine Davis

Hungarian

Moderately slow and impressively



1. Land of beau - ty, ev - er glow - ing, Land we love!
2. Land of glo - ry, still as - pir - ing, Land of fame;



Pur - ple moun - tains rise in splen - dor, Far a - bove;  
 Sons and daugh - ters seek to hon - or Thy great name;



Might-y riv-ers run with mu-sic To the sea; Land of beau-ty,  
Land of bat-tle, land of cour-age, Land of pride; High and ho-ly,



hear our sing - ing, Praise we're bring-ing All for thee.  
live for - ev - er, So thy splen-dor May a - bide.

## 124. The Turtle Dove

Translation anonymous  
Andantino

## Old Russian Air



1. In a sha - dy for - est, Built two doves their nest ;
2. Came a greed - y vul - ture, Pounc'd on them as prey ;
3. She, now bro - ken heart - ed, Mourns with plain - tive tone ;



Faith-ful love their dwell-ing, Fill'd with joy and rest.  
From the gen-tle moth-er Stole her love a-way.  
Ev-er late and ear-ly Sits and weeps a-lone.

# 125. My gentle Harp

Thomas Moore

Londonderry Air

Slowly



1. My gen - tle Harp, once more I — wak - en  
2. Then who can ask for notes of — pleas - ure,



The sweet-ness of thy slum - b'ring strain; In tears our  
My droop-ing Harp, from chords like — thine? A - las, the



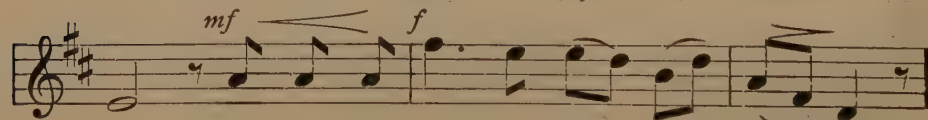
last fare - well — was — tak - en, And now in  
lark's gay morn - ing — meas - ure, As ill would



tears we meet a - gain. Yet e - ven then, while Peace was  
suit the swan's de - cline! But come if yet thy frame can



sing - ing Her hal - cyon song o'er land and —  
bor - row One breath of joy, oh, breathe for —



sea, Tho' joy and hope to oth - ers — bring - ing,  
me, And show the world, in chains and — sor - row



*p rall.*

She on - ly brought new- tears to thee.—  
How sweet thy mu - sic— still— can— be.—

## 126. Nae mair we'll meet again

Traditional

Scotch

*mp* Slowly

1. Nae— mair we'll meet a - gain, my love, by yon burn-side, Nae
2. Yet— mem - 'ry oft will fond - ly brood, on yon burn-side, O'er
3. Now far re-mov'd from ev - 'ry care 'boon\* yon burn-side, Thou

mair we'll wan - der- thro' the grove by yon burn-side; Ne'er a -  
haunt which we— sae— aft hae trod by yon burn-side; Still the—  
bloom'st, my love, an— an - gel fair, 'boon\* yon burn-side; And if—

gain the ma - vis lay Will we hail at close of day,  
walk wi' me thou'lt share, Tho' thy foot can nev - er mair  
an - gels pit - y know, Sure the tear for me will flow,

For we ne'er a - gain will stray down by yon burn-side.  
Bend to earth the gow - an† fair, down by yon burn-side.  
Who must lin - ger here be - low, down by yon burn-side.

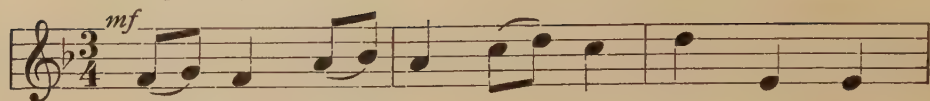
\* Boon (aboon) = above

† Gowan = daisy

# 127. October

Katherine Davis  
Allegretto giocoso

Bohemian



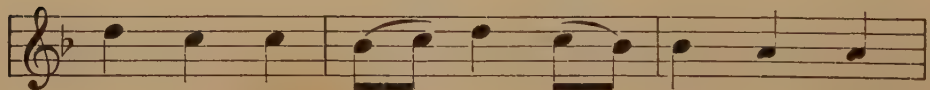
1. Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Loud are Oc -  
2. Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Swift is Oc -



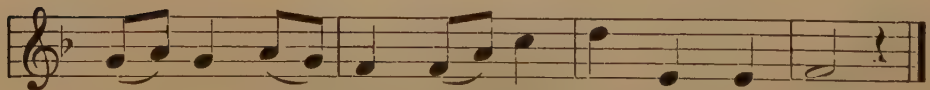
to - ber's songs, Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heigh - o!  
to - ber's dance, Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heigh - o!



Bold - ly they ring. Wind - calls in -  
Breath - less and gay. Clouds race a -



ev - 'ry lane, Ech - o re - plies a - gain;  
long the sky, Gold - leaves go - whirl - ing by;



Join - we the - thrill - ing - strain, Come, let us sing!  
We'll join them, you and - I, Up and a - way!

# 128. The Coasts of High Barbary

From "Folk-Songs from Somerset"\*

Accompaniment by  
Cecil J. Sharp

Con spirito

*mf*



1. Look a - head, look a - stern, look the  
(4.) back up our top - sails and

*mp*

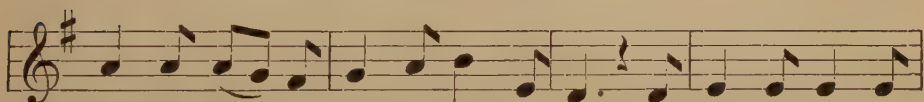


weath - er and the lee. } Blow high! — blow low! — and  
heave our ves - sel to; }

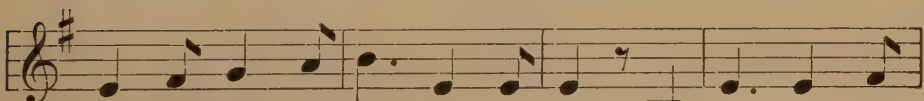
*mf*



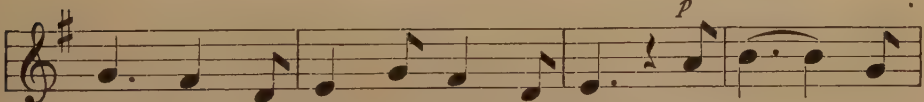
so — sail - ed we. — { I see a wreck to  
But on - ly in some



wind-ward and- a loft - y ship to lee, } A - sail - ing down all  
har - bour and- a - long the side of you. }

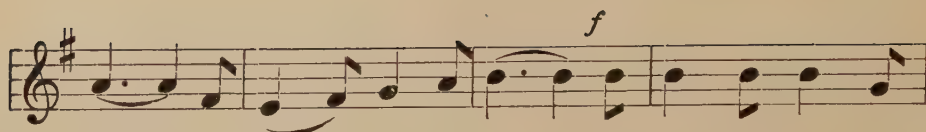


on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. { 2. O are you a  
6. For broad - side, for

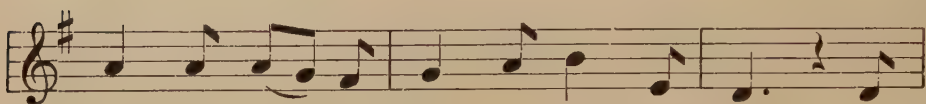


pi - rate or man - o' - war, cried we; } Blow high! — Blow  
broad - side they fought all on the main. }

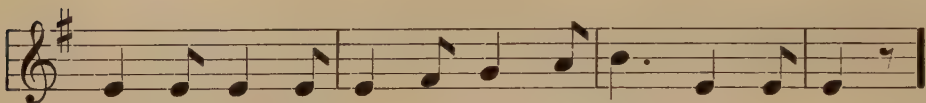
\* By permission of Mr. Sharp.



low!— and so— sail - ed we.— { O no, I'm not a  
Un - til at last the



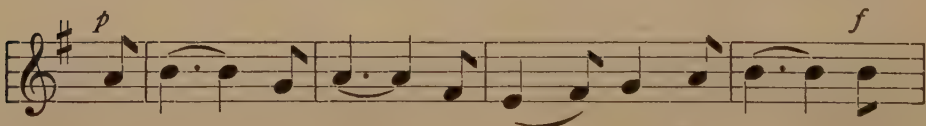
pi - rate but— a man - o' - war, cried he, } A -  
frig - ate shot— the pi - rate's mast a - way. }



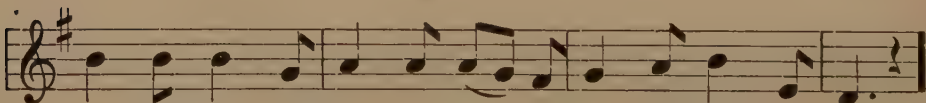
sail - ing down all on the coast of High Bar - ba - ry.



{ 3. Then back up your top - sails and heave your ves - sel to; }  
{ 7. For quar - ters! for quar - ters! the sau - cy pi - rate cried. }

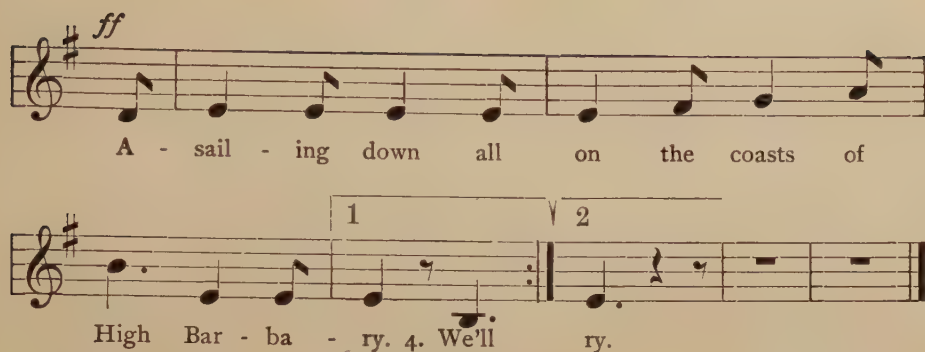


Blow high! Blow low!— And so— sail - ed we.— { For  
The



we have got some let - ters to— be car - ried home by you. }  
quar - ters that we showed them was— to sink them in the tide. }

*ff*



A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of  
High Bar - ba - ry. 4. We'll ry.

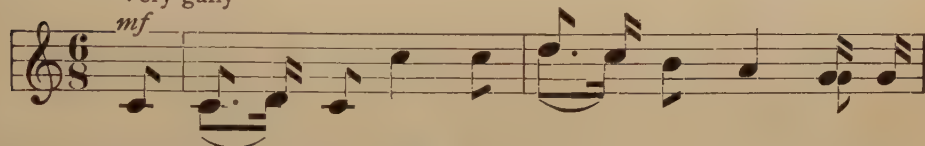
## 129. Come, lasses and lads

Traditional

English

Very gaily

*mf*



1. Come, lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads and a -
2. "You're out,"— says Dick, "not I,"— says Nick, "'Twas the
3. "Good night," says Har - ry, "Good night," says Ma - ry, "Good—



way to the May - pole hie,— For ev - 'ry fair has a  
fid - dler played it wrong." "'Tis true," says Hugh, and  
night," says Poll to John;—"Good night," says Sue to her



part - ner there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing by,— For  
so says Sue, And— so— says ev - 'ry one;— The  
part - ner Hugh, "Good— night," says ev - 'ry one.— Some



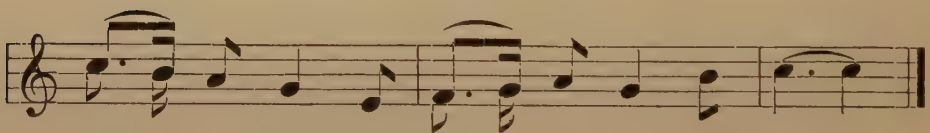
Wil - ly shall dance with Jane,— And John-ny has got his  
fid - dler then be - gan— To play— the tune a -  
walked and some did run,— Some loi - ter'd on the



Joan,— To trip it, trip it, trip— it, trip it,  
gain,— And ev - 'ry girl did trip— it, trip it,  
way,— And bound them-selves by prom - is - es twelve, To



trip— it up and down,— To trip it, trip it,  
trip— it to the men,— And ev - 'ry girl did  
meet the next hol - i - day;— And bound them - selves by



trip— it, trip it, trip— it up and down.—  
trip— it, trip it, trip— it to the men.—  
prom - is - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i - day.—



# 130. Annie Laurie

Douglas of Finland  
and Lady John Scott  
Simply

Scotch  
(Lady John Scott)



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie Where
2. Her - brow is like the snaw - drift, Her
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the



ear - ly fa's the—dew, And it's there that An - nie  
throat is like the—swan, Her— face it is the  
fa' o' her fai - ry—feet; And like winds in sum - mer



Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave  
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That  
sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her



me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, }  
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, }  
voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, }

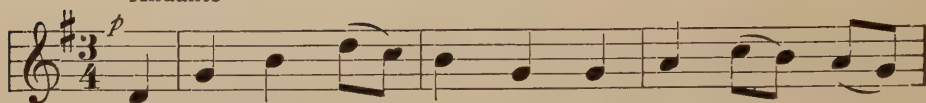


And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd - lay - me doon and dee,

131. Dear Harp of my Country

Thomas Moore  
Andante

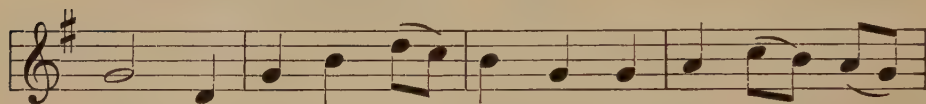
Welsh



1. Dear Harp of my— Coun - try, in dārk - ness— I—  
2. Dear Harp of my— Coun - try, fare - well to— thy—



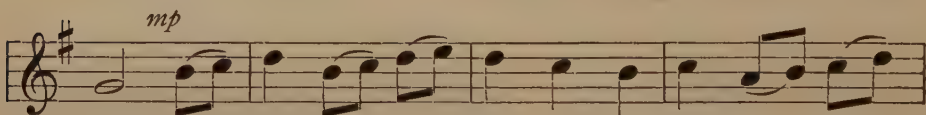
found thee; The cold chain of— si - lence had hung o'er thee  
num - bers; This sweet wreath of— song is the last we shall



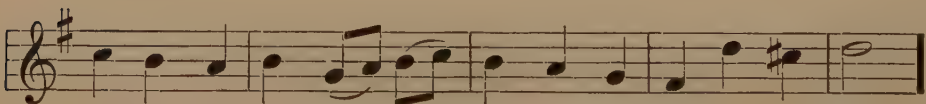
long, When proud - ly, my - own Is - land Harp, I — un -  
twine. Go, sleep with the - sun-shine of fame on — thy —



bound thee, And gave all — thy — chords to light, free — dom, and  
slum — bers, 'Till touch'd by — some hand less un — worth — y than



song! The warm lay- of— love and the light note- of—  
mine. If the pulse of— the pa - tri - ot, sol - dier, or—



glad-ness Have wak - en'd- thy - fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill;  
lov - er Have throb'd at- our - lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone;



But so oft hast thou ech - o'd the deep sigh of — sad - ness,  
It was but as the — wind pass - ing heed - less - ly — o - ver,



That e'en in — thy — mirth it will steal from thee still.  
And all the — wild — sweet - ness I waked was thine own.

## 132. Heart's-ease

Translation by  
Paul England

Austrian

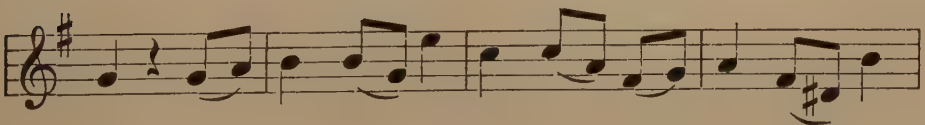
*Allegro deciso*



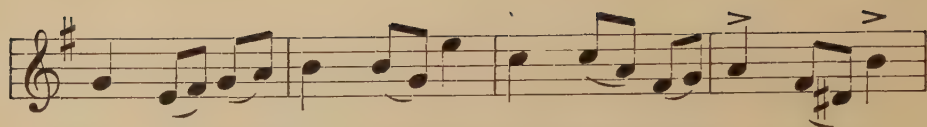
My heart's - ease — I set in — my gar - den — to



blow, But — the — weeds and the net - tles — are — all that — will



grow. And — when the — folks ask, is — my — heart's-ease — in



flow'r, I— then tell them the tem - pest has ru - in'd my



bow'r; Its blos - soms are scat - ter'd and strewn by—the wind,

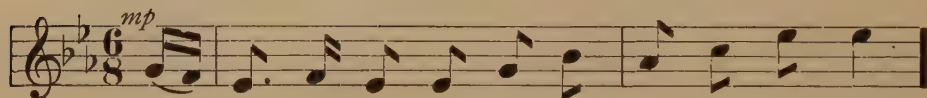


And, a - las! my lost heart's-ease I nev - er—shall find!

### 133. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

Thomas Moore  
Moderato

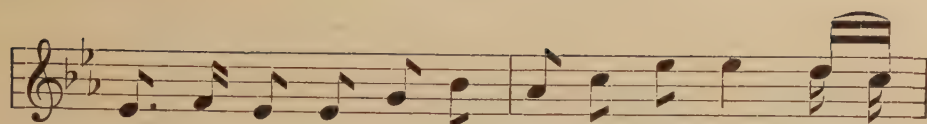
Irish



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms
2. It— is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own,



Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day,— Were to  
And thy cheeks un - pro - fan'd by a tear,— That the



change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like—  
fer - vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which



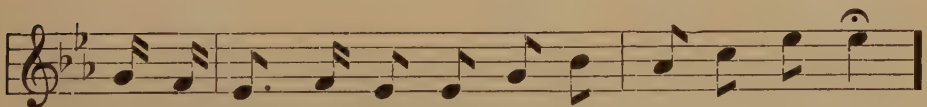
fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way,— Thou wouldst  
time will but make thee more dear:— No, the



still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art,  
heart that has tru - ly loved— nev - er for - gets,



Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will,—  
But as tru - ly loves on to the close,—



And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart  
As the sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets



Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.—  
The same look that she gave when he rose.—

# 134. Hark! hark! the lark

William Shakespeare  
Allegretto

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)



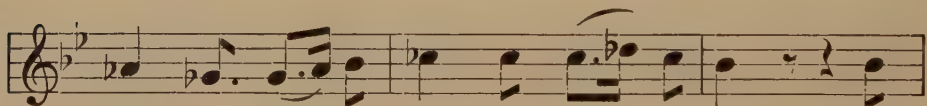
Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phoe-bus 'gins a -



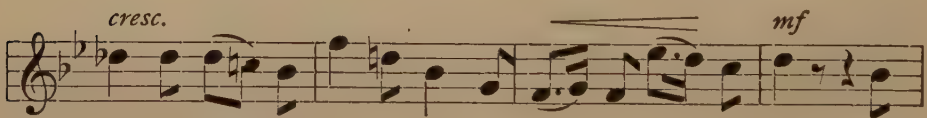
rise. His steeds to wa - ter at those springs On chal-ic'd flow'r's that



lies,— on chal-ic'd flow'r's that lies; And wink-ing Ma - ry -



buds be - gin— To ope their gold - en eyes; With

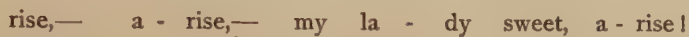
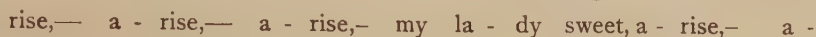


ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, With



ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, a -





Sav - iour wan - ders, Beg - ging at the  
win - dow- stand - ing, Cha - ri - ty of  
thro' the— cham - ber Comes a light that



rich man's hall: "Give me but the crumbs from your  
you I—plead." "Pray you en - ter in, for—  
fills the— eyes. "Wo - man, for thy deeds thou shalt



ta - ble—swept." But they gave Him none at— all.  
sup - per now is set, Here is food to fill your need."  
come to— dwell, Ev - er - more in Par - a - dise."

### 136. He shall feed His flock

From "The Messiah"

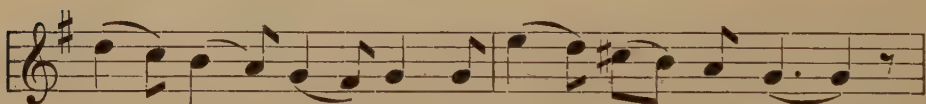
Georg Friedrich Händel

Andante

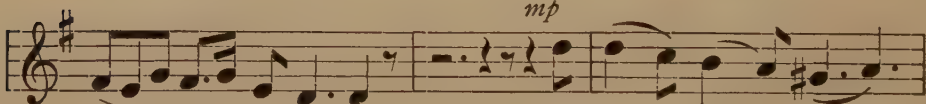
(1685-1759)



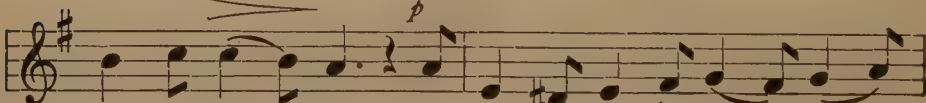
He— shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, and



He— shall— gath - er the lambs with His arm,—



with— His arm;— and car - ry— them—



in His bos - om, and gen - tly lead— those that—

are—— with young; and gen - tly lead,— and

gen - tly lead——those that are—— with young.

*poco rall.*

## 137. The Keel Row

Traditional  
Allegretto

Northumbrian

*mp*

1. As I——came thro' Sand - gate, Thro' Sand - gate, thro'
2. "He wears a blue bon - net, Blue bon - net, blue

Sand-gate, As I——came thro' Sand - gate, I heard a las - sie  
bon - net, He wears a blue bon - net, A dim - ple in his

*mf*

sing: } "Oh, weel may the keel row, the keel row, the  
chin." }

keel row, Weel may the keel row that my—lad - die's in."

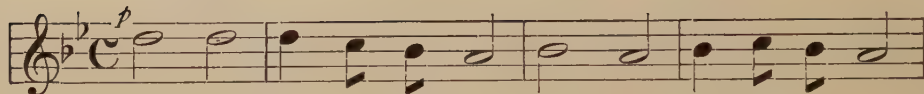
# 138. Cradle Song \*

English version

by A. D. Z.

Andante

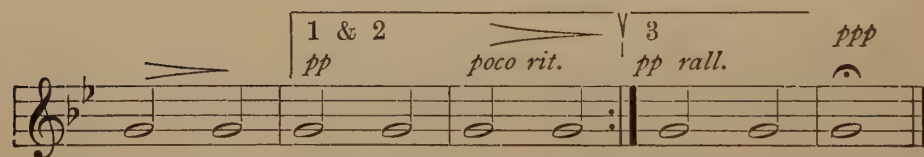
Swedish



1. Su, su, Come you not soon? No, no. Not ver - y soon,
2. Su, su, Come you not soon? No, no. Not till the noon,
3. Su, su, Come you not soon? Soon, soon. Now is it noon,



Stay you there, I— do not dare To leave my— sheep in the  
Milk the cow, and sing you now,— Ba - by for food will be  
Si - lent go, while breez - es blow.— Soon will our ba - by be



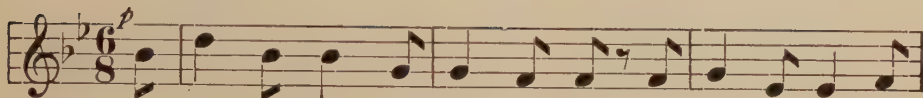
mead - ow. }  
call - ing. } Su, su, su, su, su, su, su.  
sleep - ing. }

\* A poor shepherd and shepherdess had a child. They served different masters, neither of whom would allow the child to be brought with his father or mother. The child had to be left in the forest. But the shepherd made a cradle of the swaying branches of a birch tree, and there, while guarding their flocks nearby, he or his wife could often enough attend to the child. One day the mother had to stay away from the cradle for many hours, and the father called to her now and then, as in the above song — she answering him.

# 139. The Daffodils

William Wordsworth  
Andante

Finnish



1. I wan-der'd lone - ly as a cloud That floats on high o'er
2. Con-tin - uous as the stars that shine And twin-kle on the
3. The waves be - side them danced, but they Out - did the spark-ling
4. For oft, when on my couch I lie In va - cant or in



vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A  
milk - y way, They stretch'd in nev - er - end - ing line A -  
waves in glee: A Po - et could not but be gay In  
pen - sive mood, They flash up - on that in - ward eye Which



host of gold - en daf - fo - dils, Be - side the lake, be -  
long the mar - gin of a bay: Ten thou - sand saw I  
such a jo - cund com - pa - ny; I gazed and gazed, but  
is the bliss of sol - i - tude; And then my heart with

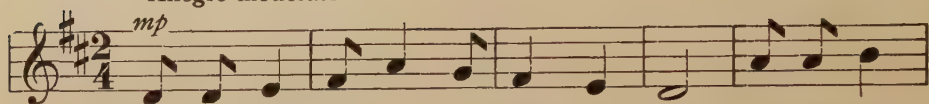


neath the trees, Flut-t'ring and danc - ing in the breeze.  
at a glance Toss - ing their heads in spright - ly dance.  
lit - tle thought What wealth the show to me had brought.  
pleas - ure fills And dan - ces with the daf - fo - dils.

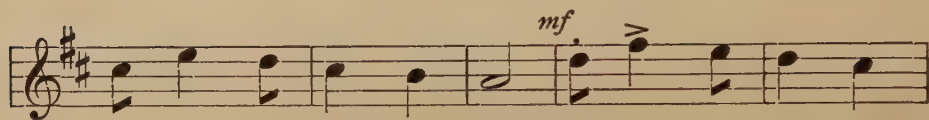
140. Morning comes early

Katherine Davis  
Allegro moderato

Slovakian



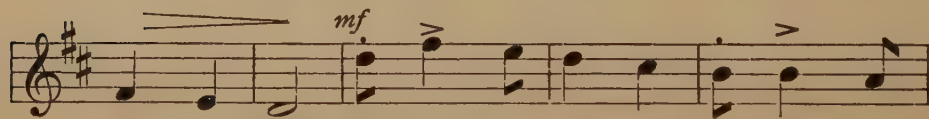
1. Morn - ing comes ear - ly and bright with dew, Un - der your  
2. Why do you lin - ger so long in bed? O - pen your



win - dow    I    sing    to    you.    Up, then,    my    com - rade,  
win - dow    and    show    your    head.    Up, then,    with    sing - ing,



up, then, my com - rade, Let us be greet - ing the  
up, then, with sing - ing, O - ver the mead - ows the



morn so blue. Up, then, my com - rade, up, then, my  
sun comes red. Up, then, with sing - ing, up, then, with



com - rade, Let us be greet - ing the morn so blue.  
sing - ing, O - ver the mead - ows the sun comes red.



# 141. Deep in the forest

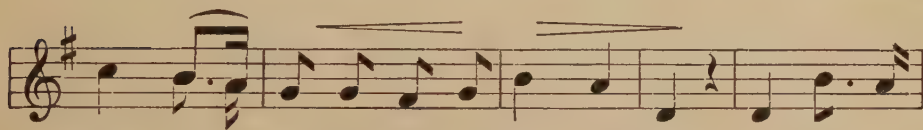
English version  
by A. D. Z.

Finnish

*Andantino*



1. Deep in the for - est by cool shad - ows hid - den
2. All through the wood - land the song - birds are call - ing,



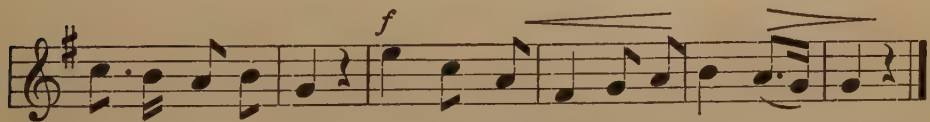
Stands my— cab - in 'neath the mur - m'ring pines; Near it the  
While sounds a - far a song of shep - herd boy; Sun - shine and



sea gleam - ing blue through the branch - es, Charms with its  
shad - ow and soft fra - grant breeze - es, Bring - ing to



beau - ty when the pale moon shines. } Ho laa ri, laa ri, laa, Ho,  
ev - 'ry heart a qui - et joy. }



laa ri, laa ri, laa. Sing we with glad - ness in Suo - mi - land.

# 142. Ho-la dri-jo-ri\*

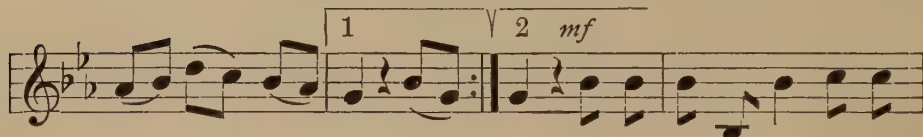
English version by Katherine Davis

Folk-song of Carnioia

Allegro



1. In Go - ren - sko, in Go - ren - sko, The—  
for - ests are— shad - ow'd, And—  
2. In Go - ren - sko, in Go - ren - sko, The—  
mead - ows and— wood - land, Past—  
3. In Go - ren - sko, in Go - ren - sko, The—  
hangs high all— night long In the



moun - tains so— high, With  
reach to— the— sky.  
riv - ers— rush down Past  
vil - lage and town. } Ho-la dri-jo-ri, Ho-la  
moon floats at— ease, She  
boughs of— the— trees. }



dri - jo - ri, Ho - la dri - jo - ri, Ho - la dri - jo - ri! Ho - la



dri - jo - ri, Ho - la dri - jo - ri, Ho - la dri - jo - ri, dri - jo - ho!

\* Pronounced: Ho-la dree-zho-ree

# 143. Has sorrow thy young days shaded?

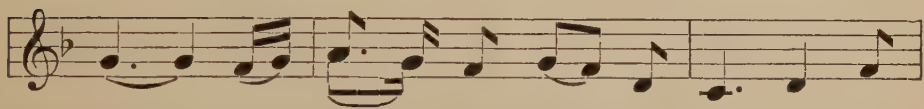
Thomas Moore

Irish

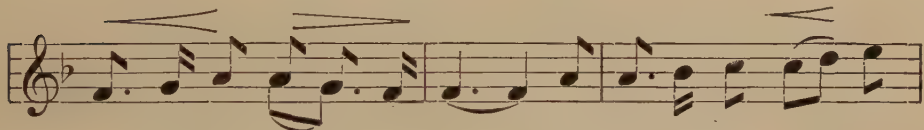
Fervently



1. Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing
2. If— thus the sweet hours have fleet - ed, When sor - row her - self look'd



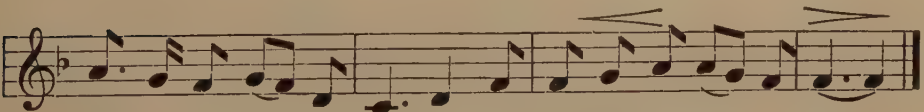
fleet?— Too fast have those young days fad - ed, That  
bright;— If— thus— fond hope has cheat - ed, That



e - ven in sor - row were sweet.— Does time with his cold wing  
led thee a - long— so light;— If thus the un - kind world



with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear,— } Come,  
with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear,— }



child of mis - for - tune, hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.—

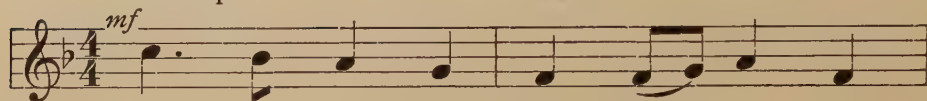
# CHRISTMAS SONGS

## 144. Hark! the summons

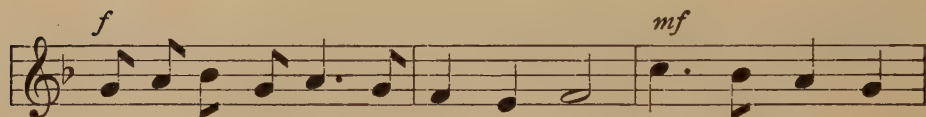
Traditional

Old Welsh Melody

With spirit



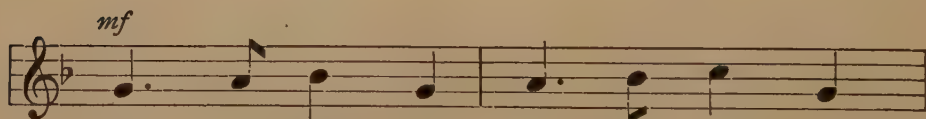
- |           |      |             |       |      |                |
|-----------|------|-------------|-------|------|----------------|
| 1. Hark!  | the  | sum - mons, | come, | my—  | fel - lows,    |
| 2. Toil   | and  | trou - ble  | lie   | be - | hind us,       |
| 3. Quick, | join | hands,      | and   | foot | it— neat - ly, |



Fa la la la la la la la.	{	Crown your hats with
		Think no more of
		In the dance we



hol - ly— ber - ry,	{	Fa la la la la la la la.
chanc - es— drear - y,		
ne'er can wea - ry,		



Hark!	the	peal - ing	bells	that	tell	us,
While	the	well - known	strains	re -	mind	us,
To	the	harp	that	sounds	so sweet	ly,



Fa la la la la la la la la, { 'Tis the eve of  
 'Tis the eve of  
 On the eve of



New Year mer - ry, }  
 New Year mer - ry, } Fa la la la la la la la la.  
 New Year mer - ry, }

## 144.<sup>a</sup> Deck the Hall

(Optional words)

1

Deck the hall with boughs of holly

\* Fa, la, la, etc.

'Tis the season to be jolly,

Don we now our gay apparel,

Troll the ancient Christmas carol.

2

See the blazing yule before us,

Strike the harp and join the chorus,

Follow me in merry measure,

While I tell of Christmas treasure.

3

Fast away the old year passes,

Hail the new! ye lads and lasses;

Sing we joyous all together,

Heedless of the wind and weather.

\* After each line is sung "Fa, la, la, etc.," as in "Hark! the summons."

# 145. Christmas Eve

Homer Harbour

German

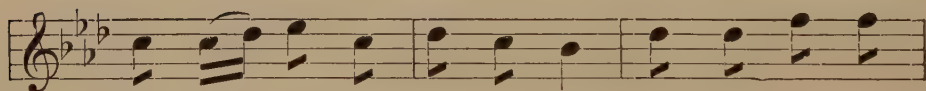
Joyfully; not too fast



1. Chil - dren one and all— be— jol - ly, Sing glad songs with
2. Set the can - dles brave-ly—gleam-ing In the— win-dows
3. Now at last the world is— sleep-ing, Lights are— out and



voi - ces clear; Thro' the house hang pine— and— hol - ly,  
row on row; Let the fire - light warm - ly— stream-ing  
all a - bed; Thro' the night their still— watch keep - ing,



Christ - mas— Eve at last is here. By the fire - place  
Cast a— ra - diance o'er the snow. Not a room un -  
Stars are— shin - ing clear o'er - head. Hark! those bells from



glow - ing bright Hang your stock - ings for— the— night.  
light - ed leave On this hap - py Christ - mas— Eve.  
far a - way; Wak - en! this is Christ - mas— Day!



# 146. What Child is this?

(CAROL)

Anonymous  
Slowly

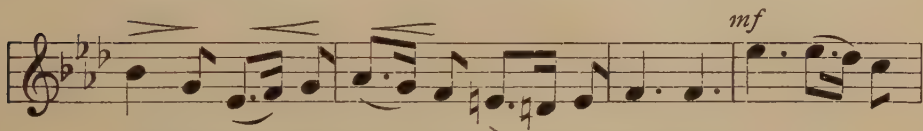
Old English Melody



1. What Child is this— who, laid to rest,— On  
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come



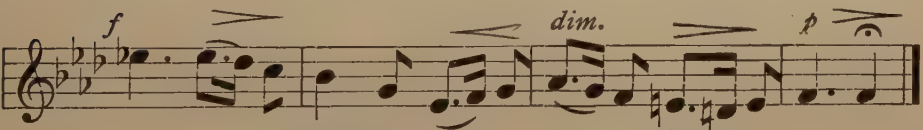
Ma - ry's lap— is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with  
peas - ant, king— to own Him; The King of Kings sal -



an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep - ing? This, this is  
va - tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts en-throne Him. Raise, raise the



Christ the King, Whom shep-herds guard, and an - gels sing:  
song on high; The Vir - gin sings— her lul - la - by:



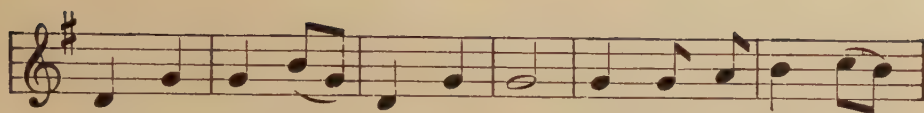
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son— of Ma - ry.  
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son— of Ma - ry.

# 147. Born is He

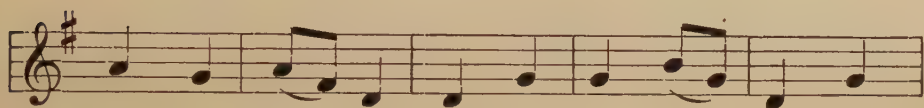
English words by  
Lorraine d'O. Warner

Old French Folk-tune  
Harmonized by L. d'O. W.

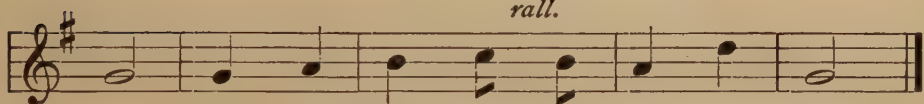




Born is He, our— Lord of Grace! (Gay flage - o - let, pipe



sweet - est phras - es!) Born is He, our— Lord of



Grace, Sing we all in this ho - ly place.

## 148. Here we come a-wassailing

Traditional

Old Yorkshire Melody

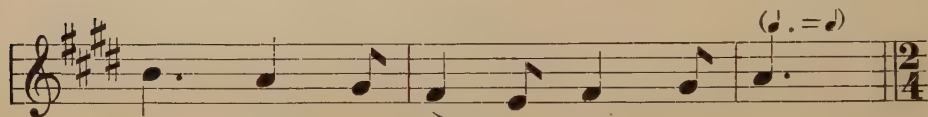
Gaily



1. — Here we come a - was - sail - ing A -
2. We are not dai - ly beg - gars That
3. Good Mas - ter and good Mis - tress, As
4. God bless the mas - ter of this house, Like -



mong the leaves so green,— Here we come a -  
 beg from door to door,— But we are neigh - bour's  
 you sit by the fire,— Pray think of us poor  
 wise the mis - tress, too;— And all the lit - tle



wan - d'ring, So fair— to be seen.  
 chil - dren Whom you have seen be - fore.  
 chil - dren A - wan - d'ring in the mire.  
 chil - dren That round the ta - ble go.



Love and joy come to you, And to you your was - sail,



too; And God bless you, and send-you a hap - py new



year, And God send you a hap - py new- year!

## 149. Lullaby of the Christ Child

English words by  
Lorraine d'O. Warner

Old French Carol  
Harmonized by L. d'O. W.

*p* Quietly *pp*

1. Here while the ox - en kneel in joy, (Sleep, sleep,  
2. Here where the rose and lil - y bloom, (Sleep, sleep,  
sleep, my bless - ed boy;) } Thou - sand cher - u - bim, Thou - sand  
bright with - in the gloom;) }

*rit.*

ser - a - phim, Soar - ing high a - bove the lit - tle Lord of Love.

## 150. March of the Kings

English version by  
Katherine Davis

Provence

As a march, with dignity and precision

*mp*

1. On their way— I met at break of day— The three great  
2. On their way— I met at break of day— The three great  
kings and all their court - iers march - ing; On their  
kings in all their splen - dor glow - ing; On their



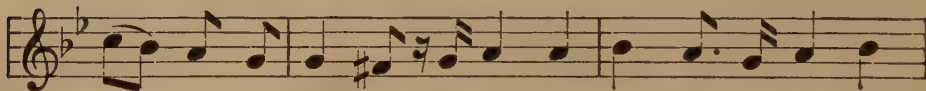
way— I met at break of day— The three great  
way— I met at break of day— The three great



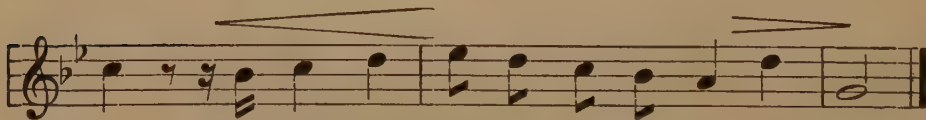
kings who came from far a - way. Their pag - es  
kings who came from far a - way. They sought a



bold bear - ing gifts un - told— Of price - less worth, in their  
Child and a Moth - er mild— With - in a shed where the



pride were ad - vanc - ing, Their pa - ges bold, bear - ing gifts un -  
cat - tle were low - ing, They sought a Child and a Moth - er



told Of three great kings who came from far a - way.  
mild, These three great kings who came from far a - way.



# 151. I saw three ships

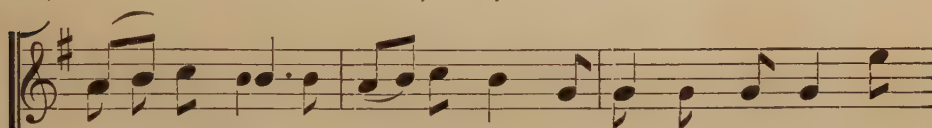
Traditional  
With spirit  
SOPRANO

Old Song

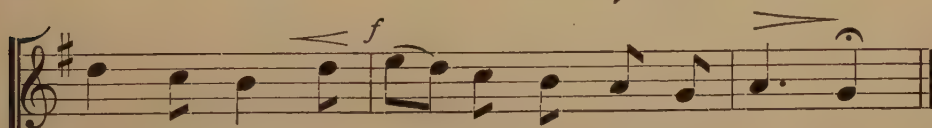
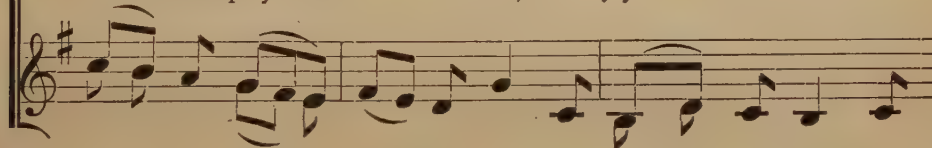


1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by,
2. And what do you think was on the ships,
3. Three pret - ty girls were on the ships,
4. And one could whis - tle and one could sing, The

ALTO



Sail - ing by, sail - ing by; I saw three ships come  
On - the ships, on - the ships; And what do you think was  
On - the ships, on - the ships; Three pret - ty girls were  
oth - er could play the vi - o - lin; Such joy there was at



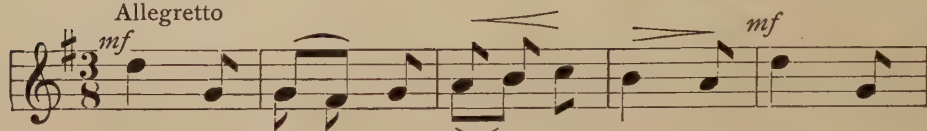
sail - ing by,  
on the ships, } On New Year's day in the morn - ing(?)  
on the ships,  
my wed - ding,



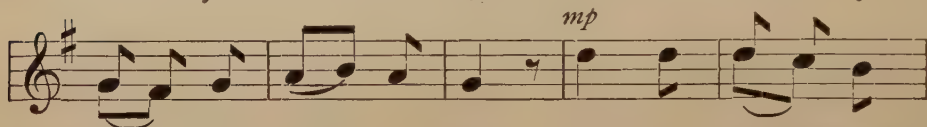
# 152. Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella

E. Cuthbert Nunn  
Allegretto

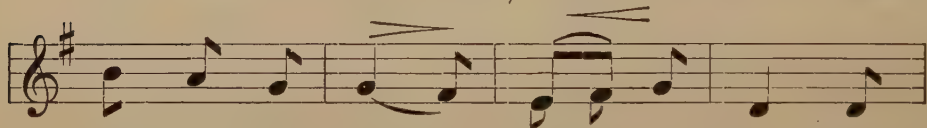
Old French Carol



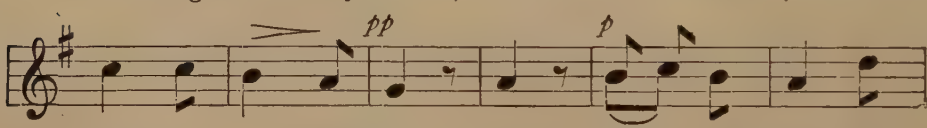
1. Bring a torch, Jean-nette, Is - a - bel - la! Bring a  
2. It is wrong when the Child is sleep - ing, It is  
3. Soft - ly to — the lit - tle sta - ble, Soft - ly



torch, to the cra - dle run! It is Je - sus, good  
wrong to talk — so loud; Si - lence, all, as you  
for — a mo - ment come; Look and see — how



folk of the vil - lage; Christ — is born and  
gath - er a - round, — Lest — your noise should  
charm - ing is Je - sus, How He is white, His



Ma - ry's call - ing: Ah! ah! beau-ti - ful is the  
wak - en Je - sus: Hush! hush! see — how fast He  
cheeks are ro - syl Hush! hush! see how the Child is



moth - er! Ah! ah! beau-ti - ful is her Son! —  
slum - bers; Hush! hush! see — how fast He sleeps!  
sleep - ing; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.

# 152<sup>a</sup>. Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella

E. Cuthbert Nunn  
Allegretto

Old French Carol

**SOPRANO I**  
mp

1. Bring a torch, — Jean - nette, Is - a - bel - la !
2. It is wrong when the child — is sleep - ing,
3. Soft - ly to — the lit - tle sta - ble,

**SOPRANO II**  
mp

1. Bring a torch, — Jean - nette, Is - a - bel - la !
2. It is wrong when the child — is sleep - ing,
3. Soft - ly to — the lit - tle sta - ble,

**ALTO**  
mp \*

- Bring a torch, to the cra - dle run !  
It is wrong — to talk — so loud ;  
Soft - ly for — a mo - ment come ;

- Bring a torch, to the cra - dle run !  
It is wrong — to talk — so loud ;  
Soft - ly for — a mo - ment come ;

\* When sung as a two-part arrangement ( 1st Soprano and Alto only ), the small notes in the Alto part are to be substituted for the larger.

It is Je - sus, good folk of the vil - lage;  
Si - lence, all, as you gath - er a - round, —  
Look and see — how charm - ing is Je - sus,

It is Je - sus, It is Je - sus,  
Si - lence, all, — Si - lence, all, —  
Look, how charm - ing, Look, how charm - ing,

It is Je - sus, good folk, —  
Si - lence, all, as you gath - er,  
Look, how charm - ing is Je - sus,

Christ — is born and Ma - ry's call - ing:  
Lest — your noise should wa - ken Je - sus:  
How He is white, His cheeks are ro - sy!

Christ is born and Ma - ry's call - ing:  
Lest your noise should wa - ken Je - sus:  
How He is white, His cheeks are ro - sy!

*pp* Ah! Ah! beau - ti - ful is the moth - er! Ah!  
Hush! Hush! see — how fast He slum - bers; Hush!  
Hush! Hush! see how the Child is sleep - ing; Hush!

*pp* Ah! Ah! beau - ti - ful is the moth - er! Ah!  
Hush! Hush! see — how fast He slum - bers; Hush!  
Hush! Hush! see how the Child is sleep - ing; Hush!

*pp* Ah! Ah! beau - ti - ful is the moth - er! Ah!  
Hush! Hush! see — how fast He slum - bers; Hush!  
Hush! Hush! see how the Child is sleep - ing; Hush!

Ah! beau - ti - ful is her Son! —  
Hush! see — how fast He sleeps! —  
Hush! see how He smiles in dreams. —

Ah! beau - ti - ful is her Son! —  
Hush! see — how fast He sleeps! —  
Hush! see how He smiles in dreams. —

Ah! beau - ti - ful is her Son! —  
Hush! see — how fast He sleeps! —  
Hush! see how He smiles in dreams. —

# 153. Silent Night


Anonymous

Slowly and fervently

SOPRANO I


Franz Gruber

(1787-1863)





1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,  
 2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Dark-ness flies, all is light,  
 3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Child of Heav'n, O how bright

SOPRANO II




1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,  
 2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Dark-ness flies, all is light,  
 3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Child of Heav'n, O how bright

\* ALTO

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly in - fant so  
 Shep - herds hear - the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - ia!  
 Thou didst smile - when Thou wast born! Bless - ed be - that



Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant so  
 Shep - herds hear - the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - ia!  
 Thou didst smile when Thou wast born! Bless - ed be - that



\* When sung as a two-part arrangement (1st Soprano and Alto only), the small notes in the Alto part are to be substituted for the larger.



ten - der and mild; Sleep in heav - en - ly  
 Hail— the King! Christ the Sav - iour is  
 hap - py morn, Full of heav - en - ly

peace,— Sleep in heav en - ly peace.—  
 born! — Christ the Sav - iour is born! —  
 joy,— Full— of heav - en - ly joy! —

peace,— Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.—  
 born! — Christ the Sav - iour is born! —  
 joy,— Full of heav - en - ly joy! —

peace,— Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.—  
 born! — Christ the Sav - iour is born! —  
 joy,— Full of heav - en - ly joy! —

# 154. Once, long ago

Richard Compton  
Brightly

Old Bohemian Christmas Carol

SOPRANO I



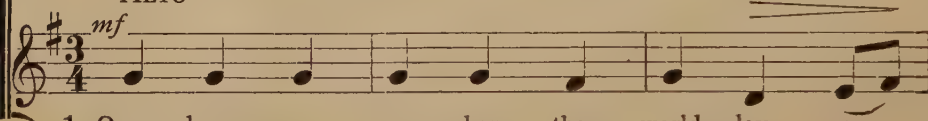
1. Once, long a - go, when the— world lay— a -  
2. Then all— the— skies were a - flame with great

SOPRANO II

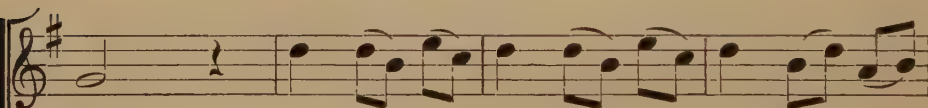


1. Once, long a - go, when the— world lay— a -  
2. Then all— the— skies were a - flame with great

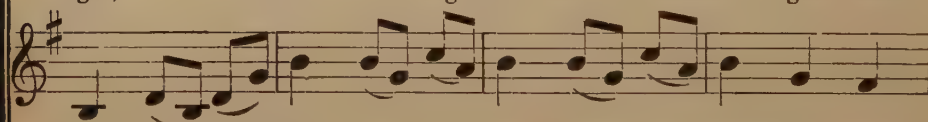
ALTO \*



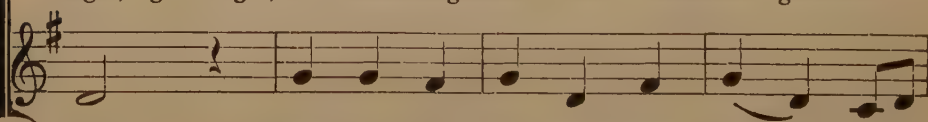
1. Once, long a - go, when the world lay a -  
2. Then all the skies were a - flame with great



sleep, Out on— the plain shep - herds watch'd o'er their  
light, Where shin - ing hosts of — God's an - gels stood



sleep, a - sleep, Out on— the— plain shep - herds watch'd o'er their  
light, great light, Where shin - ing— hosts of— God's an - gels stood

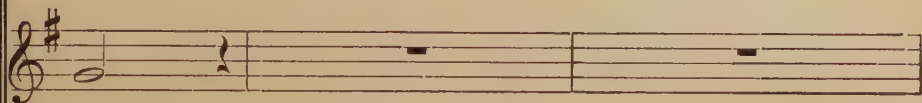


sleep, Out on the plain shep - herds watch'd o'er—  
light, Where shin - ing hosts of God's an - gels—

\* The alto part may be omitted.



sheep;                      Lo, there    an an - gel bright came up - on them,  
bright;                      Glo - ry    to God on high, they were sing - ing,



sheep;  
bright;



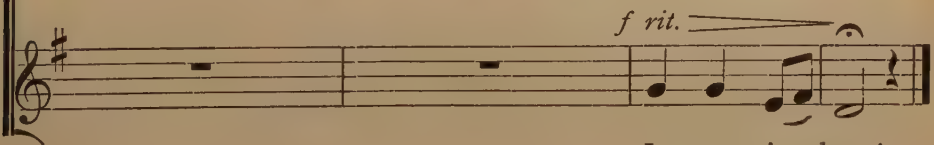
their sheep;  
stood bright;



Glad tid - ings from on high bring - ing to them: Je - sus is— born!  
Joy un - to all man-kind they were bring-ing: Je - sus is— born!



Glad tid - ings from on high bring - ing to them: Je - sus is— born!  
Joy un - to all man-kind they were bring-ing: Je - sus is— born!



Je - sus is— born!  
Je - sus is— born!

# 155. The Christmas Tree

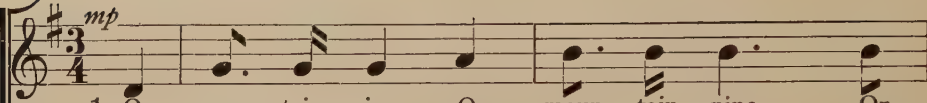
Anonymous

German

Slowly and fervently

SOPRANO I

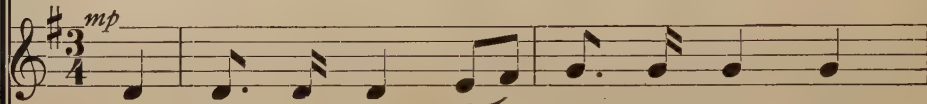
*mp*



1. O moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, On  
2. O moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, How

SOPRANO II

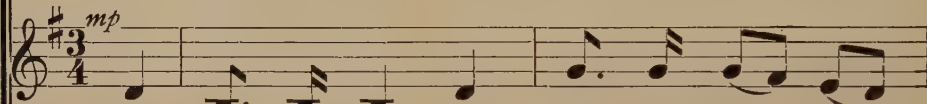
*mp*




1. O moun - tain pine, O — moun - tain pine, Thou  
2. O moun - tain pine, O — moun - tain pine, How

ALTO


*mp*




1. O moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, On—  
2. O moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, How



high thou watch - est o'er us; O moun - tain pine, O  
faith - ful art thou ev - er; O moun - tain pine, O



watch - - est o'er us. O  
faith - - ful ev - er. O



high thou watch - est — o'er us.  
faith - ful art thou — ev - er.



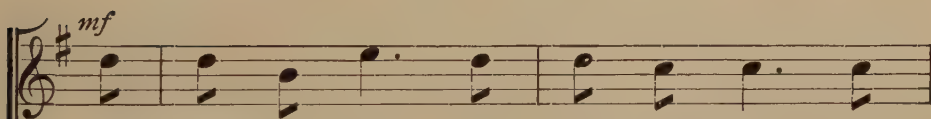
moun - tain pine, On high thou watch - est o'er us;  
moun - tain pine, How faith - ful art thou ev - er.



moun - tain pine, On high thou watch - est o'er us;  
moun - tain pine, How faith - ful art thou ev - er.



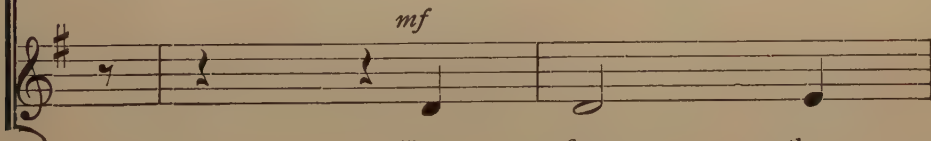
On— high thou watch - est o'er us;  
How faith - ful art thou ev - er.



A - bout thy head the wild winds roar, But  
Thou art as green in win - ter's snow As



A - bout thy head the wild winds roar, But  
Thou art as green in win - ter's snow As



How As firm green thou as

firm thou stand - est ev - er - more. O moun - tain pine, O  
in the sum - mer's rich - est glow. O moun - tain pine, O

firm thou stand - est ev - er - more. O — moun - tain pine, O —  
in the sum - mer's rich - est glow. O — moun - tain pine, O —

stand - - est — ev - er - more, O — moun - tain pine, O  
in — the summer's rich - est glow. O — moun - tain pine, O

moun - tain pine, On high thou watch - est o'er us.  
moun - tain pine, How faith - ful art thou ev - er.

moun - tain pine, — On — high thou watch - est o'er us.  
moun - tain pine, — How faith - ful art thou ev - er.



# 156. The Miracle of Saint Nicholas\*

Adapted from the French

French

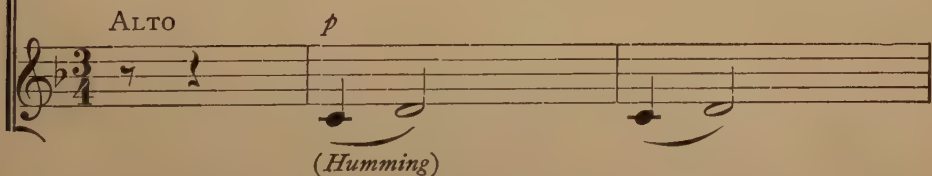
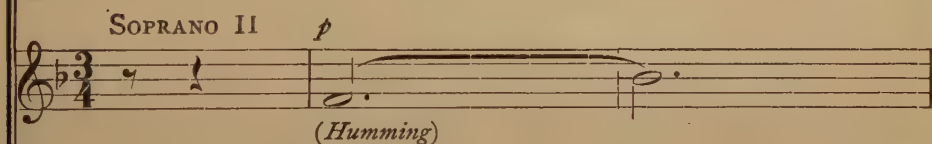
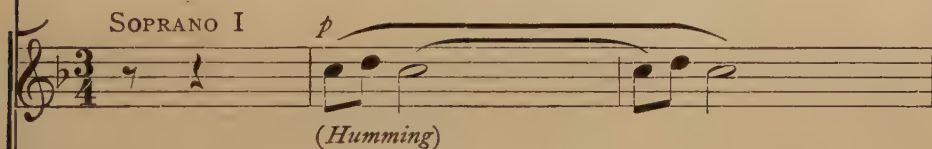
by Katherine Davis

Simply

Unison Chorus or Solo\*



1. Three lit - tle lads went out to play Be - neath the
2. She drives them all to cav - ern deep, In vain they
3. Sev'n win - ters pass, 'tis sum - mer bright, When thro' the
4. A - long a for - est path - way steep He leads the
5. He bows his head, the saint so wise, And breathes a



\* It is recommended that no two successive stanzas be sung with the same arrangement of voices. For example: in the first, third, and last stanzas the melody only may be sung, in unison; and in the second and fourth stanzas the melody may be sung as a solo accompanied by the three-part humming chorus.

trees one sum-mer day, They wan-dered far in - to the  
 call, in vain they weep; On them she casts her fear-some  
 wood with foot-step light The good Saint Nich-o-las comes  
 way to cav-ern deep: "O wick-ed witch, thy deed re -  
 pray'r, with down cast eyes: Each lit-tle lad who long was

wood, Till all at once be-fore them stood  
 eyes, She weaves a spell to still their cries,  
 by, Then fears the witch to meet his eye;  
 lent, God par-dons those who do re - pent;  
 dead Stirs and a - wakes and lifts his head,

A fear - ful witch both old and gray.—  
 And down they fall in mag - ic sleep.—  
 Her wrink - led face with dread goes white.—  
 I come to wak - en those who sleep.—  
 As from a dream of Par - a - dise.—

# 157. Lo, how a rose e'er blooming

16th Century Melody

Harmonized by

Michael Prætorius (1571-1621)

Traditional

Moderato

SOPRANO I

*p* 1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing From  
*pp* 2. I - sa - iah, 'twas, fore - told it, The

SOPRANO II

*p* 1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing From  
*pp* 2. I - sa - iah, 'twas, fore - told it, The

ALTO

*p* 1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing From  
*pp* 2. I - sa - iah, 'twas, fore - told it, The

*rall. e dim.* *p a tempo*

ten - der stem— hath sprung! Of Jes - se's  
Rose I have— in mind, With Ma - ry

*rall. e dim.* *p a tempo*

ten - der stem hath sprung! Of Jes - se's  
Rose I have in mind, With Ma - ry

*rall. e dim.* *p a tempo*

*pp* *rall. e dim.*

lin - eage com - ing As men of old— have sung.  
we be - hold it, The Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

*pp* *rall. e dim.*

lin - eage com - ing As men of old have sung.  
we be - hold it, The Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

*pp* *rall. e dim.*



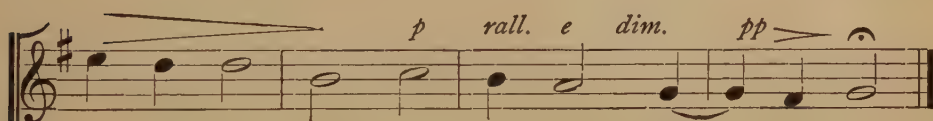
It came a flow'r - et bright,  
To shew God's love a - right,

A - mid the  
She bore to

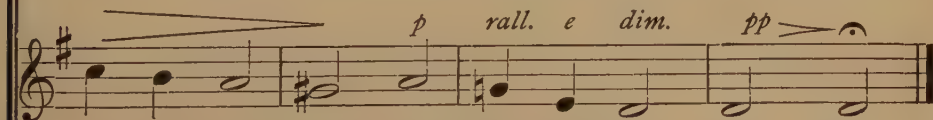


It came a flow'r - et bright,—  
To shew God's love a - right,—

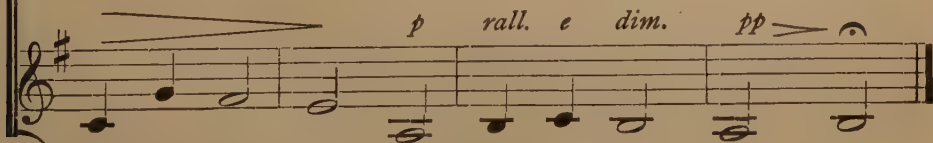
A - mid the  
She bore to



cold of win - ter When half - spent was — the night.  
men a Sav - iour When half - spent was — the night.



cold of win - ter When half - spent was the night.  
men a Sav - iour When half - spent was the night.



# 158. While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Traditional

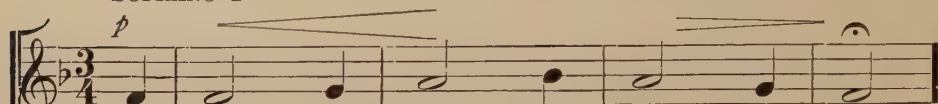
With devotion; not too slow

SOPRANO I

Melody by

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

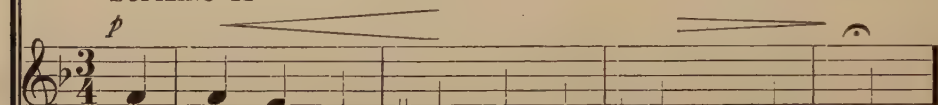
*p*



1. While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night,  
 2. "To you," he said, "in Dav - id's town,  
 3. "All glo - ry be to God on high,

SOPRANO II


*p*




1. While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night,  
 2. "To you," he said, "in Dav - id's town,  
 3. "All glo - ry be to God on high,

ALTO


*p*



All calm - ly seat - ed on the ground;  
 The Sav - iour Christ - is born to - day;  
 And to the earth - be last - ing peace;



All calm - ly seat - ed on the ground;  
 The Sav - iour Christ - is born to - day;  
 And to the earth - be last - ing peace;







The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
Let all the earth His praises sing,  
Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to men,



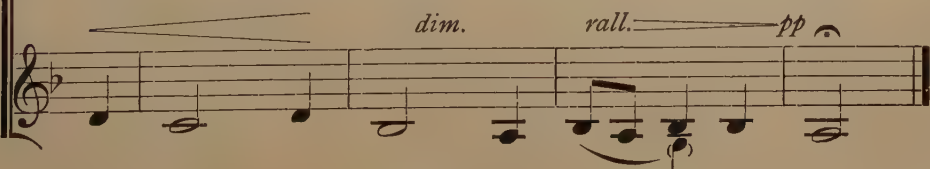
The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
Let all the earth His praises sing,  
Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to men,



And ra - diant glo - ry shone a - round.  
With tri - umph shout the joy - ous lay.  
It now be - gins and ne'er will cease.



And ra - diant glo - ry shone a - round.  
With tri - umph shout the joy - ous lay.  
It now be - gins and ne'er will cease.



# 159. O come, all ye faithful

From the Latin, 17th or 18th Century

"Adeste Fideles"

Translated by Frederick Oakeley (1841)

Anonymous (18th Century)

*f* Vigorously

(1) 1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -  
 2. — See how the shep - herds, Sum-mon'd to His

(2)

um - phant, O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;  
 cra - dle, — Leav - ing their flocks, drawn nigh with ho - ly fear;

Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels; }  
 We, too, — will thith - er Bend our jov - ful foot - steps; }

*mp* *mf*

*mp* *mp*

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -

*f*

*f*

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,—Christ, the Lord.

3

Sing, choir of angels,  
Sing in exultation;  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:  
Glory to God  
In the highest;  
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4

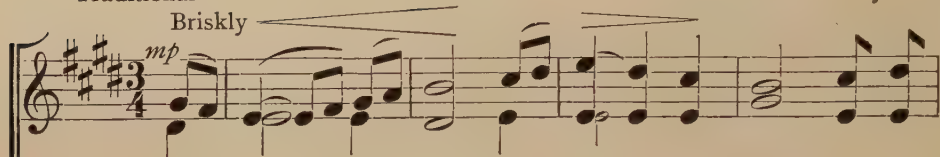
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing;  
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

# 160. The First Nowell

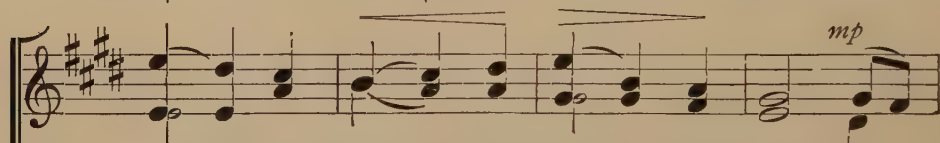
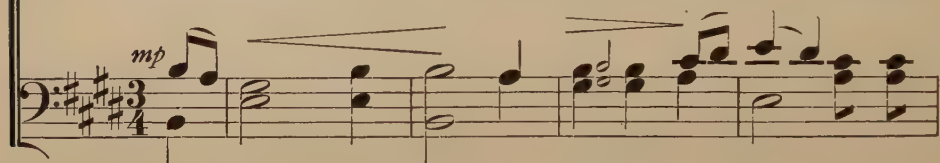
Traditional

Traditional Melody

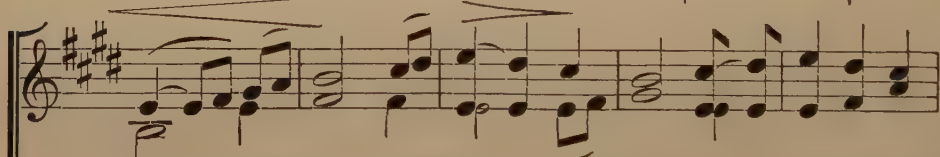
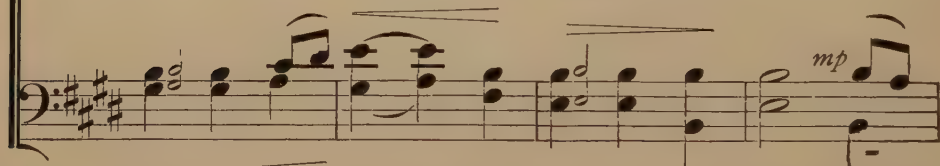
Briskly



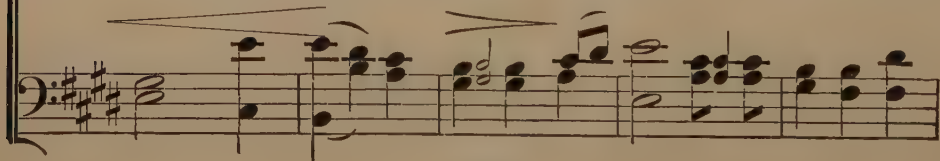
1. The— first— Now— ell the— An— gel did say, Was to  
2. They look— ed— up and saw— a Star Shin— ing

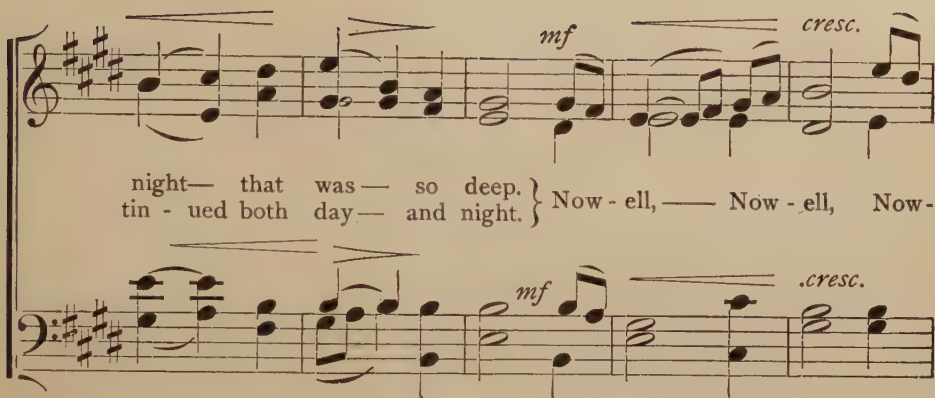


cer— tain poor shep— herds in fields as they lay; In—  
in— the east— be— yond— them far, And—

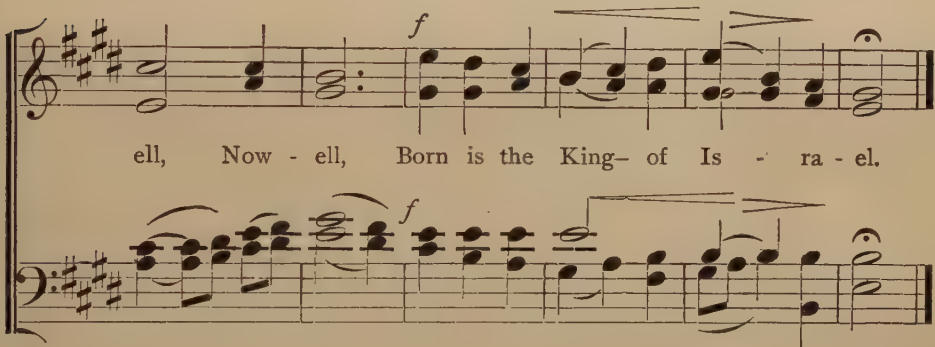


fields— where they lay— keep— ing their sheep On a cold win— ter's  
to— the— earth it— gave— great light, And— so it con—





night— that was— so deep. }  
tin - ued both day— and night. } Now - ell, — Now - ell, Now -



ell, Now - ell, Born is the King— of Is - ra - el.

3

And by the light of that same Star,  
Three Wisemen came from country far,  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever it went.  
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

4

This Star drew nigh to the north-west,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus  
lay.  
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

5

Then entered in those Wisemen three,  
Full rev'rently upon their knee,  
And offered there, in His presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankin-  
Nowell, Nowell, etc. [cense.

6

Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,  
That hath made heav'n and earth of  
nought, [bought.  
And with His blood mankind hath  
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

# 161. Joy to the world

Isaac Watts (1719)

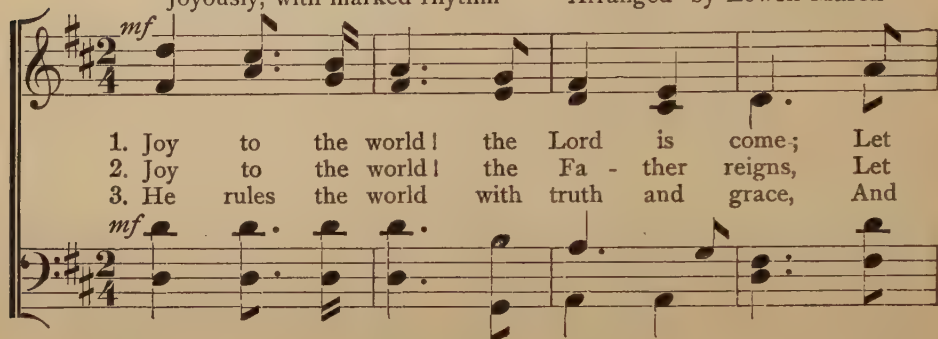
Georg Friedrich Händel

(1685-1759)

Joyously, with marked rhythm

Arranged by Lowell Mason

*mf*



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let  
 2. Joy to the world! the Fa - ther reigns, Let  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And

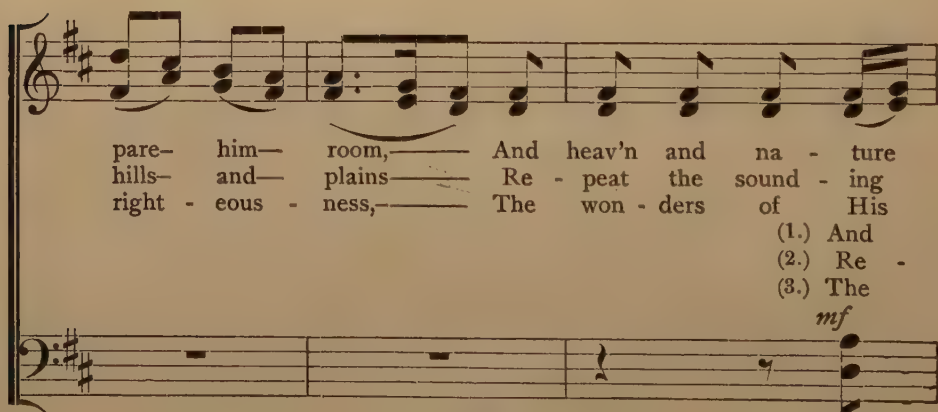
*mf*

*cresc.* *f* *mf*



earth re - ceive her King, Let ev - 'ry heart pre -  
 men their songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks,  
 makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His

*cresc.*



pare - him - room, And heav'n and na - ture  
 hills - and plains Re - peat the sound - ing  
 right - eous - ness, The won - ders of His

(1.) And  
 (2.) Re -  
 (3.) The

*mf*



sing, joy, love, And heav'n and Re - peat the won - ders of na - ture sing, joy, love, And Re - The

heav'n and na - ture sing, \_\_\_\_\_  
 peat the sound - ing joy, \_\_\_\_\_  
 won - ders of His love, \_\_\_\_\_

(1.) sing, (2.) joy, (3.) love, And heav'n and Re - peat the won - ders of na - ture sing, joy, love.

*cresc.* *f*  
 heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 won - ders, won - ders of His love.

*cresc.* *f*  
 sing, joy, love, And heav'n Re - peat The won and na - ture sing.  
 the sound - ing joy.  
 ders of His love.

# 162. Hush, my dear\*

Isaac Watts (1719)

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

*p* Rather slowly

1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
2. Soft and easy is thy cradle,

Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed, Ho - ly  
Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay, Coarse and

an - gels guard thy bed. Heav'n - ly bless - ings  
hard - thy Sav - iour lay. When His birth - place

\* Used by permission of Berta Elsmith and Thomas Whitney Surette.

with - out num - ber Gen - tly fall - ing—  
was a sta - ble, And His soft - est—

on thy head, Gen - tly fall - ing on thy head.  
bed was hay, And His soft - est bed was hay.

3

Lo, He slumbers in the manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed.  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
There's no oxen near thy bed,  
There's no oxen near thy bed.

4

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near Him,  
See His face and sing His praise,  
See His face and sing His praise.

# PART-SONGS\*

## 163. Winter, good-bye

John Erwin

German

Rather slowly

SOPRANO



- |                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Win - ter, good - bye! | Blue is the sky.      |
| 2. Good - bye to snow!    | Now you must go.      |
| 3. Warm breez - es, come, | Drive win - ter home! |

ALTO

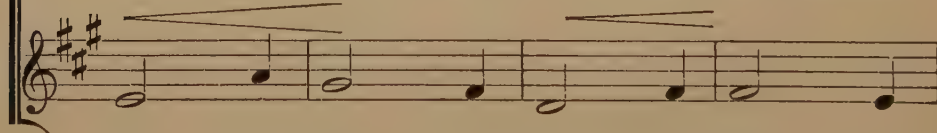
*mp*



- |                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Win - ter, good - bye! | Blue is the     |
| 2. Good - bye to snow!    | Now you must    |
| 3. Warm breez - es, come, | Drive win - ter |



You have been	jol - ly — fun,	But now your stay	is— done.
We have had	fun with you,	Coast-ing and sleigh - rides, too.	
Back to his	i - cy caves	O - ver the	fro - zen—waves;



sky.	You've been	good fun,	Your stay	is
go.	Good - bye	to you,	And sleigh - rides,	
home!	Back to	his caves	And fro - zen	

\*Exclusive of Christmas part-songs.

*mf* *poco rit.*

Blue is the sky, Win - ter, good - bye !  
 Now you must go, Good - bye to snow !  
 Come, A - pril, come, Drive Win - ter home !

*f* *poco rit.*

done. Win - ter, good - bye ! Good - bye !  
 too. Good - bye to snow, to snow !  
 waves. Come, A - pril, come, now come !

## 164. Sleep, baby, sleep

Anonymous  
 Slowly  
 SOPRANO

Old Song

*p*

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is—  
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, I would not, would not—  
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Near where the wood - bines—  
 4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy rest shall an - gels—

*p* ALTO

deep; The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With—  
 weep; The lit - tle lamb he nev - er cries, And—  
 creep; Be al - ways like the lamb so mild, A—  
 keep; While on the grass the lamb shall feed, And—

snow - y fleece so soft and clean;— Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 bright and hap - py are his eyes;— Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 sweet, and kind, and gen - tle child;— Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 nev - er suf - fer want or need;— Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

## 165. The Little Dustman

Anonymous  
Slowly

German

1. The flow-rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray,  
 2. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the win - dow shows his head,  
 3. And ere the lit - tle dust - man Is ma - ny steps a - way,

They nod their heads to - geth - er, And dream the night a - way.  
 And looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be— in bed.  
 Thy pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Close fast—un - til next day.



SOPRANO

*mp a tempo*



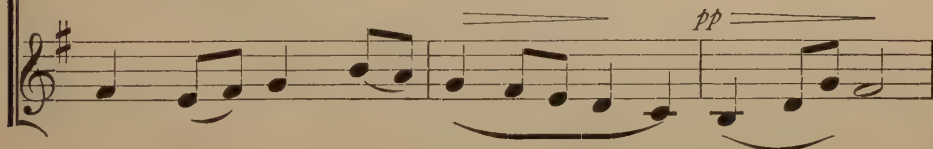
The— bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And—  
And— as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws  
But— they shall ope at morn - ing's light And—

ALTO

*mp a tempo*



mur - mur soft and low. } Sleep— on,  
dust in - to its eyes. }  
greet the sun - shine bright. }



sleep— on, Sleep on, my— lit - tle one!



# 166. Sicilian Mariners

James Edmeston (1790-1867)

Sicilian

Slowly

VOICE I

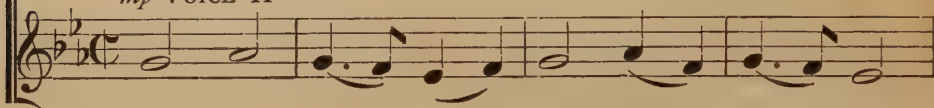
*mp*



1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther,— ev - er lead— us

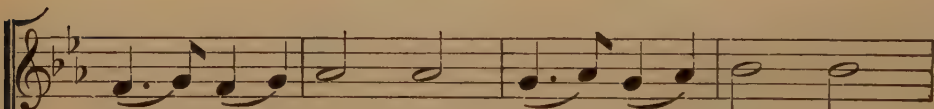
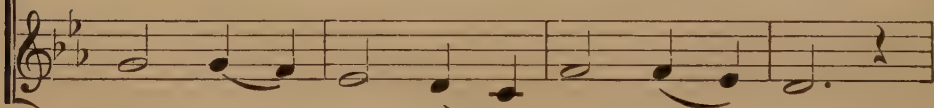
2. Ho - ly Spir - it,— now de - scend - ing,

*mp* VOICE II



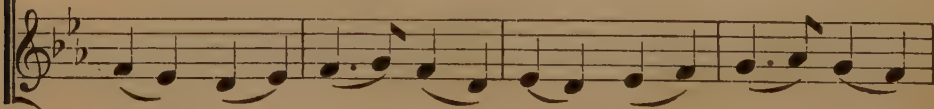
O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea ;

Fill our hearts with— heav'n - ly joy,

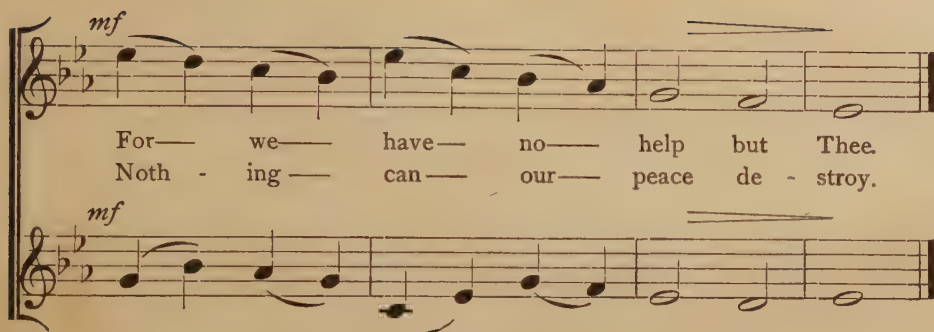


Guard us,— guide us, keep— us,— teach us,

Thus— pro - vid - ed, par - don'd, guid - ed,



*mf*



For— we— have— no— help but Thee.  
Noth - ing — can— our— peace de - stroy.

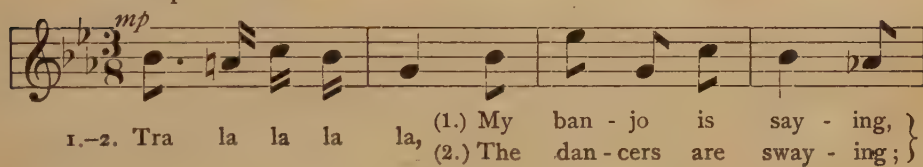
## 167. My Banjo

Anonymous

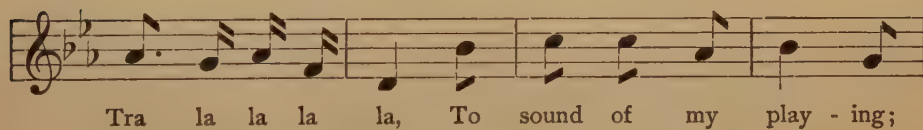
Italian

Tempo di Valzer

*mp*



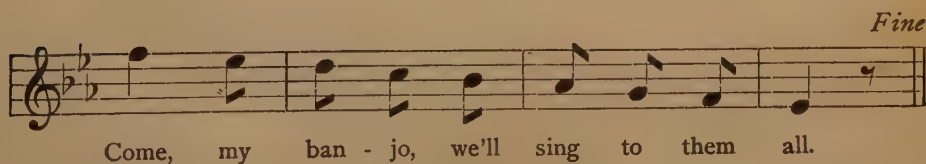
1.-2. Tra la la la la, (1.) My ban - jo is say - ing, }  
(2.) The dan - cers are sway - ing; }



Tra la la la la, To sound of my play - ing;

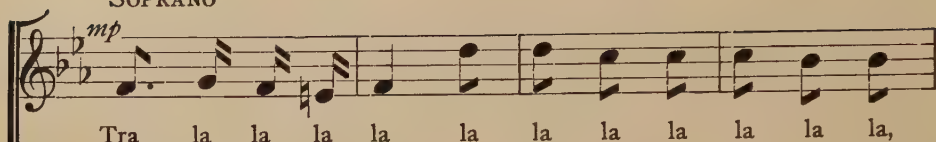
Tra la la la la, Old friends are the dear - est,

*Fine*

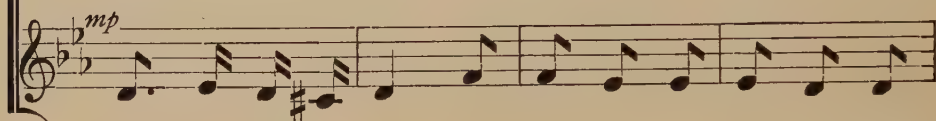


Come, my ban - jo, we'll sing to them all.

SOPRANO



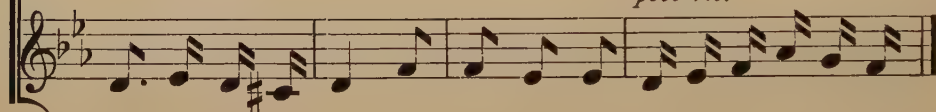
ALTO



*poco rit. D.C. al Fine*



*poco rit.*



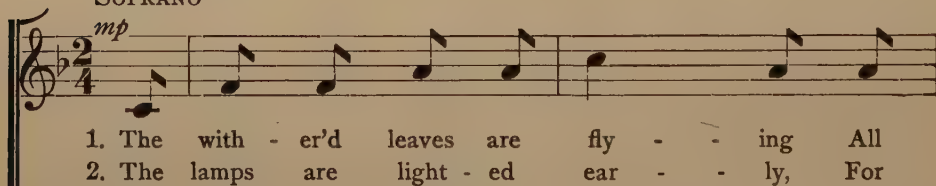
## 168. Autumn Song

Richard Compton

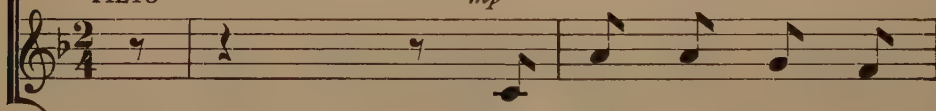
German

Moderato

SOPRANO



ALTO



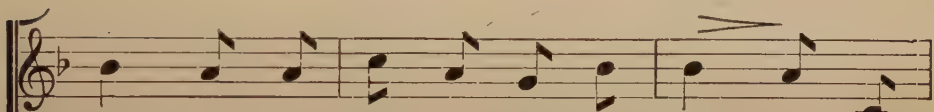
1. The with - er'd leaves are  
2. The lamps are light - ed



up and down the street; A - cross the lawns they  
ear - ly comes the night; And when we all are



fly - ing down the street; they  
ear - ly, for the night; are



hur - ry, And down the side - walks scur - ry. Be -  
sleep - ing, Jack Frost a - broad goes creep - ing; He



hur - ry, And down they scur - ry.  
sleep - ing, Jack Frost goes creep - ing;



fore the wind that drives them Rust - ling 'round our feet.  
black - ens all the flow'rs, And turns the side - walks white.



that drives them - Rust - ling 'round our feet.  
the flow'rs, And - turns the side - walks white.

# 169. A Riddle

English version by A. D. Z.

German Folk-song

Allegretto

VOICE I





if you can, What to call this lit - tle man who's  
if you can, What to call this lit - tle man who

Tell me if you can Who is this man who's  
Tell me if you can Who is this man who

stand - ing all a - lone in the deep, dark wood.  
has no need to move, and has naught to say.

stand - ing all a - lone in the deep, dark wood.  
has no need to move, and has naught to say.

## 170. The Echo

Homer H. Harbour

Carinthian

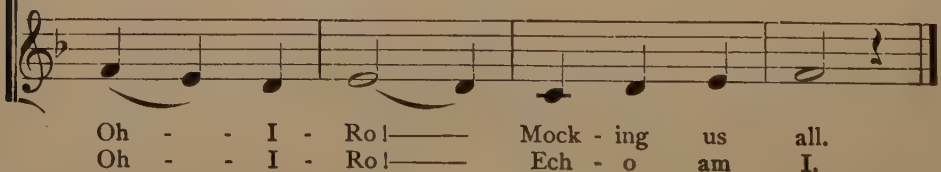
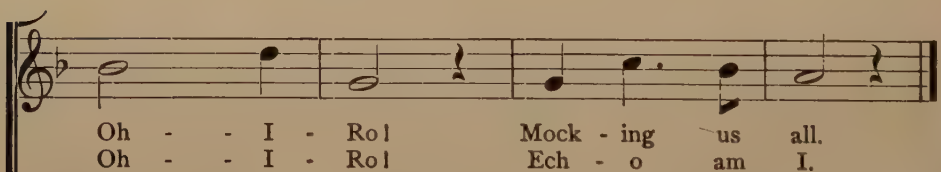
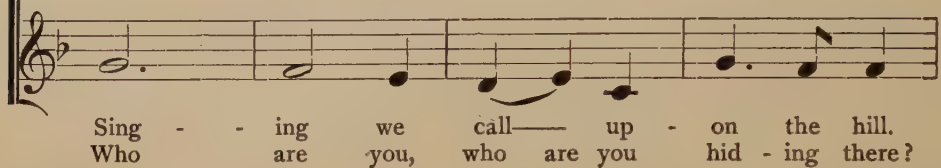
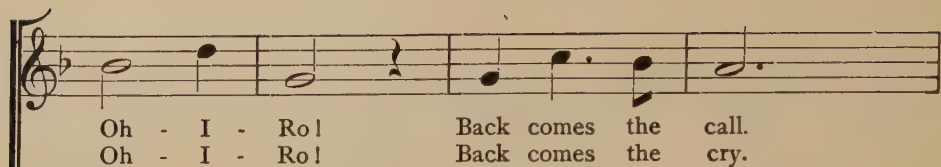
In Waltz time

*mf* SOPRANO

1. Oh - I - Ro! Sing we up - on the hill.  
2. Oh - I - Ro! Who are you hid - ing there?

*mf* ALTO

1. Oh - I - Ro, I - Ro!  
2. Oh - I - Ro, I - Ro!



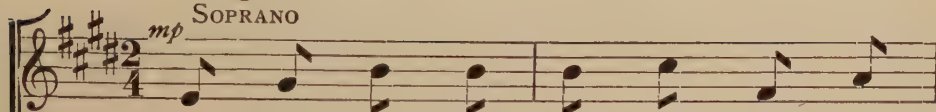
# 171. Winter

Nathan Haskell Dole

Bohemian

Allegretto

SOPRANO



1. All the win - ter long the trees are

2. Yet the trees are dream - ing as they

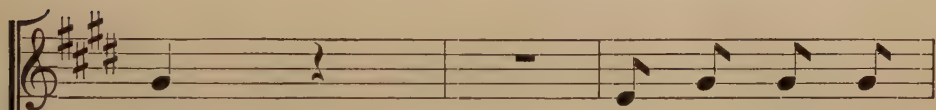
ALTO

*mp*



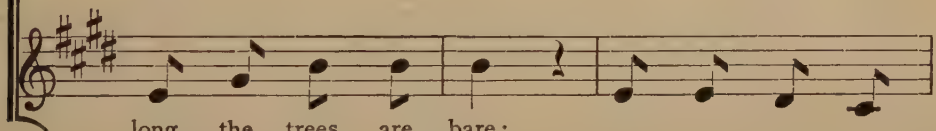
1. All the win - ter

2. Yet the trees are



bare;  
stand;

Not a green leaf  
Ro - sy buds are



long the trees are bare;  
dream - ing as they stand;



flut - ters an - y - where;  
read - y to ex - pand;

Winds from i - cy  
When the breath of



an - y - where;  
to ex - pand;

re - gions blow, Down the hill - side drifts the snow;  
Spring is felt, All the ice and snow will melt;

Crows and squirrels ask for scraps of bread;  
Full of life the river'll rise and flow;

scraps of bread;  
rise and flow;

*mp*

One would think the river frozen dead!  
There'll be food for squirrel and for crow!

*mp*

fro - zen dead!  
and for crow!

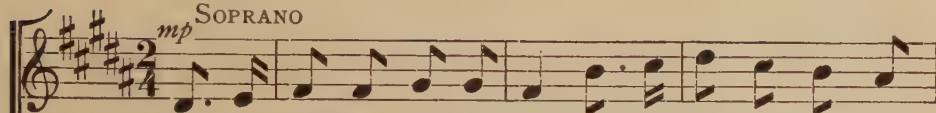
# 172. The Boy and the Sheep

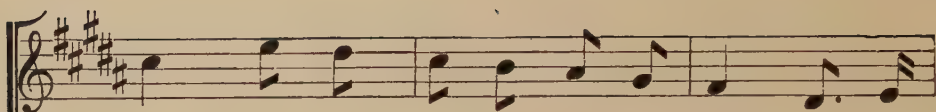
Jane Taylor

French

Rather slowly

SOPRANO





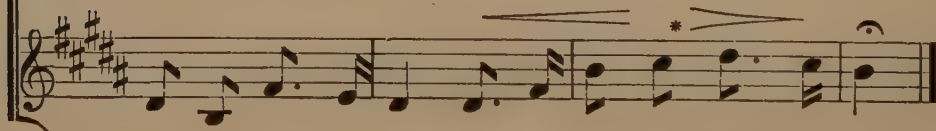
white, From the morn - ing till the night; Ev - 'ry -  
grows On my back to make your clothes? Cold, ah,  
pass On the cold and dew - y grass; Pick my  
way For your coat in win - try day; Lit - tle



dai - sies white, From morn - ing till the night;  
wool grows On my back to make you clothes?  
nights I pass On cold and dew - y grass;  
fleece a - way For your coat on win - try day;-



thing must some-thing do, But what kind of use are you?  
ver - y cold you'd be, If you had no wool from me.  
scant - y din - ner where All the ground is brown and bare.  
mas - ter, this is why In the pleas - ant fields I lie.



\* See foot-note on page 192

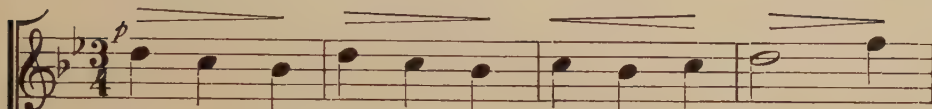


# 173. Hush-a-by, baby

Richard Compton

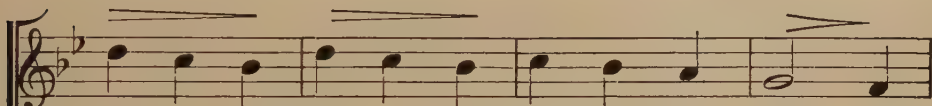
Scotch

Slowly  
SOPRANO

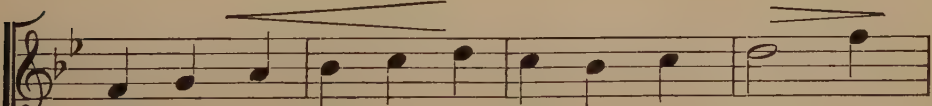
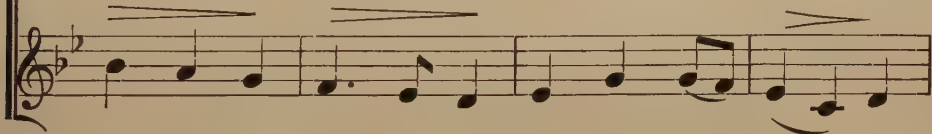


1. Hush - a - by, ba - by, the night winds are sigh - ing,
2. Warm in their wool - y folds lamb - kins are rest - ing,

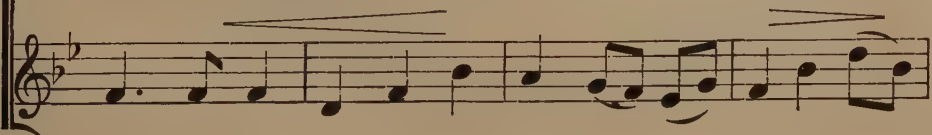
ALTO



Go to sleep, go to sleep, crick - ets are cry - ing;  
Soft in their sway - ing beds wee birds are rest - ing;



Sleep till the dew on the grass - es is wink - ing,  
All the dark night in your cra - dle lie dream - ing,



Sleep till the morn-ing sun wak - ens you blink - ing.  
Till the broad sun thro' the win - dow is stream - ing.

## 174. On a merry morn in May

Katherine Davis

Lithuanian

Merrily

VOICE I

*mf* VOICE I  
1. On a mer - ry morn in May, } Tra la la,  
2. On a mer - ry morn in May, }  
*mf* VOICE II  
Tra la la,

tra la la, { To the green - wood  
Lads and lass - ies,  
tra la la la la,



let's a - way, }  
come a - way, } Tra la la la la,



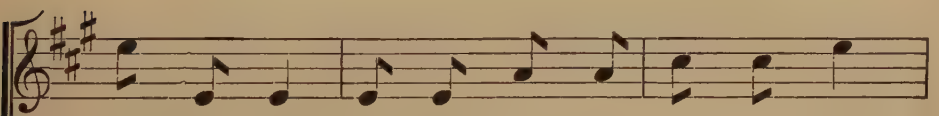
Tra la la la la la,



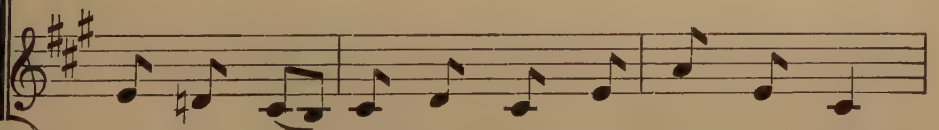
(1.) Now in ev - 'ry wood and dell There grows the ti - ny  
(2.) Now in ev - 'ry leaf - y tree The cuck - oo sings right



(1.) Now in ev - 'ry dell There grows the ti - ny  
(2.) Now in ev - 'ry tree The cuck - oo sings right



cow - slip bell, Ring - ing out so blithe and gay, }  
mer - ri - ly. Lads and lass - ies, come a - way, }



cow - slip bell, Ring - ing out so blithe and gay, }  
mer - ri - ly, — Lads and lass - ies, come a - way, }

Tra la la, tra la la, Ah, so sweet a

Tra la la,— tra la la la la, Ah, so sweet a

time is May! Tra la la la la!

time is May! Tra la la la la!

## 175. The Fairy Dance

Katherine Davis

Swedish

Moderately fast, like a dance

VOICE I

1. The soft stars are— shin - ing, The moon is a -

2. O seek not to— find them, The wee folk so

VOICE II

1. The soft stars are shin - ing,— The moon is a -

2. O seek not to find them, The wee folk so

\* See foot-note on page 192.

*mp*

light; The folks of the for - est are  
fair; They're shy as the swal - low and

*mp*

light; — The folk — of the for - est are —  
fair; — They're shy — as the swal - low and —

danc - ing to - night: O swift and  
swift as the air: If you come, they are

\*

danc - ing — to - night: Swift!  
swift as — the air: Come,

>

gay Is the song that they sing; They  
gone Like a snow - flake in May; Like a

>

gay Is the song - that they sing; — And they —  
gone Like a snow - flake in May; Like a —

\* See foot-note on page 192.

float and sway As they dance in a ring.  
breath, like a sigh, They— van - ish a - way.

float, ——— sway, — As they dance in a ring.  
breath, — sigh, — They— van - ish a - way.

\* This added part to be sung by a proportionate number of 1st or 2nd Voices, or of both.

## 176. The Blue-bells of Scotland

Traditional

Scotch

Moderato

SOPRANO

1. Oh, where, tell me where, is your High-land lad - die gone?  
2. Oh, where, tell me where, did your High-land lad - die dwell?  
3. Oh, what, tell me what, if your High-land lad be slain?

ALTO

Oh, where, tell me where, is your High - land lad - die  
Oh, where, tell me where, did your High - land lad - die  
Oh, what, tell me what, if your High - land lad be

Oh, where, tell me where, is your High - land lad - die  
Oh, where, tell me where, did your High - land lad - die  
Oh, what, tell me what, if your High - land lad be

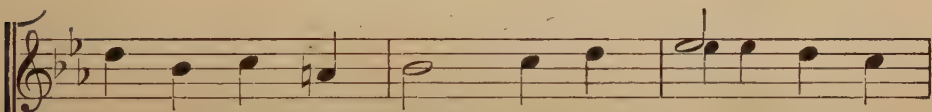
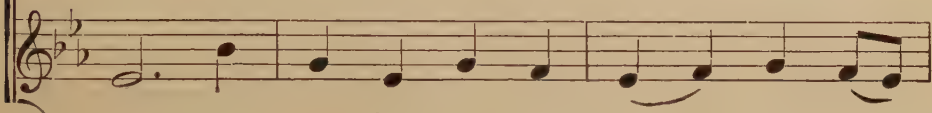
Oh, where, tell me where, is your High - land lad - die  
Oh, where, tell me where, did your High - land lad - die  
Oh, what, tell me what, if your High - land lad be

Oh, where, tell me where, is your High - land lad - die  
Oh, where, tell me where, did your High - land lad - die  
Oh, what, tell me what, if your High - land lad be

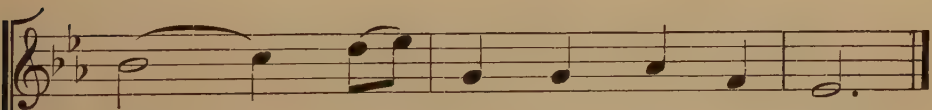
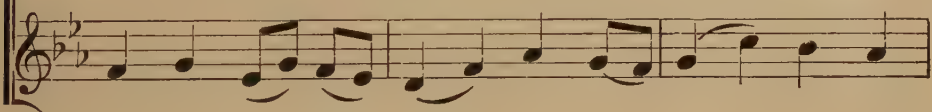




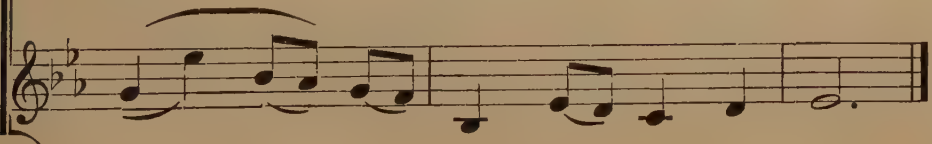
gone? He's gone wi' stream - ing ban - ners where  
dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where  
slain? Oh, no, true love will be his guard and—



no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh, in my  
blooms the sweet blue - bell And it's oh, in my  
bring him safe a - gain For it's oh, my heart would



heart ——— I — wish him safe at home.  
heart ——— I — lo'e my lad - die well.  
break if my — High - land lad were slain.



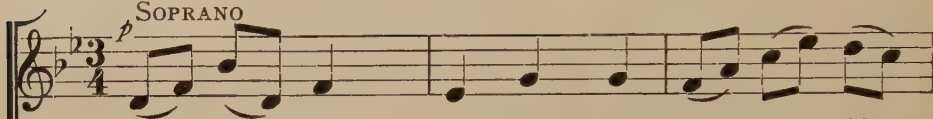
# 177. Cloud-ships

Homer H. Harbour

Tyrolese Folk-song

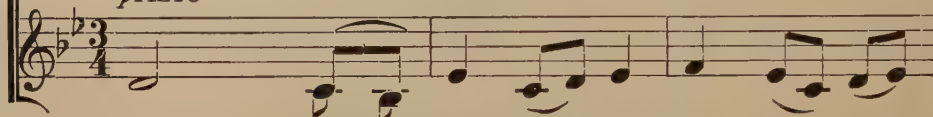
Con moto

SOPRANO



1. Like snow white sail - ing boats on — a — blue  
2. I — should look down from my ship in — the —

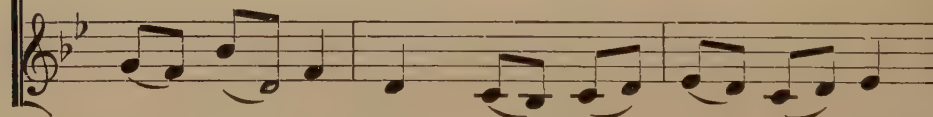
ALTO



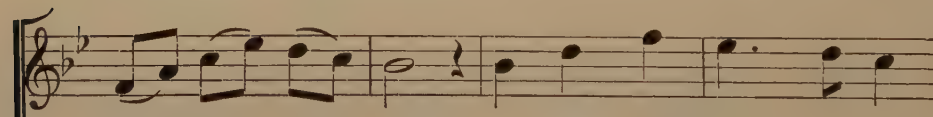
1. Like white — sail - ing — boats on a — blue  
2. I should look down from — my ship in — the —



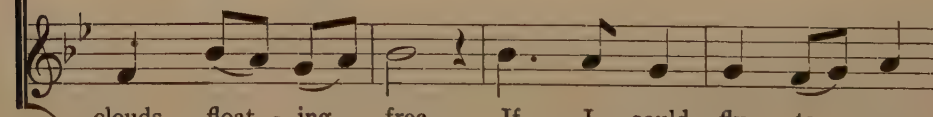
sea, High in — the heav - ens are  
sky, On — cit - ies, for - ests, and



sea, — blue — sea, High in — the — heav - ens — are  
sky, — the — sky, On cit - ies, — for - ests, — and



clouds float - ing — free. If I could fly to one,  
lakes pass - ing — by; I should sail far a - way,



clouds float - ing — free. If I could fly to — one,  
lakes pass - ing — by; I should sail far a - way,



If I— might ride to one, Sail - ing— and  
And at— the close of day An - chor— my



If I— might— ride - to - one, Sail - ing— and—  
And at— the— close— of— day An - chor— my—



sail - ing, what pleas - ure— 'twould be I  
cloud to a moun - tain - top— high.



sail - ing, - what pleas - - ure 'twould be I  
cloud— to— a moun - - tain - top— high.

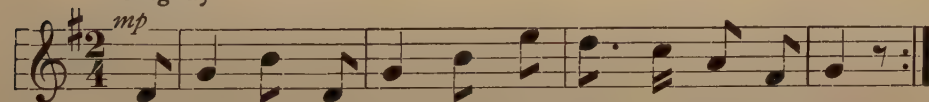
\* See foot-note on page 192.

## 178. The Dance

A. D. Z.

Danish

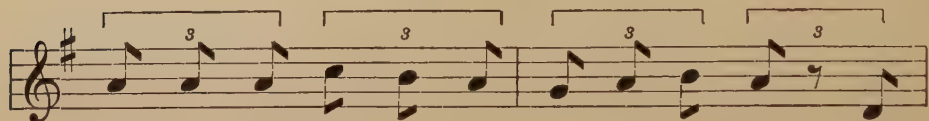
Brightly



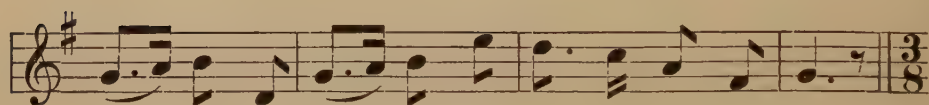
1. { Good eve - ning, good eve - ning, To ev - 'ry one who's here ;  
Good eve - ning, good eve - ning, To ev - 'ry one good cheer.
2. { O tell me, O tell me, What play'd you for us then ?  
O tell me, O tell me, And play it all a - gain.



- (1.) While light - ly time pass - es, We'll dance, lads and lass - es, Hi,  
 (2.) I can't hear the play - ing for all we are say - ing, Now



fid - dler, tune up, let no mu - sic be false. O  
 la - dies, speak soft - ly and qui - et the men. O



come- now, O come- now, So we candance the waltz. }  
 come- now, O come- now, We'll have that waltz a - gain. }

In Waltz time

*mp* VOICE I



Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la

*mp* VOICE II



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la

la la la la, Tra la la la

la, Tra la la la

la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

la la la la, Tra la la la la.

## 179. In Memoriam

Homer H. Harbour

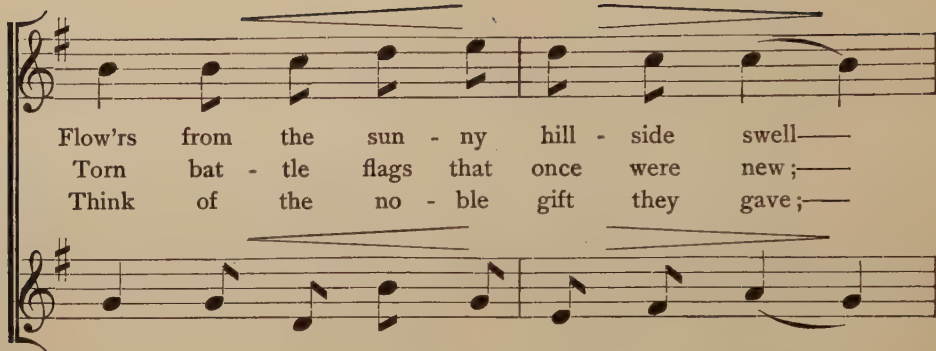
Bohemian

Slowly

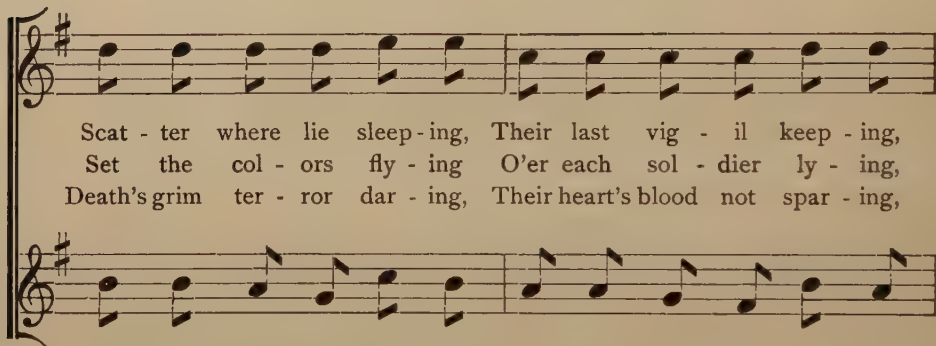
SOPRANO

1. Flow'rs from the shad - y green - wood dell, —
2. Bear thro' the street with hon - or due, —
3. Pass not a sin - gle sol - dier's grave; —

ALTO

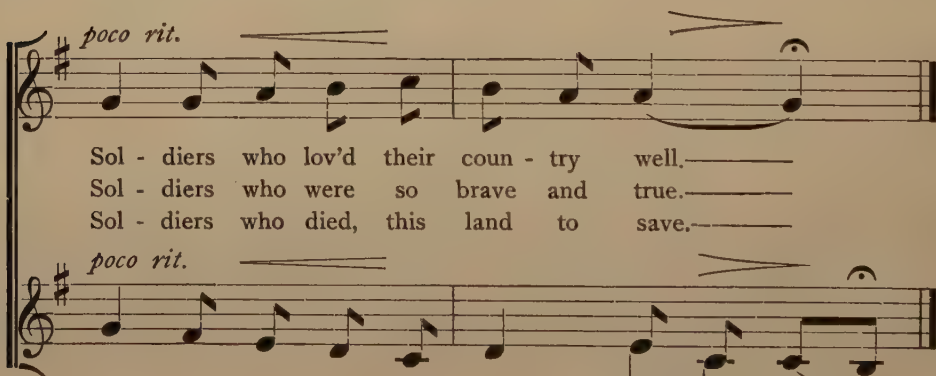


Flow'rs from the sun - ny hill - side swell—  
 Torn bat - tle flags that once were new ;—  
 Think of the no - ble gift they gave ;—



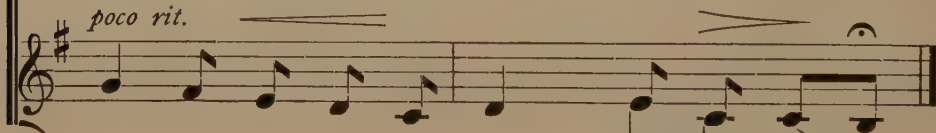
Scat - ter where lie sleep - ing, Their last vig - il keep - ing,  
 Set the col - ors fly - ing O'er each sol - dier ly - ing,  
 Death's grim ter - ror dar - ing, Their heart's blood not spar - ing,

*poco rit.*



Sol - diers who lov'd their coun - try well.—  
 Sol - diers who were so brave and true.—  
 Sol - diers who died, this land to save.—

*poco rit.*



who lov'd coun - try well.—  
 so brave, brave and true.—  
 who died to— save.—



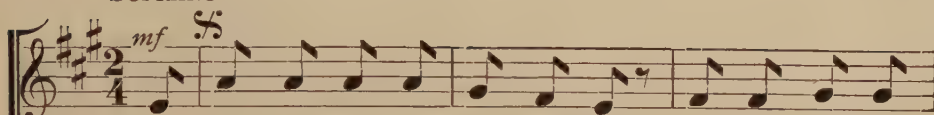
# 180. When fields are white

Homer H. Harbour

German

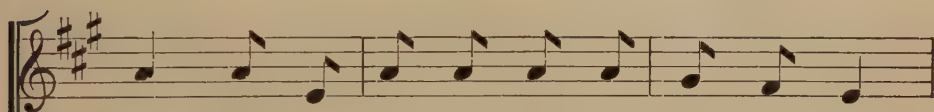
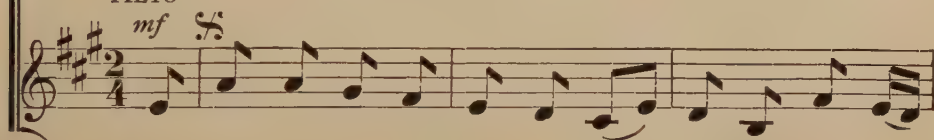
With spirit

SOPRANO



1. In win - ter when the fields are white, And there's sun - ny  
(2.) reach'd the top, we've turn'd a - round; On our sleds we're  
(3.) aft - er - noon we climb and coast, Till the sun is

ALTO



weath - er, We take our sleds and climb the hill,  
ly - ing. A push, a shove, we're off, we're off!  
sink - ing, And one by one the stars come out,



Boys and girls to - geth - er. Up and up and  
Down the slopes we're fly - ing. "Clear the track, O  
In the clear sky wink - ing. Then at last towards



up we go, O - ver ice and o - ver snow,  
ho! Look out! Ho - lul - lul - lul - lu!" we shout,  
home we turn; Sup - per's hot and bright fires burn;

Laugh - ing all to - geth - er. geth - er. 2. We've  
Thro' the winds a - fly - ing. fly - ing. 3. All  
Cheer - y lights are blink - ing. blink - ing.

1 2 Fine D.S.

## 181. Caterpillar

Homer H. Harbour  
Fast

Russian

*mp* SOPRANO

1. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! You are such a  
2. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! Keep a - way from  
3. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! Creep a - way and

*mp* ALTO

pret - ty sight. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!  
 phoe - be birds! Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!  
 hide you soon; Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!

*mf*

Blue and yel - low, black and white; Take care what you do,  
 Keep a - way from this - tle birds! Look out what you do,  
 Spin your - self a gay co - coon. *mf* Dark and si - lent lie,

Rob - ins are a - hunt - ing you; Take care  
 Swal - lows are a - hunt - ing you; Look out  
 Till you are a but - ter - fly; Dark and

(1.) Take care what you do,— Take care—  
 (2.) Look out what you do,— Look out—  
 (3.) Dark and si - lent lie,— Dark and—

what you do, Spar - rows are a - chas - ing you!  
 what you do, Finch - es are a - chas - ing you!  
 si - lent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly.

## 182. New Year's Song

Walter Maynard

Welsh Carol

Andante

VOICE I

*mp*  
 1. The— old year is dy - ing, fast dy - ing a —  
 2. A— new year is com - ing to glad - den the  
 3. While year af - ter. year is fast pass - ing a —  
*mp* VOICE II\*

way, A— dull cloud - y sun - set has closed its last day.  
 heart, And like a bright sun - rise, new hope to im - part.  
 way, May peace and con - tent - ment hold o'er ye their sway;

\* See foot-note on page 192.

*p*

The- night winds are sigh - ing, its last hour is fled;  
 Let- joy and af - fec - tion per - vade ev - 'ry home,  
 That when days are drear - y fond mem- 'ries may cheer

*p*

- (1.) are— sigh - ing, its— last hour is— fled;  
 (2.) af - fec - tion per - vade ev - 'ry home,  
 (3.) are— drear - y fond- mem- 'ries may- cheer

The- bells have ceas'd ring - ing, The old year is dead.  
 While bells now are tell - ing The new year is come.  
 The- good and true heart - ed each com - ing new year.

## 183. Homeland mine!

A. D. Z.

Fervently: not too slowly

Ludwig van Beethoven  
 (1770-1827)

*p* SOPRANO *mp*

1.2.3. Home - land mine! Home - land mine! My—

*p* ALTO *mp*

*p*

heart is ev - er thine. {

1. When the night o'er hills is
2. When the lark in beau - ty
3. Though to oth - er lands of

*p*

*cresc.*

creep - ing, All the world in dark - ness steep - ing, Then my  
 wing - ing, To the morn in joy is sing - ing, Then my  
 beau - ty, I must go to an - swer du - ty, Still my

*cresc.*

*f* *p*

heart e'er turns to thee, }  
 heart e'er turns to thee, } Home - land mine, Home - land mine!  
 heart e'er turns to thee, }

*f* *p*



# 184. Country Dance

W. D. T.

Swedish

Gaily

*mf* SOPRANO

O— let us all be - gin with a mer - ry, mer - ry

ALTO

*mf*

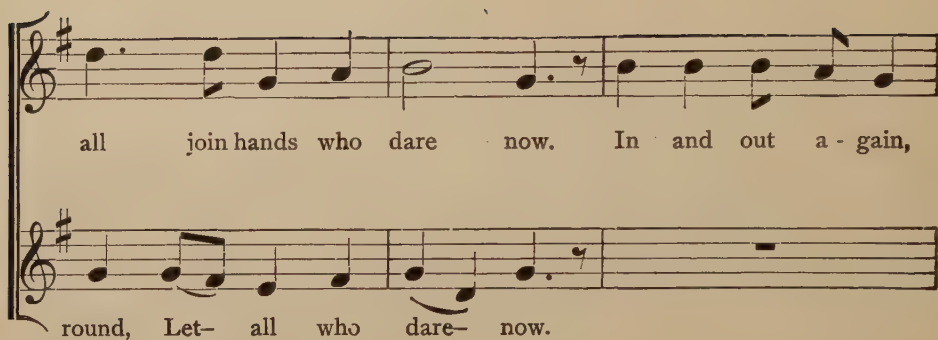
O— let us all be - gin with a

dance, For the heart is free from care now. Come

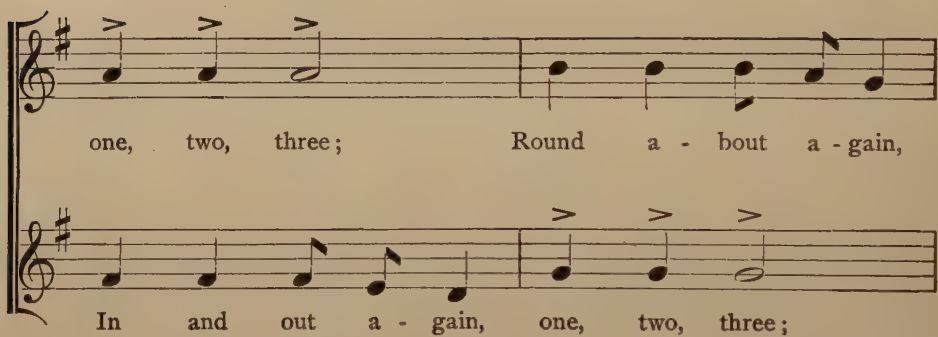
mer - ry, mer - ry dance, We are free from care now.

ev - 'ry man and maid, in a mer - ry, mer - ry round, Let

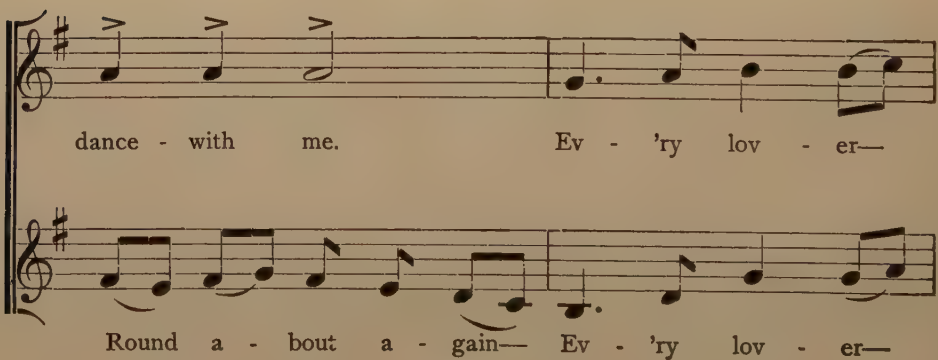
Come ev - 'ry man and maid, in a mer - ry, mer - ry



all join hands who dare now. In and out a - gain,  
round, Let- all who dare- now.



one, two, three; Round a - bout a - gain,  
In and out a - gain, one, two, three;



dance - with me. Ev - 'ry lov - er—  
Round a - bout a - gain— Ev - 'ry lov - er—

and his- lass shall dance the whole night through.

and his- lass shall dance the whole night through.

## 185. The Lark in the Morn

From "Folk-Songs from Somerset" \*

Andante

Accompaniment by  
Cecil J. Sharp

*mp* VOICE I

1. As I— was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the  
2. The lark— in the morn she will rise up from her

VOICE II †

*mp*

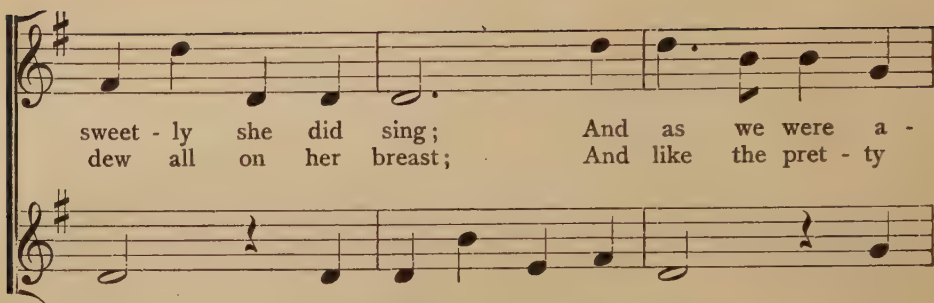
1. As I was walk - ing one morn - ing in the  
2. The lark at morn she will rise up from her

spring, I met— a young dam - sel, so  
nest, And mount— in the air— with the

spring, I met a young dam - sel, so  
nest, And mount in the air— with the

\* By permission of Mr. Sharp.

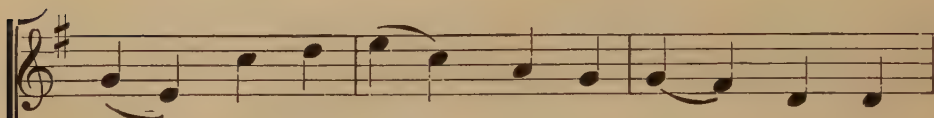
† See foot-note on page 192.



sweet - ly she did sing; And as we were a -  
dew all on her breast; And like the pret - ty



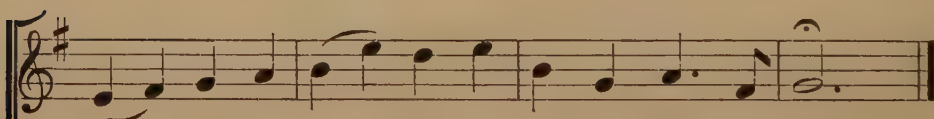
sweet, dew, so sweet - ly she did sing; And  
the dew all on her breast; And



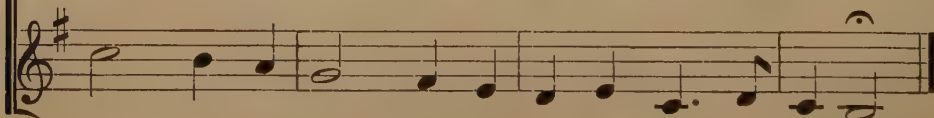
walk - ing these words- she did say: — "There's no  
plough-boy she will whis - tle and sing, — And at



as we were a - walk - ing she did say: — "There's no  
like the plough-boy whis - tle and sing, — And at



life— like a plough - boy's all in the month of May."  
night she'll re - turn— to her own nest back a - gain.



life like a plough - boy's all in the month of May."  
night she'll re - turn to her own nest back a - gain.—

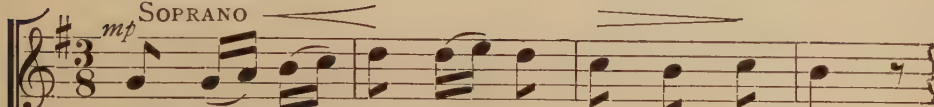
# 186. A Spring Song

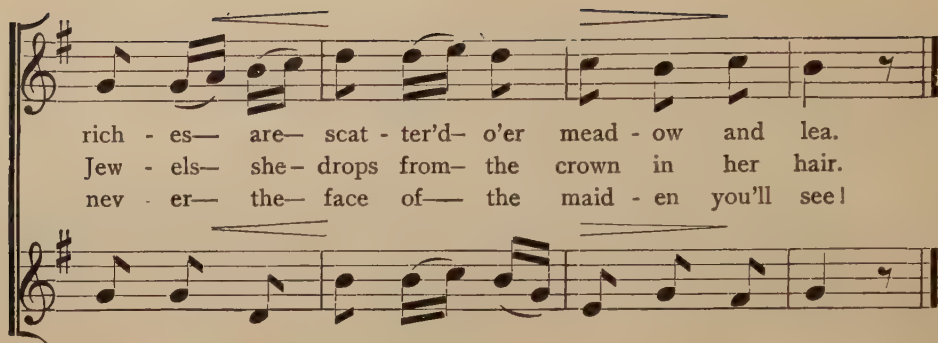
Katherine Davis

German

Con anima

SOPRANO





rich - es— are— scat - ter'd— o'er mead - ow and lea.  
 Jew - els— she— drops from— the crown in her hair.  
 nev - er— the— face of— the maid - en you'll see!

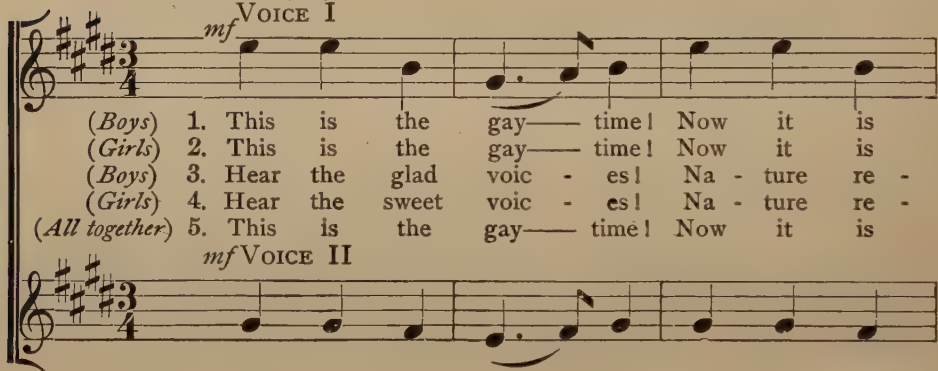
## 187. May Song

Nathan Haskell Dole

Netherlands Air

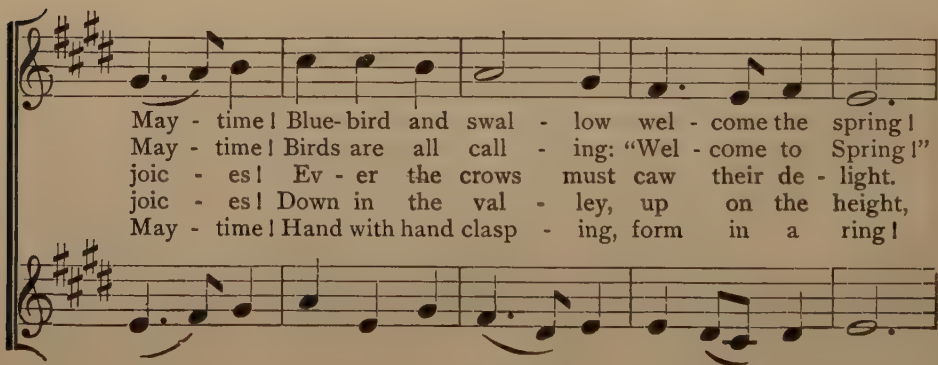
Fast and gaily

*mf* VOICE I



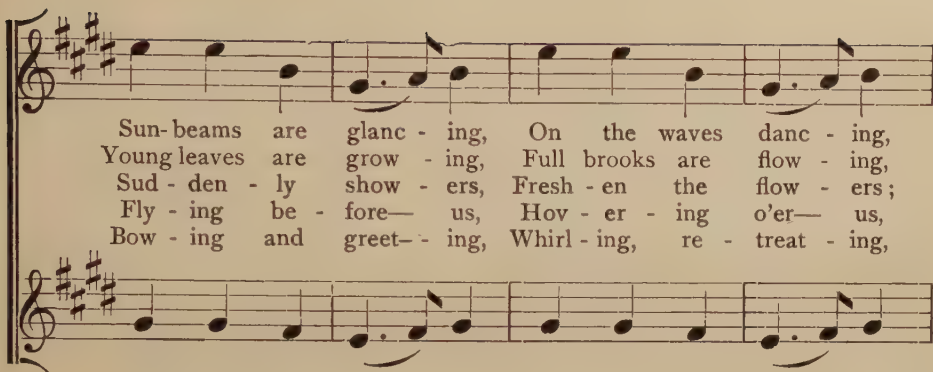
(Boys) 1. This is the gay— time! Now it is  
 (Girls) 2. This is the gay— time! Now it is  
 (Boys) 3. Hear the glad voic - es! Na - ture re -  
 (Girls) 4. Hear the sweet voic - es! Na - ture re -  
 (All together) 5. This is the gay— time! Now it is

*mf* VOICE II

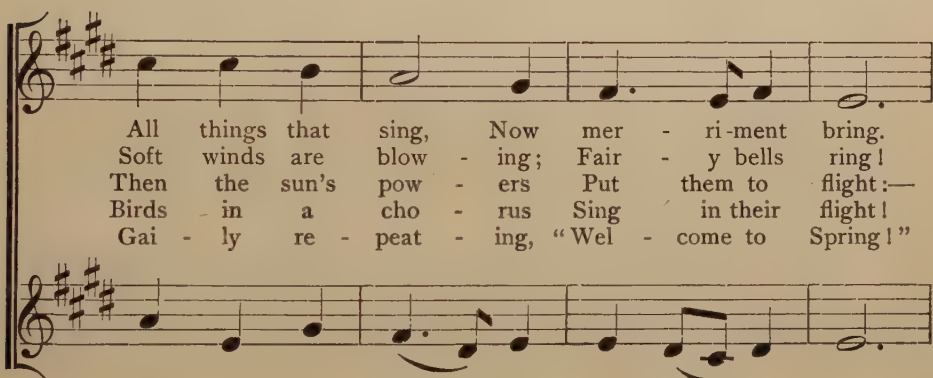


May - time! Blue-bird and swal - low wel - come the spring!  
 May - time! Birds are all call - ing: "Wel - come to Spring!"  
 joic - es! Ev - er the crows must caw their de - light.  
 joic - es! Down in the val - ley, up on the height,  
 May - time! Hand with hand clasp - ing, form in a ring!

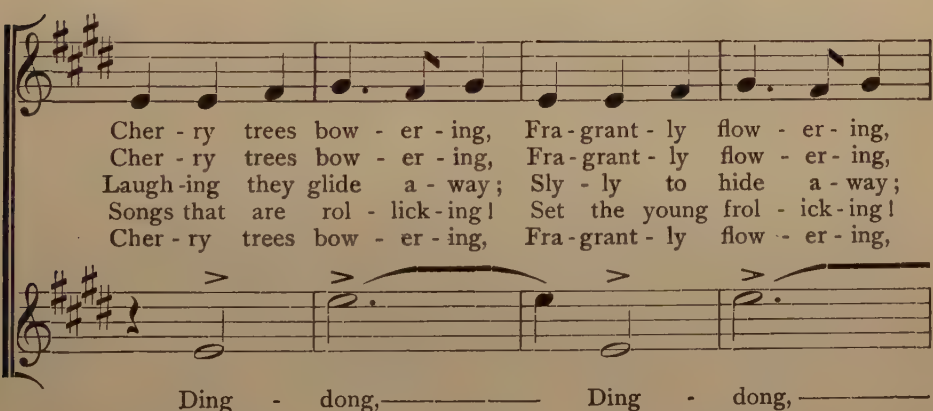




Sun-beams are glanc - ing, On the waves danc - ing,  
 Young leaves are grow - ing, Full brooks are flow - ing,  
 Sud - den - ly show - ers, Fresh - en the flow - ers;  
 Fly - ing be - fore— us, Hov - er - ing o'er— us,  
 Bow - ing and greet - ing, Whirl - ing, re - treat - ing,



All things that sing, Now mer - ri-ment bring.  
 Soft winds are blow - ing; Fair - y bells ring!  
 Then the sun's pow - ers Put them to flight:—  
 Birds - in a cho - rus Sing in their flight!  
 Gai - ly re - peat - ing, "Wel - come to Spring!"



Cher - ry trees bow - er - ing, Fra-grant - ly flow - er - ing,  
 Cher - ry trees bow - er - ing, Fra-grant - ly flow - er - ing,  
 Laugh-ing they glide a - way; Sly - ly to hide a - way;  
 Songs that are rol - lick-ing! Set the young fro - lick-ing!  
 Cher - ry trees bow - er - ing, Fra-grant - ly flow - er - ing,

Ding - dong, ————— Ding - dong, —————

Blos - soms are show - er - ing, Dance we and sing!  
 Blos - soms are show - er - ing, Dance we and sing!  
 They'll come an - oth - er day Doub - ling their might!  
 Spring is a jol - ly king, Crown'd with de - light!  
 Blos - soms are show - er - ing, Dance we and sing!

— Ding - dong, (1.) Now dance we — and sing!  
 (2.) Now dance we — and sing!  
 (3.) Then doub - ling — their might!  
 (4.) All crown'd with — de - light!  
 (5.) Now dance we — and sing!

## 188. Lullaby

A. D. Z.

German

Allegretto

VOICE I

1. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my love - ly — one, Thine —  
 2. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my love - ly — one, Shalt —

VOICE II\*

eyes in slum - ber close, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my  
 thou roam with the moon? Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my

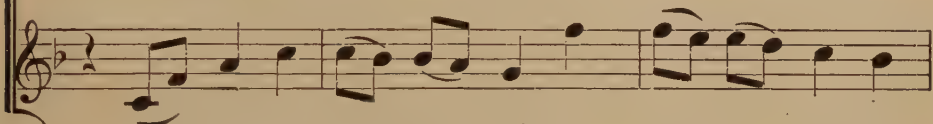
\*See foot-note on page 192.



love - ly — one, Now - sleep in — sweet re - pose. The-  
love - ly — one, Re - turn to — moth - er soon. The-



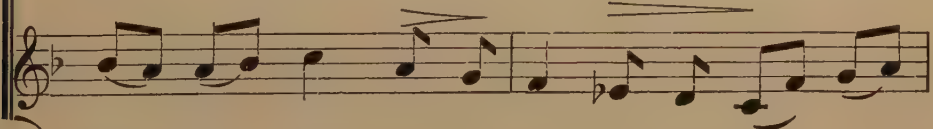
moon so slow - ly sail - ing by, In — beau - ty roams a -  
morn - ing sun new joys will bring, So — lul - la - by with



The - moon now sail - ing — by, In beau - ty — roams a -  
The - sun new joys — will — bring, So lul - la - by with



cross the sky; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my  
moth - er sing; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my



cross — the — sky;  
moth - er — sing;

love ly— one, Now— sleep in sweet re - pose.  
 love - ly— one, Re - turn to moth - er soon.

## 189. Sleighing-time

A. D. Z.

Canadian

Gaily and fast

VOICE I

*mf*

1. O - ver the hard - en'd snow, Glid - ing on  
 2. Then at the foot we turn, Smil - ing as

VOICE II

*mf*

1. O - ver the hard - en'd snow, on  
 2. Then at the foot we turn, and

run - ners still, Fleet as the wind we  
 up we climb, One— more ride to

run - ners— still, Fleet as the  
 up - ward— climb, One— more

go, Mer - ri - ly down the hill.  
earn : So—— goes sleigh - ing time.

wind. we go, Mer - ri - ly down the hill.  
ride to earn : So—— goes sleigh - ing time.

## 190. Columbus

John Erwin  
With swinging rhythm

Italian Melody

*mp* SOPRANO

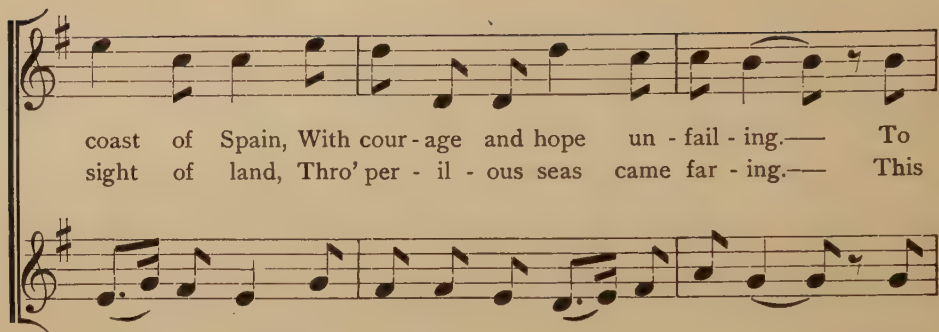
1. O - ver the o - cean Co - lum - bus came, With three lit - tle  
2. Sing in his hon - or a song to - day, The ad - mir - al

*mp* ALTO

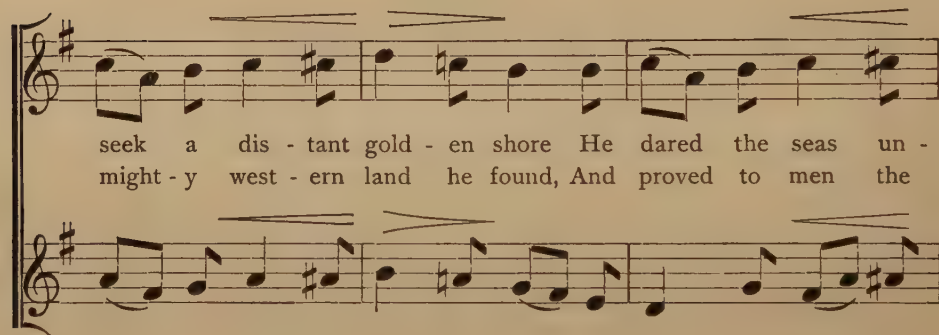
*mf*

ships a - sail - ing;— A - way from a town on the  
bold and dar - ing— Who, day aft - er day with no

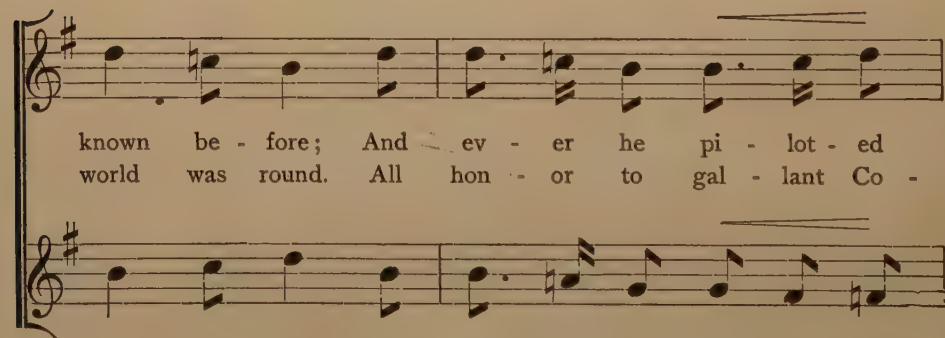
*mf*



coast of Spain, With cour-age and hope un-fail-ing.— To  
sight of land, Thro' per-il-ous seas came far-ing.— This



seek a dis-tant gold-en shore He dared the seas un-  
might-y west-ern land he found, And proved to men the



known be-fore; And ev-er he pi-lot-ed  
world was round. All hon-or to gal-lant Co-



*poco rit.*

west - ward Three lit - tle ships a - sail - ing.—  
lum - bus, Ad - mir - al bold and dar - ing.—

*poco rit.*

## 191. A Dancing Song

A. D. Z.

Swabian

Allegretto

*mf* VOICE I

1. Come dance now, my— neigh - bors, The old fid - dler cried :  
2. Then danc - ing and— sing - ing, The maid - ens— ad - vanc'd,

*mf* VOICE II

Come quick - ly, now— gath - er Your part - ners be - side.  
And with light step and— hand - some The men 'round them danc'd.

For the har - vest - is - done 'Tis the time now - for - fun;  
In the gay can - dle - light Man - y col - ors - shone bright,

*cresc.* *f*

Come - dance now, my - neigh - bors, The mu - sic's - be - gun.  
And the old fid - dler's mu - sic Mad mer - ry - the night.

*cresc.* *f*

## 192. Fairy Music

Katherine Davis  
Un poco allegretto  
SOPRANO

French

*p* SOPRANO

1. When the sil - ver dew - is - fall - ing On the  
2. Un - der - neath the sigh - ing - pop - lars Fair - y

*p* ALTO\*

1. When the sil - ver - dew is - fall - ing On the -  
2. Un - der - neath the sigh - ing - pop - lars Fair - y -

\* The alto melody is a modified form of one written for this song by Mr. Frederick Sturges Andrews. Handel derived from this tune the theme of his "Harmonious Blacksmith."

mead - ow — si - lent - ly,      When the — gold - en  
voic - es — sweet - ly sing,      Lost in — won - der,

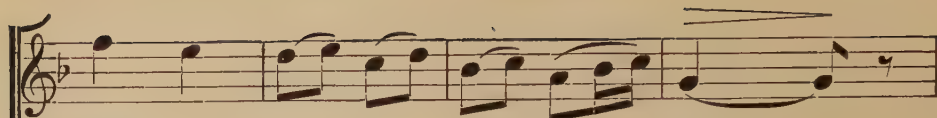
mead - ow — si - lent - ly, —      When the gold - en —  
voic - es — sweet - ly — sing, —      Lost in won - der, —

*poco cresc.*      *mf*  
moon is — swing - ing      High a - bove the — pop - lar  
lost — in — dream - ing,      Soft I      hear the — mu - sic

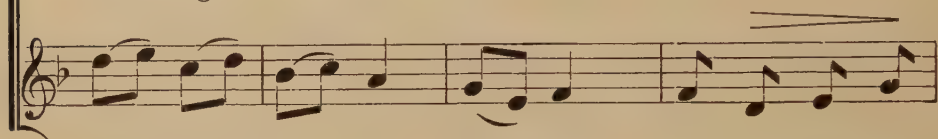
*poco cresc.*      *mf*  
moon      is swing - ing — High a - bove the      pop - lar —  
lost      in dream - ing — Soft I — hear the      mu - sic —

*mp*      *p*  
tree,      There comes a mu - sic, far, — faint — mu - sic,  
ring,      A - down the mead - ow, through the — moon - light,

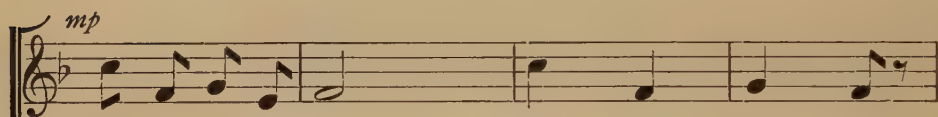
*mp*      *p*  
tree, —  
ring, —



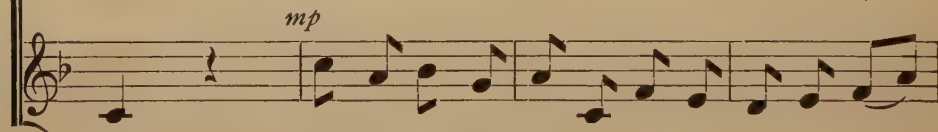
Played on fair - y — pipes so — light : —  
Throb - bing in — the — twi - light — gray : —



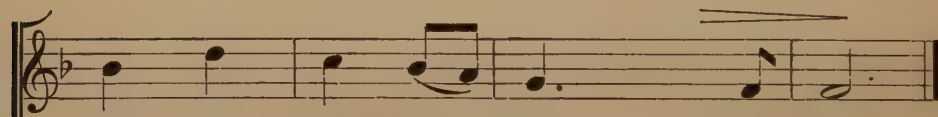
Played on — fair - y pipes, — on fair - y pipes so  
Throb - bing — in — the twi - light, in the twi - light



La la la la la la la la la la,  
La la la la la la la la la la,



light : La la la la la la la la la la la, —  
gray : La la la la la la la la la la la, —



Mag - ic mu - sic — in the night.  
Faint - er, faint - er, — far a - way.



Mag - ic — flutes — mu - sic in the night.  
Faint - er, — faint - er, far — a - way.

# 193. Boating Song

Katherine Davis

Like a barcarolle

Croatian

SOPRANO



1. Where we go drift - ing,

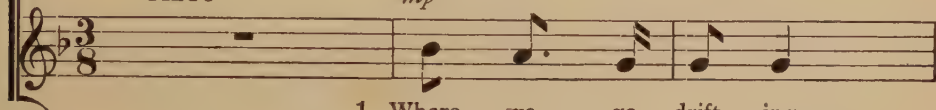
Slow runs the

2. Where we go drift - ing,

Hush'd runs the

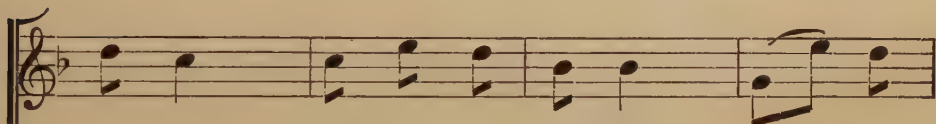
ALTO

*mp*



1. Where we go drift - ing,

2. Where we go drift - ing,

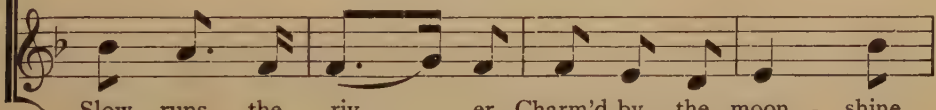


riv - er, Charm'd by the moon-shine,

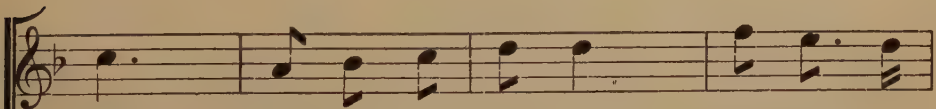
snow - y

riv - er, Wood-land and mead - ow,

si - lence



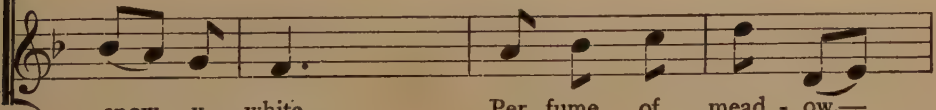
Slow runs the riv - er, Charm'd by the moon - shine,  
Hush'd runs the riv - er, Wood-land and mead - ow,



white.  
keep.

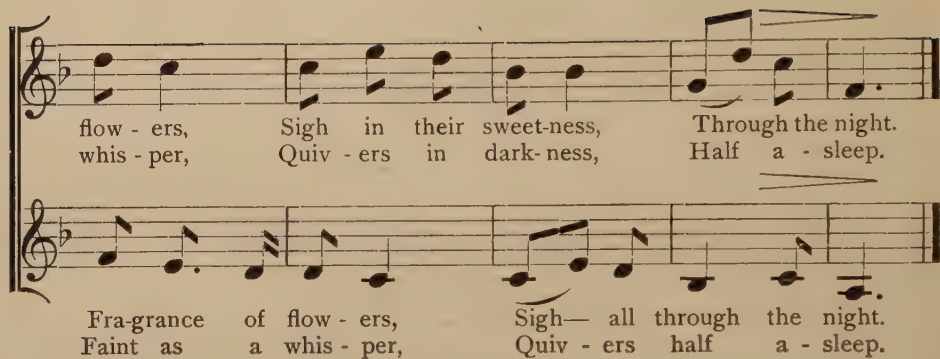
Per - fume of mead - ow,  
On - ly a rip - ple,

Fra-grance of  
Faint as a



snow - y white.  
si - lence keep.

Per - fume of mead - ow,—  
On - ly a rip - ple,—



flow - ers, Sigh in their sweet-ness, Through the night.  
whis - per, Quiv - ers in dark-ness, Half a - sleep.

Fra-grance of flow - ers, Sigh— all through the night.  
Faint as a whis - per, Quiv - ers half a - sleep.

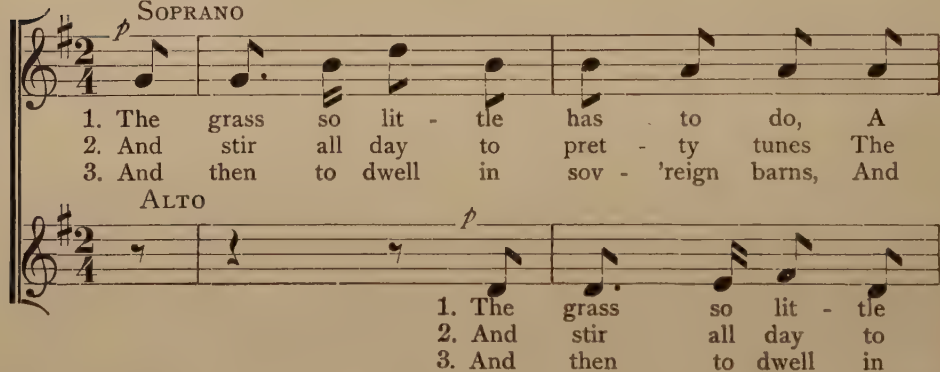
## 194. The Grass

Emily Dickinson

Swiss

Allegretto

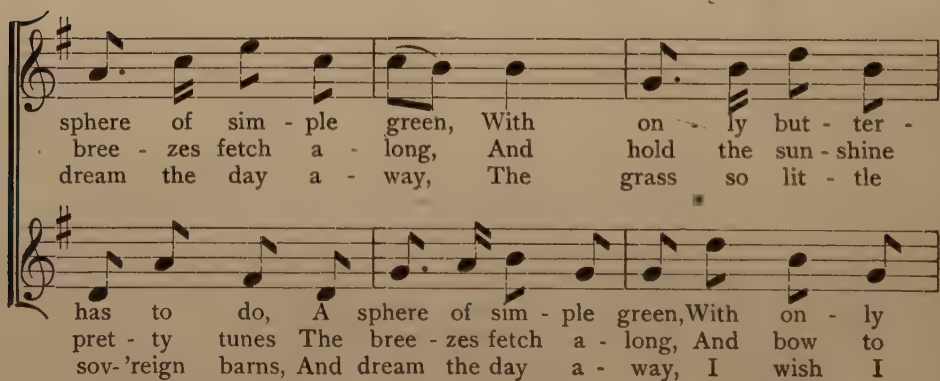
SOPRANO



1. The grass so lit - tle has to do, A  
2. And stir all day to pret - ty tunes The  
3. And then to dwell in sov - 'reign barns, And

ALTO

1. The grass so lit - tle  
2. And stir all day to  
3. And then to dwell in



sphere of sim - ple green, With on - ly but - ter -  
bree - zes fetch a - long, And hold the sun - shine  
dream the day a - way, The grass so lit - tle

has to do, A sphere of sim - ple green, With on - ly  
pret - ty tunes The bree - zes fetch a - long, And bow to  
sov - 'reign barns, And dream the day a - way, I wish I

\* See foot-note on page 192



flies to brood, And bees to en - ter - tain.  
in its lap, And bow to ev - 'ry - thing.  
has to do, I wish I were the hay!

but - ter - flies to en - ter - tain.  
ev - 'ry - thing, to ev - 'ry - thing.  
were the hay! I were the hay!

## 195. Sunny Spain

Katherine Davis

Spanish

Allegretto

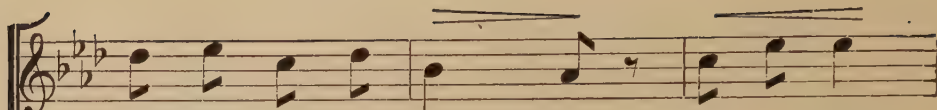
SOPRANO

*mp*  
1. Ho la la! Hear the voic - es 'neath the win - dows  
2. Ho la la! Thro' the dark - ness comes the mu - sic


ALTO  
*mp*  
1. Ho la la! Voic - es 'neath the  
2. Ho la la! Thro' the dark - ness

sing - ing; Ho la la! Hear the sound of  
sigh - ing; Ho la la! Faint the voic - es


win - dows sing - ing; Ho! Ho la la! Hear the  
mu - sic—sigh - ing; Ho! Ho la la! Faint the



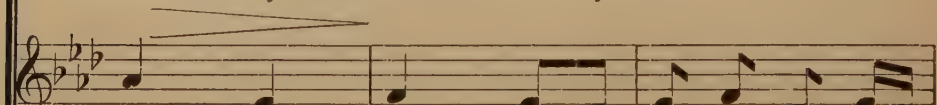
sweet gui - tars a - ring - ing. Sun - ny Spain,  
down the breeze are dy - ing. Tho' we rove




sound of gui - tars ring - ing. Sun - ny—  
voic - es dy - ing.— Tho' we—




fair thou art with gar - dens all a - glow - ing;  
far a - way our hearts will al - ways treas - ure



Spain, fair thou with— gar - dens glow - ing,—  
rove a - way our— hearts will treas - ure,—



Ho la la! Runs our song while hap - py hours are flow - ing.  
Sun - ny Spain, all thy mirth and ma - gic days of pleas - ure.



Ho! Ho la la! hap - py hours are flow - ing.  
Ho! Ho la la! all thy mirth and pleasure.

# 196. The Dryad and the Sunbeam

Everett H. Smith

Russian

Allegretto

VOICE I

Once a lit - tle dry - ad danc - - ing light - ly

VOICE II

Once a lit - tle dry - ad

By a spark - ling foun - tain, Saw a ray of sun - shine

danc - ing light - ly By a spark - ling foun - tain,

glanc - ing light - ly On a dis - tant moun - tain,

Saw a ray of sun - shine glanc - ing light - ly On a dis - tant

\* See foot-note on page 192.

Quick - ly run - ning said she: "Hail, A - pol - lo!

moun - - tain, Quick - ly run - ning said she:

*p* *mf* *p* *mp*

Fare - well, stu - pid foun - tain! Lo, it is the Sun - god;

"Hail, A - pol - lo! Fare - well, stu - pid foun - - tain!

*mf*

I must fol - low swift - ly to the moun - tain."

Lo, it is the Sun - god; I must fol - low swift - ly to the

Meno mosso

*p*

Ev - er af - ter griev - ing, slow - ly dy - ing,

*p*

moun - - - tain." Ev - er af - ter griev - ing,

Fell the lone - ly foun - tain, And the lit - tle dry - ad

slow - ly dy - ing, Fell the lone - ly foun - - - tain,

wan - der'd sigh-ing O'er the dis - tant moun - tain.

And the lit - tle dry - ad wan-der'd sighing O'er the dis - tant moun-tain.

# 197. A Song of Seasons

Lorraine d'O. Warner

Hungarian \*

Lively

SOPRANO

1. Heigh - O! Now from the eaves no sound is drip - ping,  
 2. Heigh - O! The ap - ples, gai - ly pet - al - fling - ing,  
 3. Heigh - O! A la - zy bur - ly bee is hum - ming,  
 4. Heigh - O! The leaves are flame and cop - per fall - ing,

*f* *p*

Feel how the frost is sharp and nip - ping, Thro' night the  
 Toss out a rob - in, sing - ing, wing - ing, O'er fields with  
 And eve - ning's hot with crick - ets drum - ming; The la - dy  
 Out from the sea the nets are haul - ing; High up a

*f* *p*

*f* *Faster*

stars are slip - ping; Clap your hands, And shout for win - ter  
 flow - ers spring - ing, Clap your hands, Sing ho! for A - pril  
 moon is com - ing, Clap your hands, It's gold - en Sum - mer  
 grey goose call - ing. Clap your hands, It's toss - ing Au - tumn

*f*

\* This Folk-tune is used by Brahms in one of his Hungarian Dances.



weath - er; Laugh at cold, We're coast-ing to - geth - er.  
 weath - er; Touch the soil, We're plough-ing to - geth - er.  
 weath - er; Watch at dawn, We'll wan-der to - geth - er.  
 weath - er; Hail, great storm, We're trudg-ing to - geth - er.

## 198. The Bugle Call

Katherine Davis  
In marching time  
SOPRANO

Westphalian

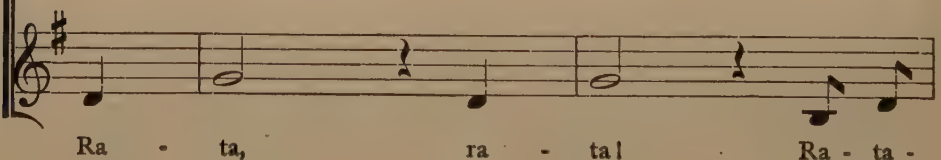
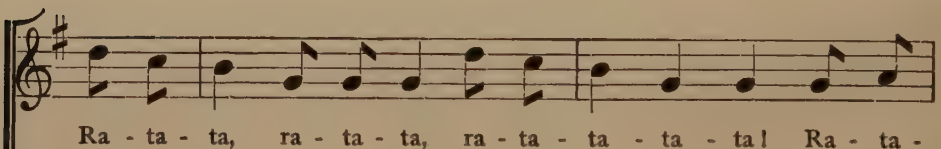
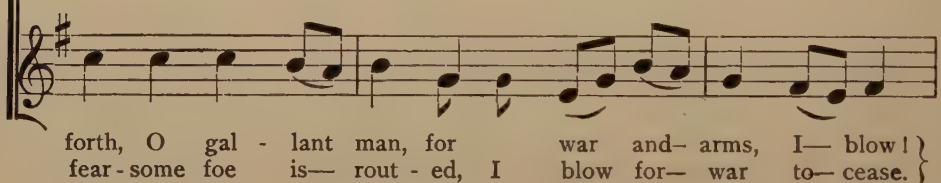
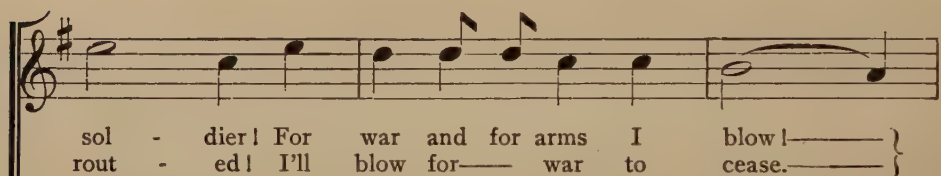
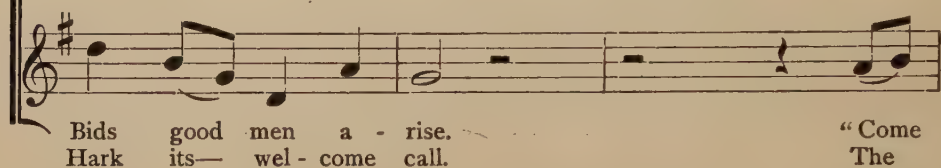
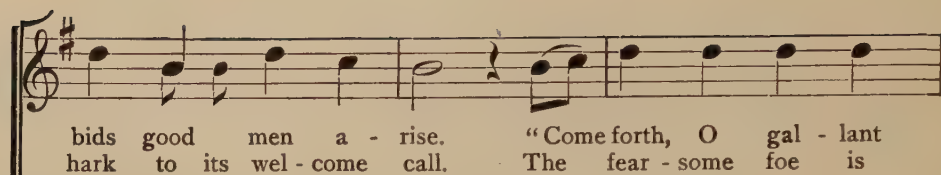
1. O hear the bu - gle call - - - ing Be -  
 2. O hear the bu - gle call - - - ing As the

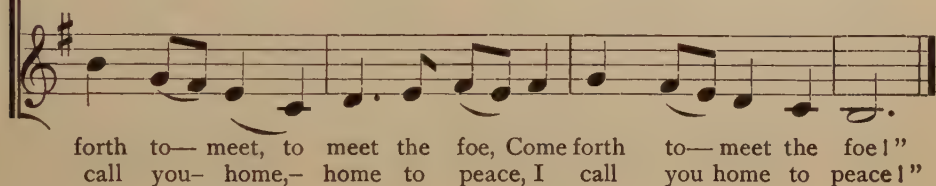
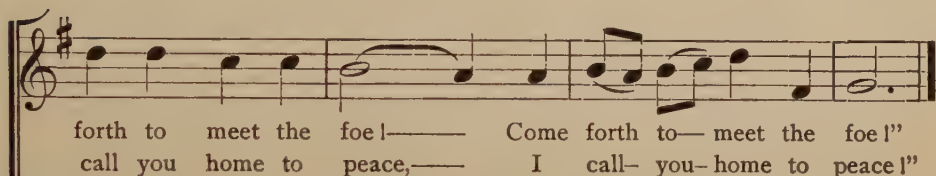
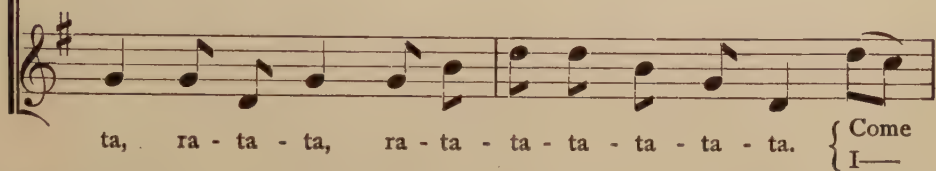
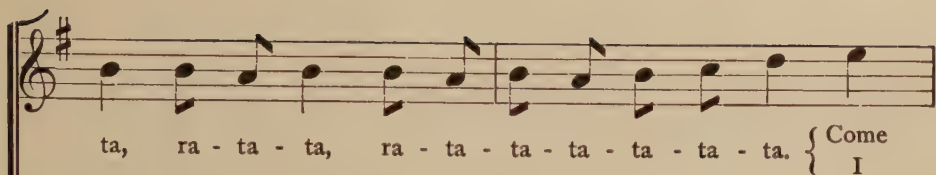
ALTO *mf*

1. O hear the bu - gle call  
 2. O hear the bu - gle call

neath the morn-ing skies, O'er hill and dale re-sound - ing It-  
 eve - ning shad-ows fall, O'er hill and dale re-sound - ing O-

'Neath the morn-ing skies, O'er hill and dale,  
 As the shad-ows fall, O'er hill and dale,





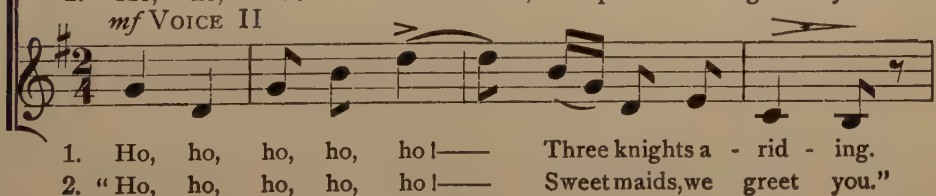
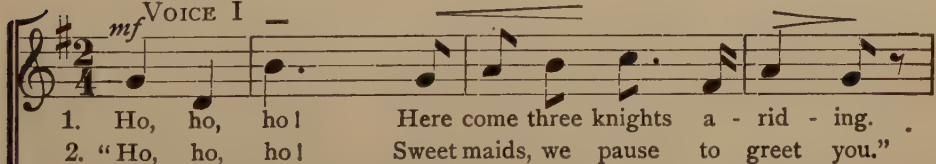
## 199. Here come three knights a-riding


Katherine Davis

Croatian


Andante

VOICE I







Hush, hush, hush! Three maids at lat - tice hid - ing,  
 "Oh, oh, oh! Fair sirs, we're pleased to meet you."



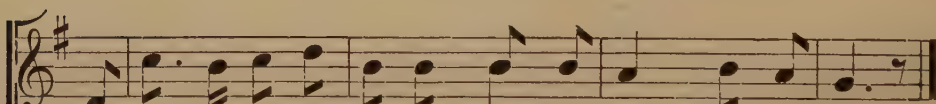
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! — Three maids a - hid - ing,  
 "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! — We're pleased to meet you."



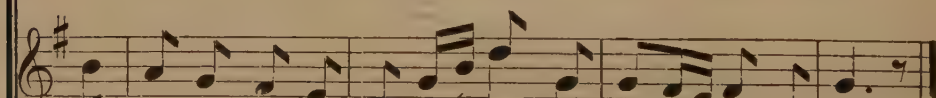
Spy up - on the gal - lant knights in ar - mour so gay,  
 "Fair your eyes as az - ure skies, and gold - en your hair ;



Spy up - on the gal - lant knights in ar - mor gay,  
 "Fair your eyes, and gold - en your hair, your hair ;



Oh, fie up - on you gal - lant knights, now ride not a - way.  
 Oh, ne'er in all the world we'll find — maid - ens so fair."



Oh, fie up - on you gal - lant knights, now ride — not a - way.  
 Oh, ne'er in all the world we'll find — maid - ens so fair."

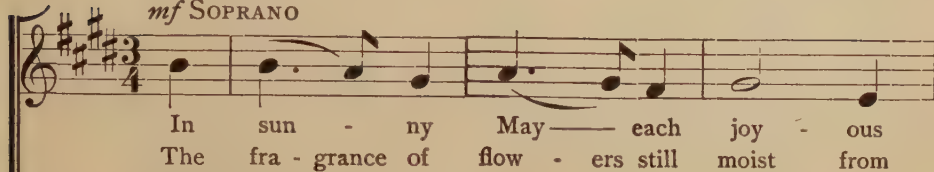
# 200. In sunny May

Anita Zahn

German

With quiet joy and breadth

*mf* SOPRANO

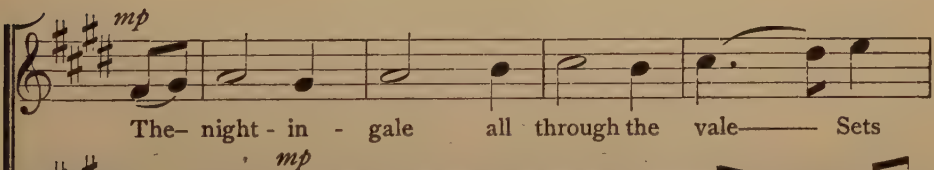


In sun - ny May — each joy - ous  
The fra - grance of flow - ers still moist from

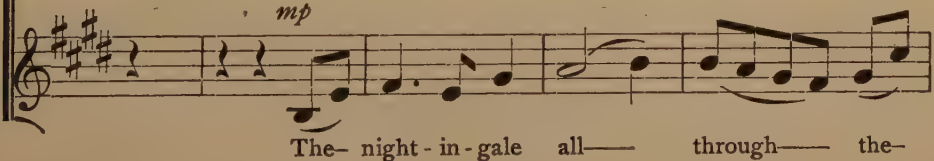
*mf* ALTO




day — is fill'd with bird - song so bright. —  
show - ers, a - wak - ens heart's — de - light. —

*mp*  
The- night - in - gale all through the vale — Sets



*mp*  
The- night - in - gale all — through — the—

ech - oes sing - ing his lay. —————

vale ——— Sets — ech - - oes sing - ing his lay.

*mf* All joy — is height - en'd, sor - - row

*mf* All joy — is height - en'd, sor - - row

light - en'd, by ring - ing mel - o - dies — of May l —

light-en'd, by ring - ing mel - o - dies of May l —



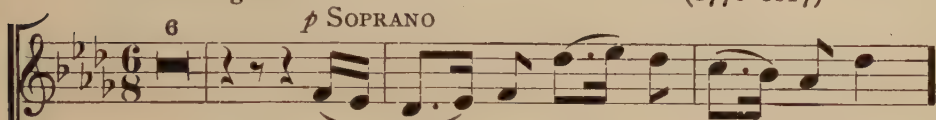
# 201. Behold, my love, how green the groves

Scotch

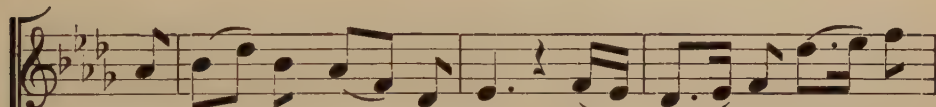
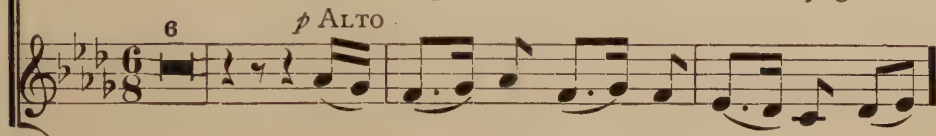
Andante grazioso

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770-1827)



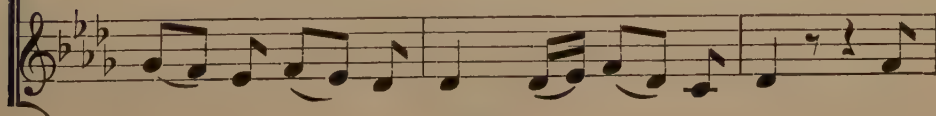
1. Be - hold, - my love, - how green the groves,
2. Let - min - strels sweep - the skil - ful string,
3. The - shep - herd in - the flow - 'ry glen




The prim - rose banks, how fair,      The - balm - y gales a -  
 In lord - ly, light - ed ha'.      The - shep - herd stops his  
 In shep - herd's phrase will woo;      The - court - ier tells - a


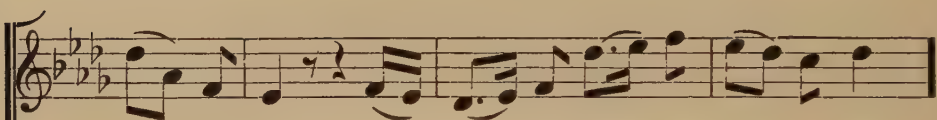


wake the flow'rs, And wave thy flax - en hair.      The  
 sim - ple reed, Blythe in - the birk - en shaw.      The  
 fin - er tale, But is - his heart as true?      These

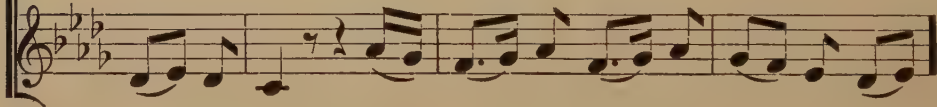
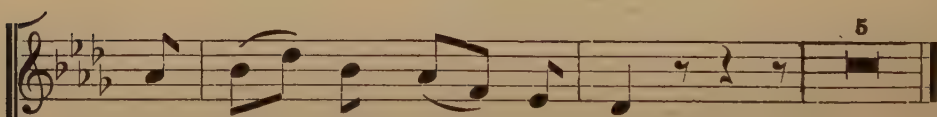




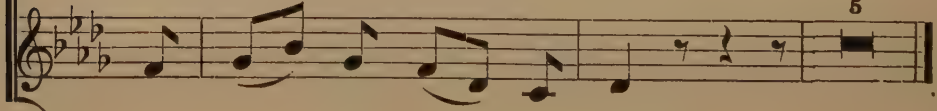
lav - rock shuns the pal - ace gay, And o'er— the  
 prince - ly rev - el may- sur- vey Our rus - tic  
 wild - wood flow'rs I've pull'd to deck That spot - less

cot - tage sings, For— Na - ture smiles as sweet, I ween,  
 dance wi' scorn; But— are there hearts as light as ours  
 breast o' thine: The— court-ier's gems may wit - ness love,

To shep - herds as— to kings.  
 Be - neath the milk - white thorn?  
 But 'tis— na love— like mine.



# 202. Agatha, Jane, and fair Marie

Katherine Davis

French

Allegretto

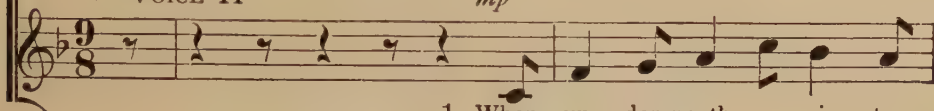
VOICE I



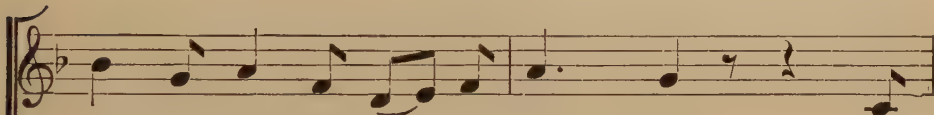
- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| 1. When un - der-neath a win - ter sky, | The |
| 2. When on a cloud - y aft - er - noon, | I   |
| 3. When on a frost - y win - ter's day, | I   |

VOICE II

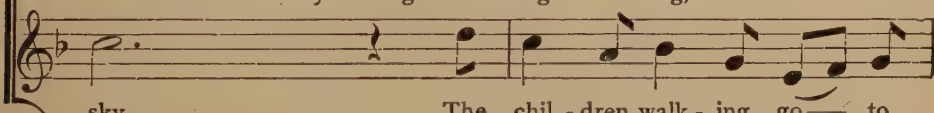
*mp*



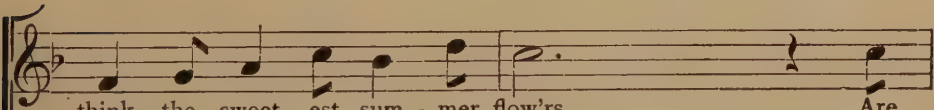
- |                                    |
|------------------------------------|
| 1. When un - der-neath a win - ter |
| 2. When on a cloud - y aft - er -  |
| 3. When on a frost - y win - ter's |



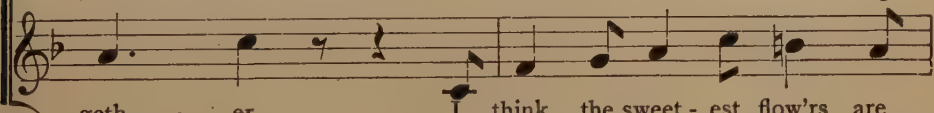
chil - dren walk - ing go - to - geth - er,	I
see them trip - ping past - me light - ly,	The
hear their mer - ry laugh - ter ring - ing,	I



sky,	The chil - dren walk - ing go - to
noon,	I see them trip - ping past - me
day,	I hear their mer - ry laugh - ter



think the sweet - est sum - mer flow'rs	Are
shad - ows seem to fade a - way	As
think the sweet - est sum - mer birds	Up -



geth - er,	I think the sweet - est flow'rs are
light - ly,	The shad - ows fade a - way as
ring - ing,	I think the sweet - est sum - mer

*mp*

bloom - ing in the frost - y weath - er,      There go the three, }  
 tho' the sun were shin - ing bright - ly,      There go the three, }  
 on the leaf - less boughs are sing - ing.      There go the three, }

*mp*

bloom - ing in frost - y weath - er,      There go— the—three, }  
 though— the sun—shone bright - ly,      There go— the—three, }  
 birds— on boughs are sing - ing.      There go— the—three, }

So sweet to see,      Ag - a - tha, Jane, and fair      Ma - rie.

So— sweet to see,—      Ag - a - tha, Jane, and fair—Ma - rie.

## 203. Spring Song

Anonymous

Polish

Allegretto

*mf*

1. May is here, the world re - joic - es,      Earth puts  
 2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick - et call - ing,      Wake the  
 3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voic - es,      Sky and



on her smiles to greet her; Grove and field lift  
woods to sounds of glad - ness; Hark, the long drawn  
field and wood and riv - er; With their heart our

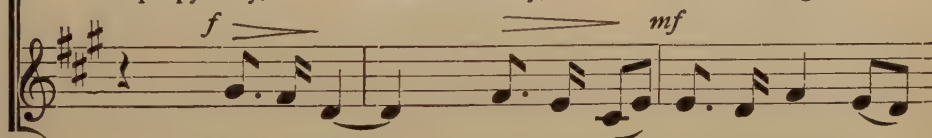


up their voic - es, Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her.  
notes are fall - ing, Sad but pleas - ant in their sad - ness. }  
heart re - joic - es; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er. }

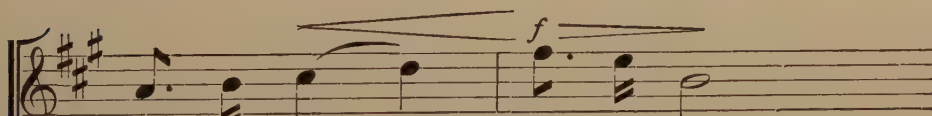
### CHORUS



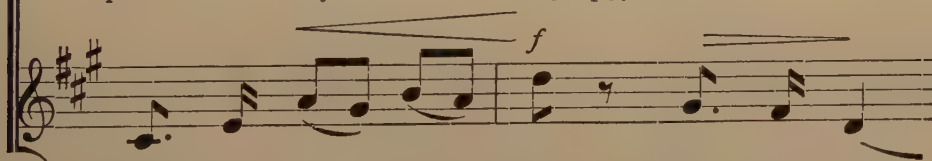
Hap - py May, blithe-some May, Win - ter's reign has



Hap - py May,— blithe-some May, Win - ter's reign has—



pass'd a - way,— Hap - py May,



pass'd a - way,— a - way. Hap - py May,—

blithe-some May, Win-ter's reign has pass'd a - way.

blithe-some May, Win-ter's reign has - pass'd a - way.

## 204. May-day Song

Traditional

English

Moderately slow

SOPRANO

1. The moon shines bright, The stars— give a light, A  
2. A - wake, a - wake! O pret - ty, pret - ty maid, Out

*mp* ALTO

1. The moon shines bright, The— stars— give a light, A  
2. A - wake, a - wake! O — pret - ty, pret - ty maid, Out

lit - tle be - fore 'tis day, Our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, He  
of— your drow - sy dream, And step in - to your—

lit - tle be - fore - 'tis— day, — Our—heav'n-ly— Fa - ther, He  
of— your drow - sy— dream, And step in - to your—



*poco rit.* *a tempo*

call - ed to us And bid us to wake and pray.  
dai - ry be - low And fetch me a bowl of cream.

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

call - ed to us And— bid— us to wake and— pray.  
dai - ry be - low And— fetch— me a bowl of— cream.

## 205. It was a lover and his lass

William Shakespeare

Adapted from Thomas Morley

Allegretto

SOPRANO

*mp* *mf*

1. It— was a lov - er and his lass,  
2. This— car - ol they be - gan that hour, } With a  
3. And— there - fore take the pres - ent time, }

*mp* ALTO

hey, and a ho, And a hey non - ny

*mf*

And a hey non - ny

no, And a hey—— non - ny, non - ny no,

no, And a - hey non - ny, non - ny no,

*mp*

(1.) That o'er the green corn - field did pass,  
 (2.) How that a life was but a flow'r, } In spring-time,  
 (3.) For love is crown - ed with the prime,

*mp*

In

*mf*

In spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty

*mf*

spring - time, In spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty

ring time, When birds do sing, Hey ding - a - ding - a -

ring- time, When birds do sing, Hey

ding, Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, Hey

ding - a - ding - a - ding, Hey ding - a - ding - a -

ding - a - ding - a - ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.


ding ding ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

# 206. Trip it, trip it in a ring \*

Anonymous  
Allegro vivace  
SOPRANO

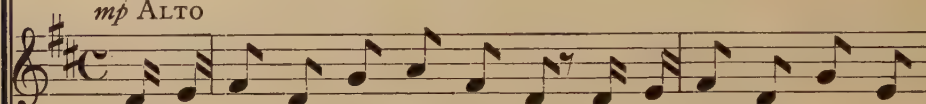
Henry Purcell  
(1658-1695)

*mp* SOPRANO




Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it in a


*mp* ALTO



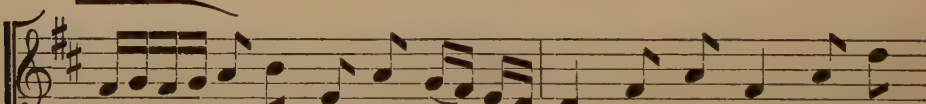
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it in a




ring, A - round, a - round



ring, A - round, a - round, a - round

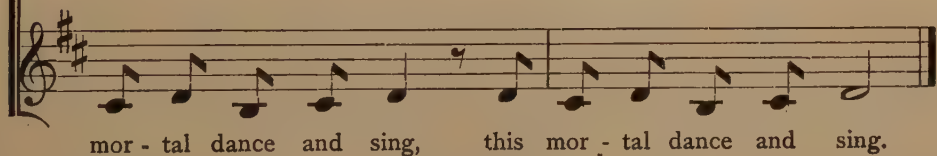
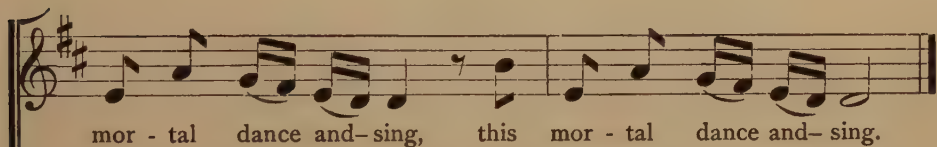
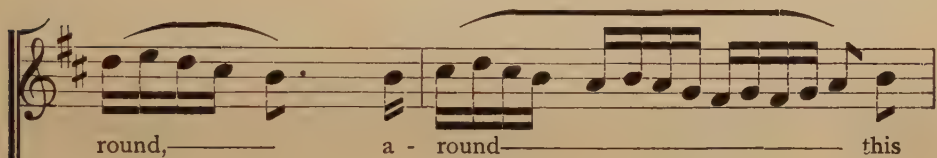
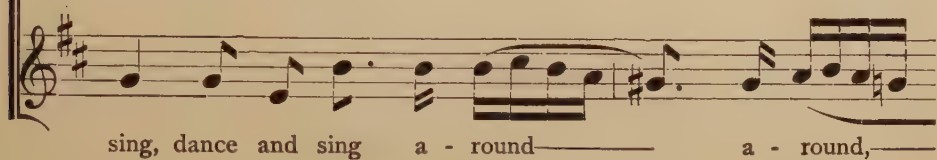


this mor - tal dance and sing, dance and sing, dance and



this mor - tal dance and sing, dance and sing, dance and

\* This song was originally written for soprano and bass. The adaptation to soprano and alto required very few and slight changes in the melody for bass and in the accompaniment.



# 207. Pluck ye rosès while they bloom

Elisabeth Kulmann

Robert Schumann

With animation, but not too fast

(1810-1856)

*p* SOPRANO *fp*

1. Pluck ye ro - ses while they bloom, Wreathe them round your  
2. O be glad while bides the May, Sweet- are sum - mer

*p* ALTO *fp*

*p*

tress - es, Chil - dren all a - May - ing come, While the sun - shine  
flow - ers, Soon will win - ter have his prey, And be - reave the

*p*

*fp*

bless - es, While the sun - shine bless - es!  
bow - ers, And be - reave the bow - ers!

*fp*



*p*

3. Then the world is nar - rowed quite, Dark the

*p*

days are drear - y, Then we think of past de - light,

*fp*

Work - ing - till we're wea - ry. Pluck ye

*fp*

ro - ses while they bloom, Wreathe them round your tress - es

Chil - dren all a - May - ing come, While the sun - shine

bless - es, While the sun - shine bless - es,

## 208. The Guardian Angel

English version by  
Katherine Davis  
Allegretto

César Franck  
(1822-1890)

SOPRANO 3 *p dolce*

Watch o - ver me when I am wak - ing,

ALTO 3 *p dolce*

*poco cresc.*

O an - gel bright with wings out-spread, And ev - 'ry

*poco cresc.*

*mf* *dim.*

night when I— am sleep-ing, Bend a - bove my lit - tle bed,

*mf* *dim.*



me a - long- the way; O stay!

me a - long- the way; O speak! O speak!

O stay! Watch o - ver me when I am wak - ing, O

O stay! Watch o - ver me when I am wak - ing, O

*poco cresc.*

an - gel bright with wings out-spread, And ev - 'ry night when

*poco cresc.*

an - gel bright with wings out-spread, And ev - 'ry night when

*mf* *dim.*

I — am sleep - ing, Bend a - bove my lit - tle bed,

*mf* *dim.*

*p* *dim.* *pp*

Guard - ing me, guard - ing me, Bend a - bove my lit - tle bed;

*p* *dim.* *pp*

*poco rinforzando* *dim.*

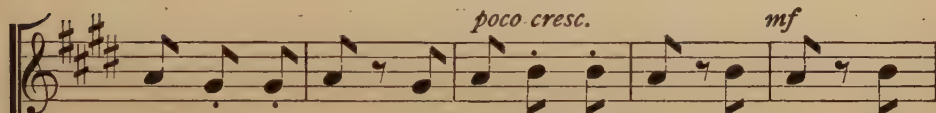
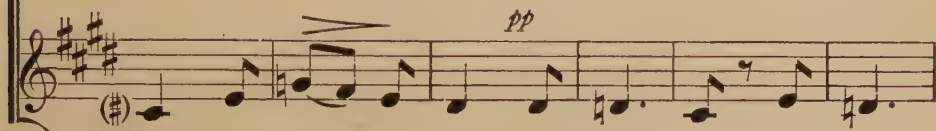
And while I hear the words you say, Lest I should

*poco rinforzando* *dim.*

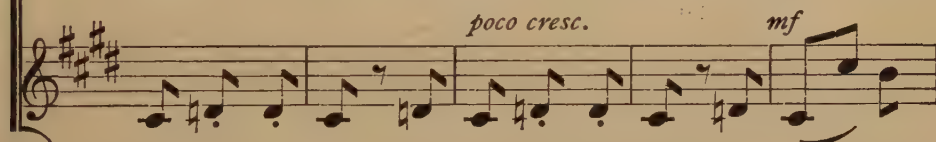




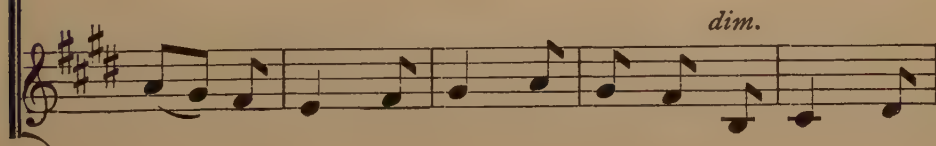
fall or lose - my way, Good an - gel, good an -



gel, Let me hold your hand, let me hold your hand. Watch



o - ver me when I am wak - ing, O an - gel



*poco cresc.*

bright, with wings out-spread, And ev - 'ry night when I— am

*poco cresc.*

*mf* *dim.* *p dim.*

sleep - ing, Bend a - bove my lit - tle bed, Guard - ing me,

*mf* *dim.* *p dim.*

*pp* *rall. poco a poco*

guard - ing me, Bend a - bove my lit - tle bed.

*pp* *rall. poco a poco*

*pp* *lento*

Watch o - ver me, Watch o - ver me.

## 209. At the Cradle

English version by  
Katherine Davis

César Franck  
(1822-1890)

Allegretto  
SOPRANO

*p dolce*

In his swad - ling clothes all—

ALTO *p dolce*

fresh and white, The moth - er was rock - ing her child one night.

*p*

Soft : flew her voice as a bird slow - ly wing - ing ;

As she held him warm, and she croon'd him low The-

lul - la - by that moth - ers sing.- But the lit - tle child to—

sleep would not go. "Je - sus sweet," whis - per'd his moth - er with

sighs, "O slum - ber, my lamb, and close your eyes; O

sleep, for 'tis late, the can - dle's burn - ing low; —

*p*

Wea - ry are your limbs, and your cheeks flush'd deep,

*pp* *poco rall.*

O rest you, my son, as I rock you slow - ly."

*a tempo* *rall.* *p a tempo*

But the ba - by boy would not go to sleep. Then



Ma - ry bent her- gold - en head, And-gazed on the boy in his

soft lit - tle bed, " Ah, you wake-ful child, hear your moth-er's sighs,-

Rest, my tired- boy, now see your moth - er weep!"

The tears— fall - ing from her eyes. That mo - ment

*dim.*  
Je - sus fell a - sleep, Je - sus fell a - sleep;—

*pp rall.* 3  
— The Child fell a - sleep.—

# 210. O spirit sweet of summer-time

William Allingham

Irish

Andante

SOPRANO I



1. O spir - it sweet of — sum - mer - time, Bring

2. Bring back the sing - ing, — Bring — the scent Of

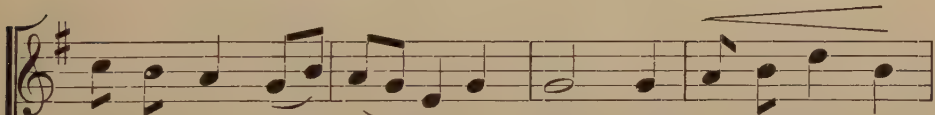
*mp* SOPRANO II



1. O spir - it sweet of sum - mer - time, Bring

2. Bring back the sing - ing, Bring — the scent Of

*mp* ALTO



back the ro - ses — to — the dells, The swal - low from her  
mead-ow-lands at — dew - y prime; O bring a - gain my



back the ro - ses — to — the dells, The swal - low from her  
mead-ow-lands at — dew - y prime; O bring a - gain my



*mp*

dis - tant clime, The hon - ey - bee from drow - sy cells.  
heart's con - tent, Thou spir - it sweet of— sum - mer time.

*mp*

dis - tant-clime, The hon - ey - bee from drow - sy cells.  
heart's con - tent, Thou spir - it sweet of— sum - mer time.

*mp*

## 211. God, our loving Father

Richard Compton  
Slowly and reverently

Finnish

*p* SOPRANO I

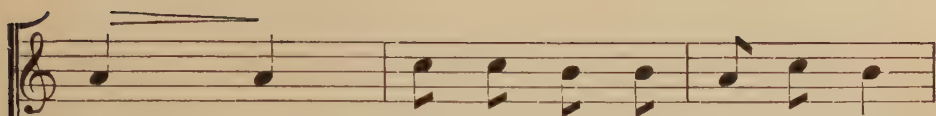
1. Who made o - cean, earth and sky? }  
2. Who made lakes and riv - ers blue? } God, our lov - ing

SOPRANO II\*

ALTO *p*

\*The Second Soprano part may be omitted.

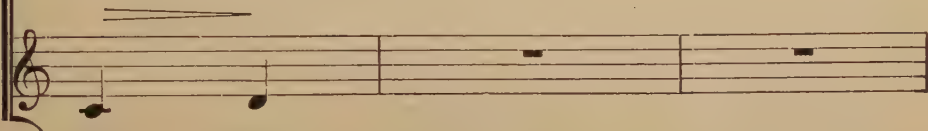
1-2. God, our



Fa - ther. { Who made sun and moon on high?  
Who made snow and rain and dew? }



God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.



Fa - ther.



God, our lov - ing Fa - ther. { Who made all the  
He made lit - tle



God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.



God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

\* See foot-note on page 192.

birds that fly? }  
chil - dren, too: } God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

God, our Fa - ther.

## 212. - Dance Song

Katherine Davis

Swedish

Lively

SOPRANO I

*mf*

1. O come, come a - long, come, come a - long, Come let us dance to -  
2. O soft in the air, soft in the air, Hear how the fid - dle's

SOPRANO II\*

*mf*

1. Come, dance to -  
2. Hear fid - dle's

ALTO

*mf*

1. O come, come a - long, Come dance to -  
2. O soft in the air, Hear fid - dle's

\* Soprano II is an optional third part.



*mf*

geth - er, O come, come a - way, come, come a - way,  
 sigh - ing, O sweet on the breeze, sweet on the breeze,

geth - er,  
 sigh - ing,

*mf*

geth - er, O come, come a - way,  
 sigh - ing, O sweet on the breeze,

*mp*

O will you dance with me? — So light - ly I'll  
 Hear how the mu - sic falls, — The beat of your

*mf*

O dance with me.  
 Hear how it falls.

*mp*

O dance with me. — So  
 Hear how it falls. — The

*poco rit.* *mf a tempo*

lead you,— you'll float like a feath - er, So,  
 steps to — the — mu - sic re - ply - ing, And

*mp* *poco rit.* *mf a tempo*

You'll float like a feath - er, — So,—  
 The mu - sic re - ply - ing, — And—

*poco rit.* *mf a tempo*

light - ly you'll float like — a — feath - er, So,—  
 beat of your steps to — the — mu - sic, And—

come, then, O come, then, and— let us dance to - geth - er.  
 swift - er than sun - beams your — foot - steps are— fly - ing.

come, then, come, and dance to - geth - er.  
 swift as sun - beams, foot - steps fly - ing.

come, then, come, then, and dance to - geth - er.  
 swift as sun-beams your foot-steps are fly - ing.

# 213. Evening Song

Homer H. Harbour  
Slowly and dreamily

Lithuanian

*p* SOPRANO I



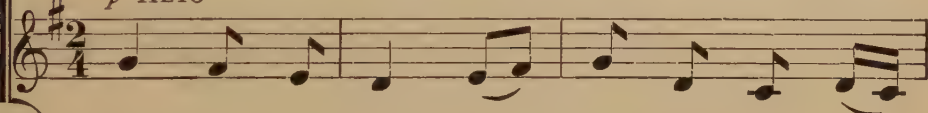
1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad - ows
2. High o'er the tree - tops one bright star is
3. Bright - ly the flames are in the fire - place

*p* SOPRANO II

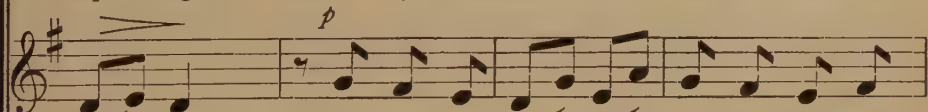


1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad - ows
2. High o'er the tree - tops one bright star is
3. Bright - ly the flames are in the fire - place

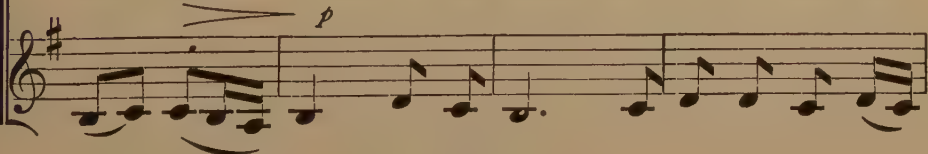
*p* ALTO



creep - ing, Cold o'er the hill - top goes the night-wind  
beam - ing, Dew - drops of crys - tal on the flow - ers  
leap - ing, Swift - ly the sparks go up the chim - ney



creep - ing, Cold o'er the hill - top goes the night-wind  
beam - ing, Dew - drops of crys - tal on the flow - ers  
leap - ing, Swift - ly the sparks go up the chim - ney



sweep - ing; In their beds of moss and feath - er  
 gleam - ing; Lambs are by their moth - ers ly - ing,  
 sweep - ing; When the light grows dim and dim - mer,

sweep - ing;  
 gleam - ing;  
 sweep - ing;

In their beds of feath - er  
 Lambs by moth - ers ly - ing,  
 When the light grows dim - mer,

(1. 2. 3.) Lul

Lit - tle birds lie warm to - geth - er; Ba - by should be  
 In the dark - ness bats are fly - ing; Ba - by should be  
 Fad - ing to a ti - ny glim - mer; Ba - by lies a -

Lit - tle birds lie warm;  
 In the dark - ness fly - ing;  
 Fad - ing to a glim - mer;

la by,

sleep - ing.  
dream - ing.  
sleep - ing.

Ba - by should be sleep - ing., sleep - ing.  
Ba - by should be dream - ing., dream - ing.  
Ba - by lies a - sleep - ing., sleep - ing.

(1.) sleep - ing.  
(2.) dream - ing.  
(3.) sleep - ing.

## 214. The Pine Tree Swing

Homer H. Harbour  
With swinging rhythm

German

SOPRANO I

*mp*

1. A - mid the boughs of an old pine tree I've  
2. I lie and watch thro' the branch - es The

*mp* SOPRANO II\*

*mp*

1. A - mid the boughs of an old pine tree I've  
2. I lie and watch thro' the branch - es The

*mp* ALTO

*mp*

1. A - mid the boughs of an old pine tree  
2. I lie and watch thro' the branch - es

\* The Second Soprano part may be omitted. 281

found me a won - der - ful swing, Where  
clouds- sail laz - i - ly by, And

I've found me a swing, Where  
The clouds- sail by,— And

I can rest so safe, so high, And hear the breeze in the  
some-times lit - tle birds light near And sing their song - close

I can rest so safe, so high, And hear the breeze in the  
some-times lit - tle birds light near— And sing their songs — close

I can rest so safe,— so high, And hear the breeze in the  
some-times lit - tle birds light near And sing their songs - close



branch - es sigh, And up and down, and up and down  
to my ear, And up and down, and up and down

branch-es sigh, And up, and up,  
to— my ear, And up, and up,

branch - es sigh,— And up and down, and up and down  
to my ear,— And up and down, and up and down

The wind— sings rock - a - by.  
I rock— twixt earth— and sky.

The wind sings rock - a - by.  
I rock twixt earth— and sky.

The wind— sings rock - a - by, - a - by.  
I rock— twixt earth— and sky, and sky.

\* See foot-note on page 192.

# 215. The Willows

Katherine Davis

Netherlands

With slow swinging rhythm

SOPRANO I

*p*

1. The wil - lows are wav - ing their sil - ver - y scarves That  
2. The wil - lows are stand - ing with sil - ver - y feet Where

*p* SOPRANO II

1. The wil - lows are wav - ing their sil - ver - y scarves That  
2. The wil - lows are stand - ing with sil - ver - y feet Where

ALTO

*p*

1. The wil - lows are wav - ing sil - ver - y  
2. The wil - lows are stand - ing with sil - v'ry

*mp*

swing as they float on the breeze; ——— The  
wa - ters are gleam - ing and cool; ——— Their

*mp*

swing as they float on the breeze, on the breeze; The  
wa - ters are gleam - ing, and cool, — and cool; — Their

*mp*

scarves That — swing as — they float on the breeze; The  
feet Where the wa - ters are gleam - ing and cool; Their



winds that go by with a breath and a sigh Are  
branch - es are sway - ing and bend - ing to meet The



winds that go by with a breath and a sigh  
branch - es are sway - ing and bend - ing to meet



winds that go by with a breath and a sigh  
branch - es are sway - ing and bend - ing to meet



stir - ring the leaves on the trees. The  
wil - lows that shine in the pool. Their



Are— stir - ring leaves on the trees. The  
The— wil - lows shine in the pool. Their

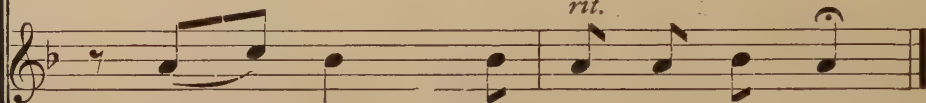


Are— stir - ring the leaves. The  
The— wil - lows that shine. Their

2

*rit.*

stir - ring the leaves on the trees. \_\_\_\_\_  
 wil - lows that shine in the pool. \_\_\_\_\_



Are— stir - ring leaves on the trees.  
 The— wil - lows shine in the pool.



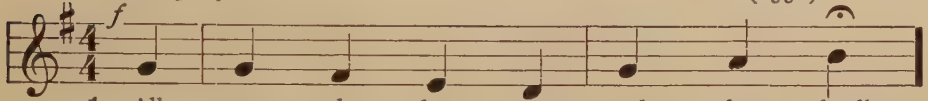
Are— stir - ring the leaves on the trees.  
 The— wil - lows that shine in the pool.

# HYMNS

## 216. Old Hundredth

William Kethe (1561)  
With dignity

Louis Bourgeois  
(1551)



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell,
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed ;
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good,



Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice ; Him serve with mirth, His  
With-out our aid He did us make : We are His flock, He  
Ap-proach with joy His courts un - to ; Praise, laud, and bless His  
His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure ; His truth at all times



praise forth tell ; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
did us feed ; And for His sheep He doth us take.  
name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.  
firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

## 217. Great God of Nations

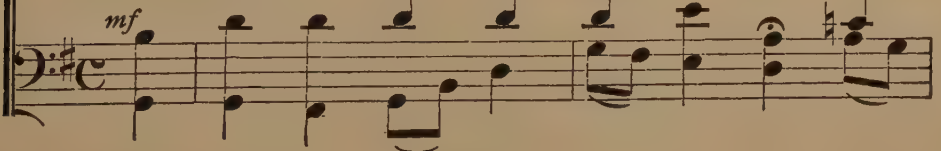
Alfred A. Woodhull

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Maestoso



1. Great God of Na - tions, now to Thee Our
2. Thy name we bless, Al - might - y God, For



hymn of gra - ti - tude we raise ; That Thou hast made this  
 all the kind-ness Thou hast shown To this fair land, by

na - tion free, We of - fer Thee our song of praise.  
 pil - grim trod, This land we fond - ly call our own.

## 218. These things shall be!

John Addington Symonds

Johann Sebastian Bach  
 (1685-1750)

Slowly and with great dignity

*mf*

1. These things shall be! A loft - ier race  
 2. They shall be gen - tle, brave and strong,  
 3. Na - tion with na - tion, land with land,

*mf*



Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
 Not to spill hu-man blood, but dare  
 Un-arm'd shall live as com-rades free;

With flame of free-dom in their souls  
 All that may plant-man's lord-ship firm  
 In ev-ry heart and brain shall throb

And light of know-ledge in their eyes.  
 On earth and fire and sea and air.  
 The pulse of one fra-ter-ni-ty.

4 New art shall bloom, of loftier mould,  
 And mightier music thrill the skies;  
 And every life shall be a song,  
 When all the earth is paradise.

5 There shall be no more sin or shame,  
 And wrath and wrong shall fetter'd lie;  
 For man shall be as one with God  
 In bonds of firm necessity.

# 219. What tongue can tell Thy greatness, Lord?

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Maestoso

*mf*

What tongue can tell Thy— great - ness, Lord, That

*mf*

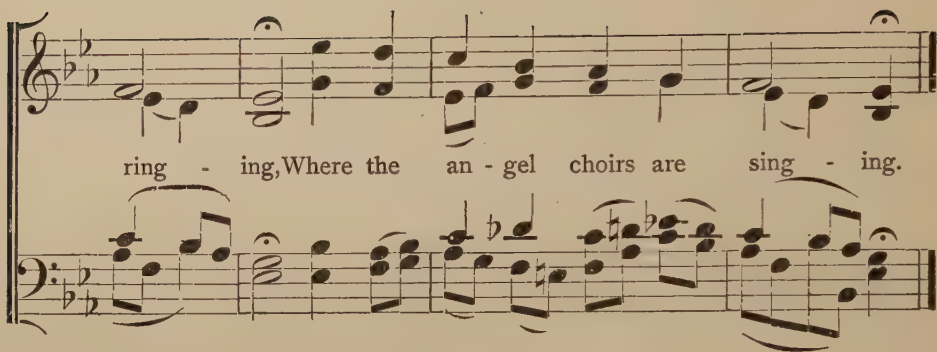
art— in all- the world a - dor'd, The world by

Thee cre - a - - ted? Through all this tem - ple—

praise a - bounds; Un - ceas - ing praise to Thee re - sounds

By ev - 'ry voice re - peat - ed. A - men,

A - men, So is ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ev - er



## 220. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, adore Him

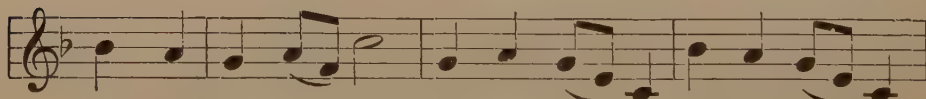
Foundling Chapel Collection (1796)

In moderate time

"Austrian Hymn"

Franz Josef Haydn

(1732-1809)





Worlds His might - y voice o - bey'd; Laws which nev - er  
Hosts on high, His pow'r pro - claim; Heav'n and earth and



shall be bro - ken For their- guid - ance- He hath made.  
all cre - a - tion Laud and— mag - ni - fy His— name!

## 221. The spacious firmament on high

Joseph Addison

With enthusiasm and dignity

Franz Josef Haydn

(1732-1809)



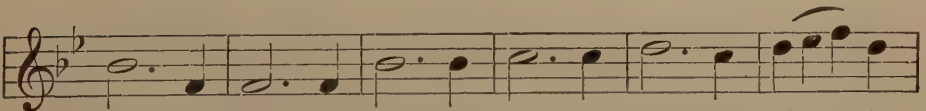
1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment— on— high— With—
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail— The—
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence— all— Move—



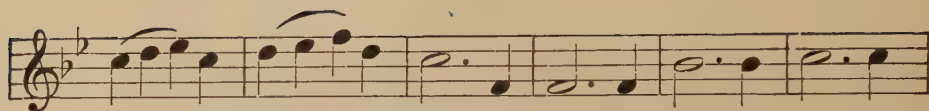
all— the— blue, e - the - real sky,— And span - gled heav'ns, a  
moon takes up the won - drous tale— And night - ly to the  
round the— dark ter - res - trial ball? What though no re - al



shin - ing— frame, Their great— O - ri - gi - nal— pro -  
list - 'ning— earth— Re - peats the— sto - ry of— her—  
voice nor— sound A - mid the— ra - diant orbs— be —



claim. Th'un-wear - ied sun, from day to day, Does his— Cre -  
birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all—the  
found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter



a - tor's pow'rs— dis - play, And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry  
plan - ets in — their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings as they  
forth— a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing as they



land The work— of an— Al - might - y Hand.  
roll, And spread — the truth—from pole to pole.  
shine, "The hand—that made — us is di - vine."

## 222. In Heavenly Love abiding

Anna L. Waring

"*Passion Chorale*"  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Slowly

*mf*

1. In Heav'n - ly Love a - bid - ing, No change my  
2. Wher - ev - er He— may— guide— me, No want shall  
3. Green pas - tures are— be - fore— me, Which yet— I

*mf*

heart shall fear; And safe in such con - fid - ing,  
turn— me— back; My Shep - herd is— be - side— me,  
have not— seen; Bright skies will soon— be— o'er— me,



For noth - ing chang - es— here. The storm may roar with -  
 And noth - ing can— I— lack. His wis - dom ey - er  
 Where dark - est clouds have been. My— hope I— can - not

out— me, My heart may low - be laid, But God is  
 wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the  
 meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav - iour

round a - bout— me, And can I be dis - may'd?  
 way He tak - eth, And I— will walk with Him.  
 has my treas - ure, And He— will walk with me.

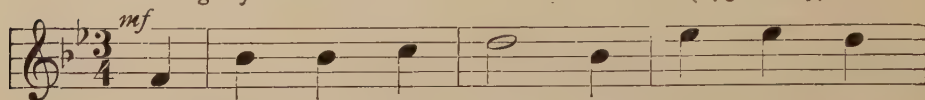
## 223. How wondrous and great

Bishop H. U. Onderdonk (1826)

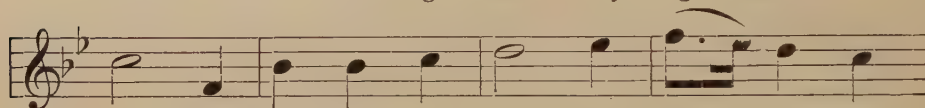
Franz Josef Haydn

With dignity

(1732-1809)



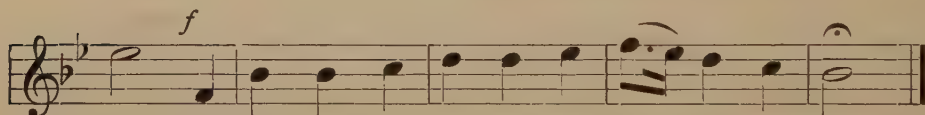
1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of  
2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be



- praise! How just, King of saints, And true— are Thy  
shown; Their wor - ship and vows Shall come— to Thy



- ways! Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy  
throne: Thy truth and Thy judg - ments Shall spread all a -



- Name? Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.  
broad, 'Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess—Thee their God.

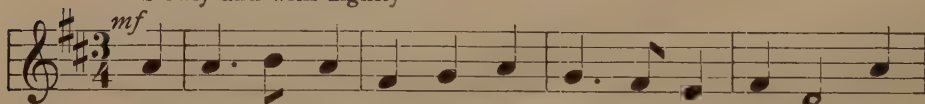
## 224. The Lord, in His righteousness

Psalms 72

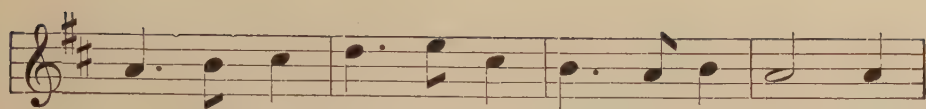
Paraphrased by Katherine Huntington

Netherlands Folk-song

Slowly and with dignity



1. The Lord, in His right - eous - ness, judg - es the peo - ple, The  
2. His bless - ings He scat - ters like show'rs from the heav - ens, Like  
3. From sea un - to sea shall He spread His do - min - ion, From the



moun - tains and hills by His rule are se - cure; The  
rain on the fields when the grass is new mown; His  
end of the earth to the riv - ers that run; The



men of all na - tions thro' - out — all gen - er - a - tions Shall  
peace is de - scend - ing, a - bun - dant, nev - er end - ing; The  
isles of the o - cean shall of - fer Him de - vo - tion, All

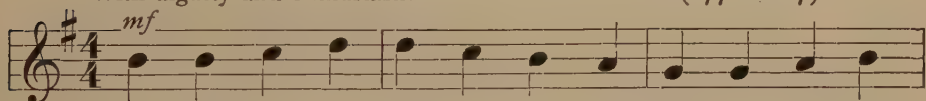


hon - or Him as long as the sun shall en - dure.  
need - y and op - press'd doth He count as His own.  
kings — shall bow be - fore Him, all na - tions be one.

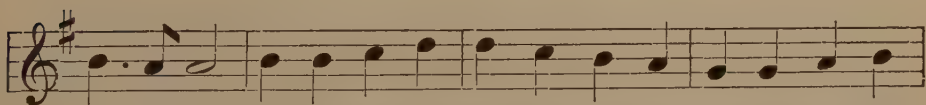
## 225. Ode to Joy

From Schiller  
With dignity and enthusiasm

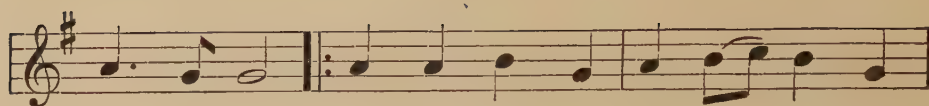
Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)



1. Hail thee, joy! All hail! di - vin - est Daugh - ter of E -
2. Joy, 'tis joy! From heav'n de - scend - ed, Turns un - seen the



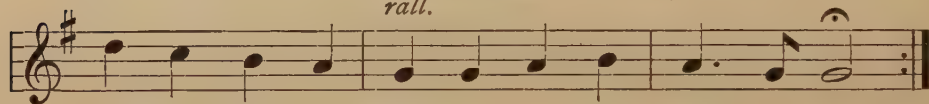
ly - si - um, Oh, re - ceive us where thou shin - est, In thy fire - en -  
wheel of life, Joy by love and hope at - tend - ed, Lead - ing hearts from



cir - cled dome. By thy mag - ic is u - nit - ed  
world - ly strife. Draws the stream from hid - den—sour - ces,



What stern— cus - tom part - ed wide; All— man - kind are  
Stirs the— seed in earth con - fined, Rolls— the stars a -  
*rall.*



broth - ers plight - ed Where thy gen - tle wings a - bide.  
long their cour - ses, Moves the hearts of all man - kind.

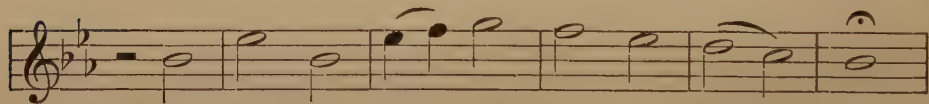
## 226. Now let every tongue adore Thee

From the Cantata: "Sleepers, Wake!"  
Moderato

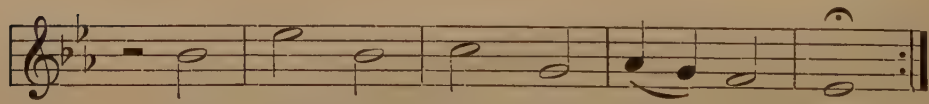
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)



Now let ev - 'ry tongue a - dore Thee!  
All Thy gates with pearl are glo - rious,




Let men with an - gels sing be - fore— Thee!  
Where we par - take thro' faith vic - to - rious,



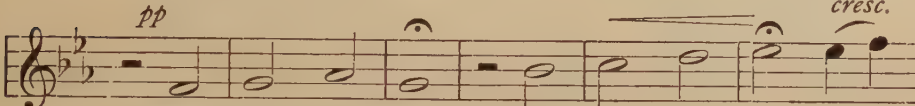
Let harps and cym - bals now— u - nite!  
With an - gels round Thy throne of light.

*p*



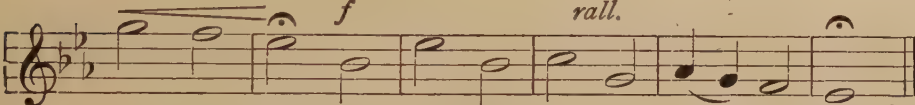
No mor-tal eye hath seen, No mor-tal ear hath heard

*pp* *cresc.*



Such won-drous things, There-fore with joy our—

*f* *rall.*



song shall soar In praise to God for-ev-er-more.

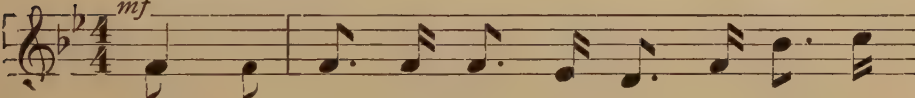
## 227. Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

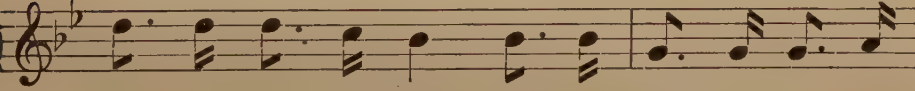
Anonymous

In marching rhythm

*mf*



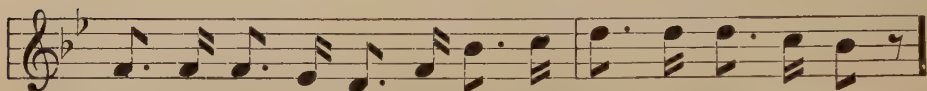
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a  
 3. I have read a fier-y gos-pel, writ in  
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall  
 5. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was



com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the  
 hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have build-ed Him an  
 rows of bur-nished steel: "As ye deal with my con-  
 nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the  
 born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can  
tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal;" Let the  
hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be  
bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

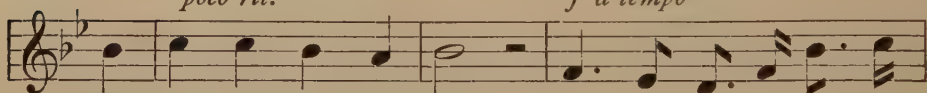


loos'd the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;  
read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;  
He - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pent with his heel,  
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! Be ju - bi - lant, my feet!  
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

CHORUS

*poco rit.*

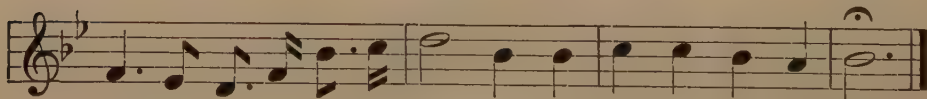
*f a tempo*



His truth is march - ing on!	}	Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le -
His day is march - ing on!		
Since God is march - ing on!		
Our God is march - ing on!		
While God is march - ing on!		



lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!



# 228. Let us with a gladsome mind

John Milton (1623)  
In moderate time

Orlando Gibbons  
(1583-1625)



1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for
2. He with all - com - mand - ing might Fill'd the new - made



He is kind; } For His mer - cies aye en - dure,  
world with light: }



Ev - er — faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3

He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4

All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5

Let us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord for He is kind:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure,

# 229. Land of our birth

Rudyard Kipling  
Andante

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

*mf*

1. Land of our birth, we pledge to thee  
2. Fa - ther in heav'n, who lov - est all,  
3. Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
4. Teach us to rule our - selves al - way,

*mf*

Our love and toil in years to be,  
O help Thy chil - dren when they call,  
With stead - fast - ness and care - ful truth,  
Con - trolled and clean - ly night and day,

When we - are grown and take our place  
That they - may build from age to age  
That, in - our time, Thy grace may give  
That we - may bring, if need a - rise,

As men- and wo men with— our race.  
 An un - de - fil - ed her - i - tage.  
 The truth where - by — the na - tions live.  
 No maim'd or worth - less sac - ri - fice.

5 Teach us to look in all our ends  
 On Thee for judge and not our friends,  
 That we with Thee may walk uncowed  
 By fear or favor of the crowd.

7 Teach us delight in simple things,  
 And mirth that has no bitter springs,  
 Forgiveness free of evil done,  
 And love to all men 'neath the sun.

6 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,  
 By deed or thought to hurt the weak;  
 That, under Thee, we may possess  
 Man's strength to comfort man's dis-  
 tress.

8 Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,  
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;  
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee  
 Head, heart, and hand, through years  
 to be.

## 230. Now thank we all our God

Martin Rinkart (1644)

Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1858)

Slowly and with great dignity


Johannes Crüger

(1598–1662)

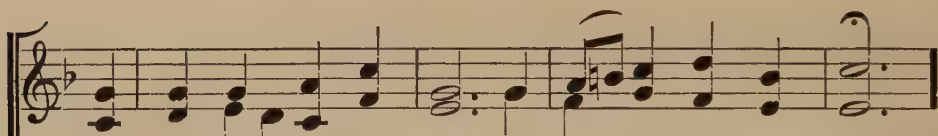
*mf*

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,  
 2. Oh, may this boun- teous God Through all our life be near— us,

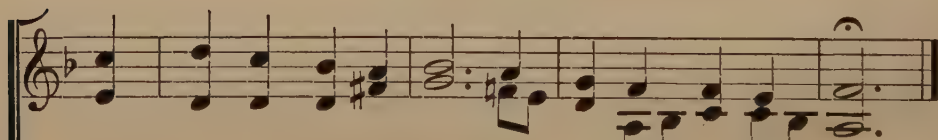
*mf*



Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es ;  
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to— cheer— us ;



Who, from our-moth-er's arms, Hath blest us on our way  
 And keep us— in His grace, And guide us when per - plex'd,

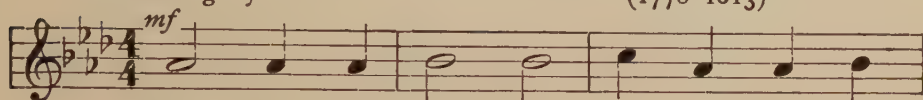


With count-less gifts of love, And still is— ours to - day.  
 And free us from all ills In— this world and the— next.

## 231. Integer Vitae

From Horace; Ode XXII  
With dignity

Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming  
(1778-1813)



1. He who is no - ble, kind in thought and  
2. What though he wan - der o'er the burn - ing  
*In - te - ger vi - tae scel - e - ris - que*



ac - tion, Faith - ful to du - ty, pure, and sin - gle -  
des - ert? What though he jour - ny o'er un - friend - ly  
*pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec*



heart - ed, Needs not a weap - on, needs not man to  
moun - tain? Sleep - ing or wak - ing, though by death sur -  
*ar - cu, Nec re - ne - na - tis grav - i - da - sa -*



guard - him, Vir - tue de - fends — him.  
round - ed, Vir - tue de - fends — him.  
*git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.*

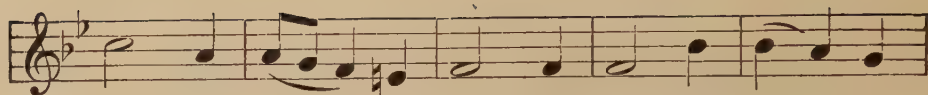
## 232. Morning Song

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius  
(5th Century)

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)



1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as  
2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, — so clear, Its own sweet  
3. And ev - er, as the day — glides by, May we the  
4. Grant us, O God, in love — to Thee, Clear eyes to



chil - dren of — the day, With wak - en'd heart — and  
calm in us — in - still! A guile - less mind, — a  
bus - y sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on — the  
meas - ure things — be - low; Faith, the in - vis - i -



pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast — a - way.  
heart sin - cere, — Sim - plic - i - ty — of word and will.  
hand and eye, — Nor let the con - science suf - fer stain.  
ble to see, — And wis - dom, Thee in all — to know.

## 233. Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Anonymous

17th Century German Melody

In moderate time; dignified



1. Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright ser - aphs, cher -
2. Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, Ye pa - tri - archs
3. O high - er than the cher - u - bim, More glo - rious that



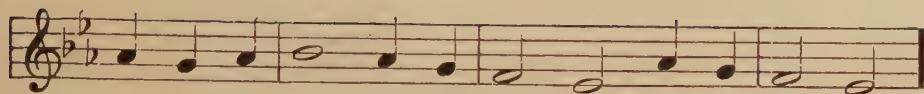
u - bim and thrones, Raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia!  
and pro - phets blest, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
the ser - a - phim, Lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia!

*mf a tempo*

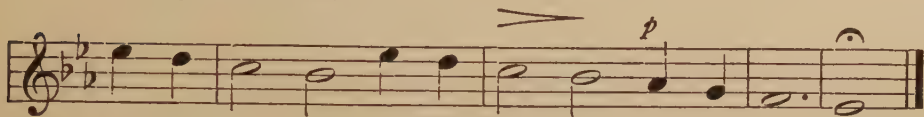


Cry out, dom - in - ions, prince - doms, pow'rs, Vir - tues, arch - an -  
Ye ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyrs strong, All saints tri - um -  
Thou bear - er of th'e - ter - nal Word, Most gra - cious, mag -





gels, an - gel choirs,  
ant, raise the song, } Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
ni - fy the Lord, }



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

## 234. The Star-spangled Banner

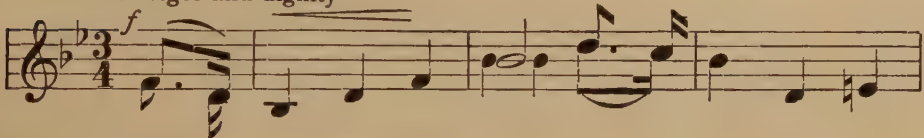
Francis Scott Key

(1780-1843)

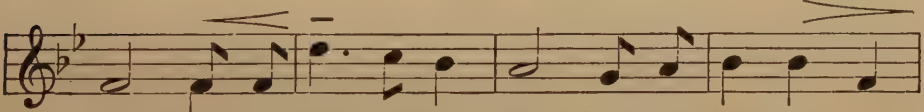
John Stafford Smith

(1750-1836)

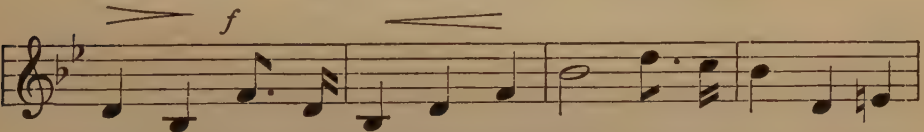
With vigor and dignity



1. Oh,— say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly  
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the  
3. Oh,— thus be it ev - er when— free - men shall



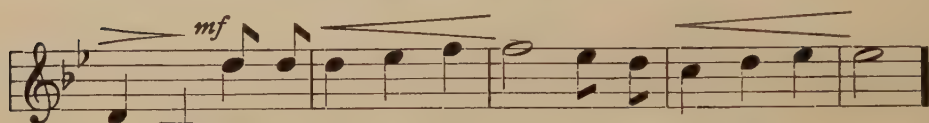
light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the 'twi-light's last  
deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re -  
stand Be - tween their lov'd homes and the war's des - o -



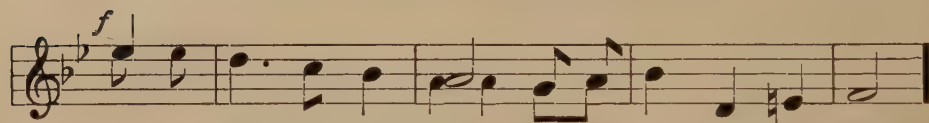
gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous  
pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing  
la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n res - cued



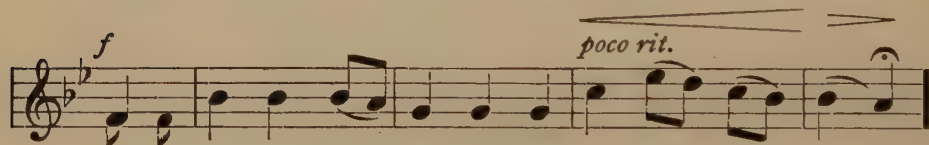
fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly  
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -  
land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a



stream-ing? And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,  
na - tion! Then— con - quer we ' must when our cause it is just,



Gave proof thro' the night— that our flag was still there.  
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now— shines on the stream.  
And this be our mot - to: "In— God is our trust."



Oh,— say, does that— Star-span-gled Ban - ner— yet— wave—  
'Tis the Star-span - gled— Ban - ner, oh, long may it— wave—  
And the Star-span - gled— Ban - ner in tri - umph shall— wave—



O'er the land— of the free and the home of the brave?  
O'er the land— of the free and the home of the brave!  
O'er the land— of the free ond the home of the brave,

# ROUNDS AND CATCHES

## At summer morn

Anonymous

(Round)

Old English

1 *mp*  
At sum-mer morn the mer-ry lark her-alds in the day;

2  
At e - ven-tide sad Phil-o - mel breathes her plain-tive lay,

3  
Warb - ling sweet - ly all her grief a - way.

## Catch Round the Table

Anonymous

Merrily

Samuel Webbe

(1770-1843)

1 *mp*  
Now we are met, let— mirth a - bound,

2  
And let the catch, and let the catch,

3  
and toast go round, and toast go

Now we are met, let mirth a - bound, 2

And let the catch and toast— go round, 3

round, let the catch and toast go round! 1

## Summer is a coming in

*Sumer is icumen in*

Old English

(Round) 13th Century English Round

*mf* 1 Very merrily 2

Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, — Loud - ly sing cuck - oo! —  
*Sum - er is i - cum - en in, — Lhu - de sing cuo - cu! —*

3 4

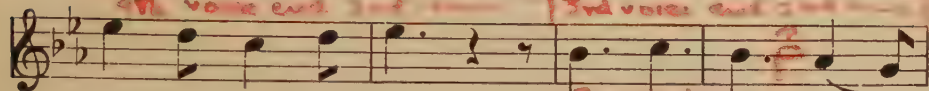
Grow - eth seed and blow - eth mead, And spring - eth wood a - new. —  
*Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med, And spring - eth w - de nu. —*

Sing, cuck - oo! Ew - e bleath - eth af - ter lamb, Low'th  
*Sing, cuc - cu! Aw - e ble - teth af - ter lombe, Lhouth*

\* It is suggested that this Catch close on the chord which occurs when group 1 reach this point for the second time.



af - ter calf the cow; Bul - lock start - eth, buck, too, vert - eth,\*  
af - ter cal - ve cu; Bul - luc ster - teth, buck - e vert - eth,

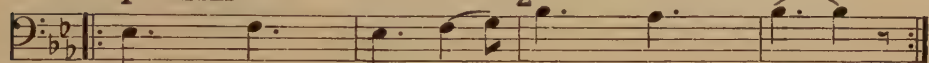


Mer - ry sing cuck - oo! Cuck - oo, cuck - oo!—  
Mur - ie sing cuc - cu, Cuc - cu, cuc - cu!—



Well singst thou, cuck - oo,— O cease thee nev - er now!  
Wel singes thu, cuc - cu,— Ne swik thu na - ver nu!

1 BASSES\*\*



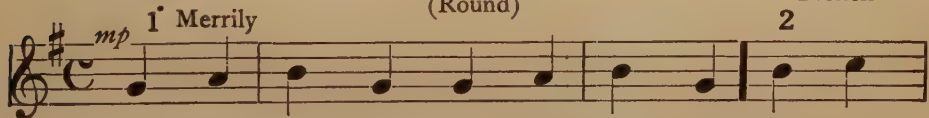
Sing, cuck - oo, now,— Sing, cuck - oo!—  
Sing, cuc - cu, nu,— Sing, cuc - cu!—

## Are you sleeping?

Old French

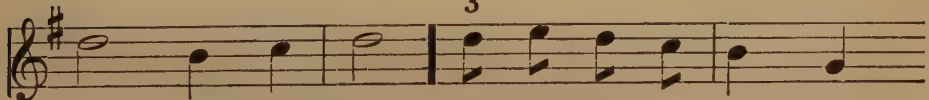
Frere Jacques  
(Round)

French



Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing, Broth - er  
Fre - re Jac - que, Fre - re Jac - que, dor - mez -

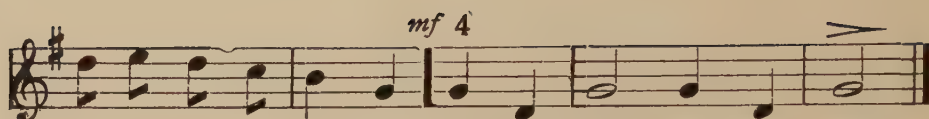
3



John, Broth - er John? Morn - ing bells are ring - ing,  
vous, dor - mez - vous? Son - nez les ma - ti - nes,

\*verteth,—seeks the green fern.

\*\* This Two-part Round is sung by basses throughout the singing of the parts for higher voices.  
It is included here in order that the composition in its complete original form may be known.



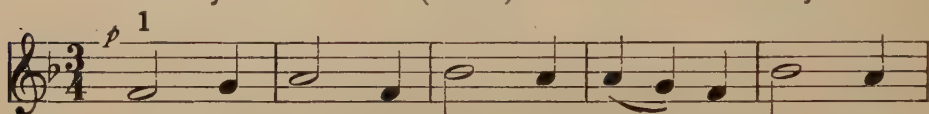
morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Ding, ding, dong! Ding, ding, dong!  
son - nez les ma - ti - nes, Di, din, don! Di, din, don!

## O how lovely is the evening

Not too slowly

(Round)

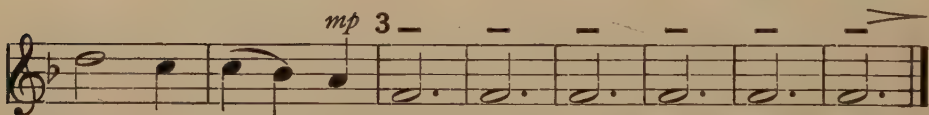
Anonymous



O how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the



eve - ning, When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing,



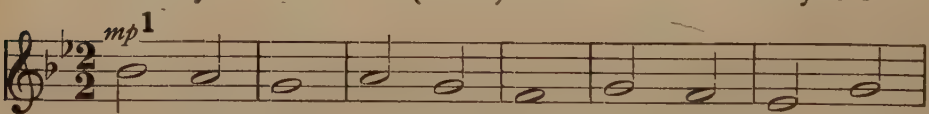
sweet - ly ring - ing, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

## O give thanks

Reverently

(Round)

Anonymous

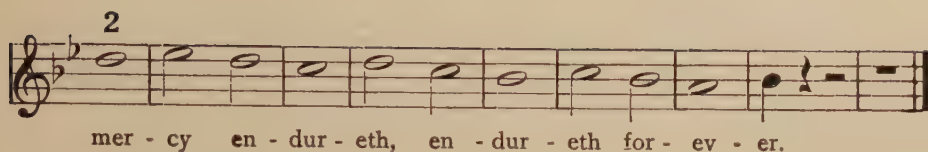


O give thanks, O give thanks, O give thanks un -



to the Lord, for He is gra - cious and His



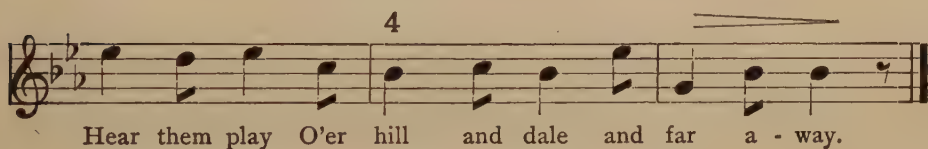
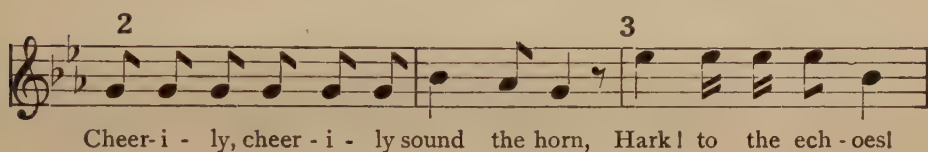
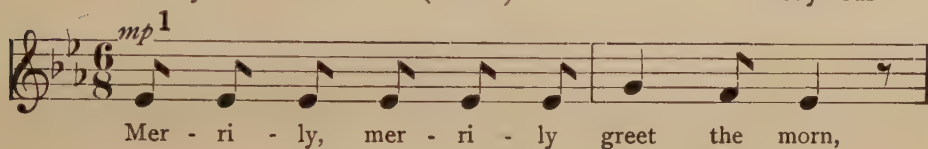


## Merrily, merrily greet the morn

Merrily

(Round)

Anonymous

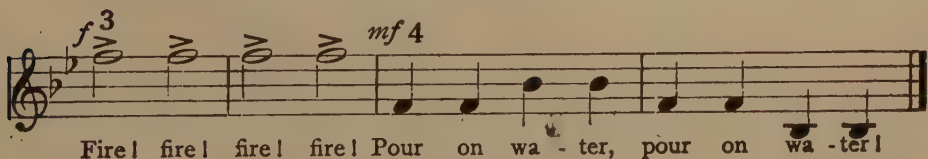
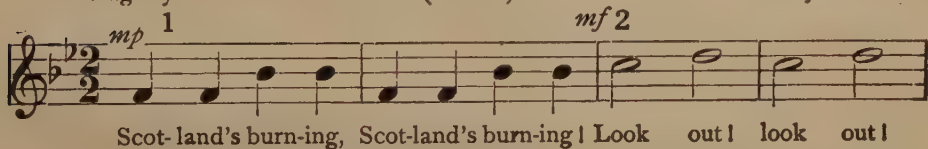


## Scotland's burning

Eagerly

(Round)

Anonymous



# Three blind mice

Anonymous  
Andante

(Round)

Anonymous

*mp* 1 *Fine*

Three blind mice,— Three blind mice,— Three blind mice!—

2

See how they run,— See how they run,—

3

See how they run!— They all run af - ter the

far - mer's wife, She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife,

*D.C. al Fine*

Did ev - er you see such a sight in your life as

# Thou poor bird

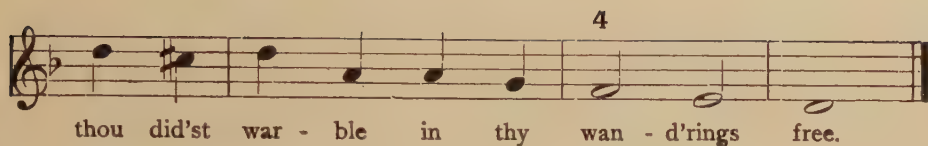
Anonymous  
Not too slowly

(Round)

Anonymous

*p* 1 2 3

Thou poor bird, mourn'st the tree, Where sweet - ly

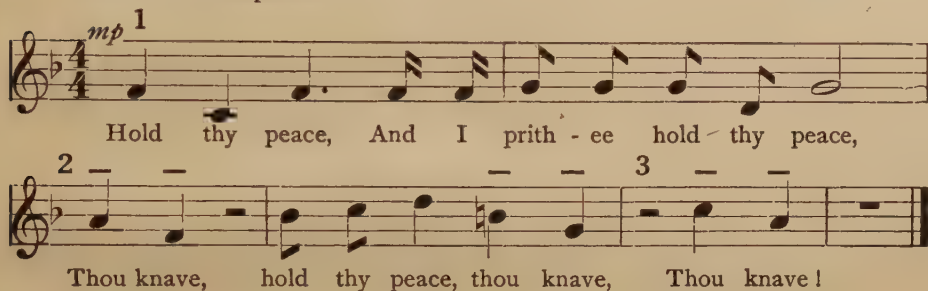


## Hold thy peace

From "Twelfth Night"  
William Shakespeare

(Catch)

Old English

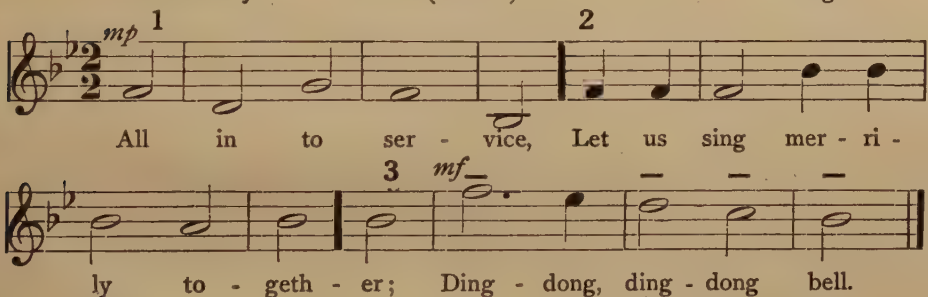


## Going to Church

Not too slowly

(Round)

Old English

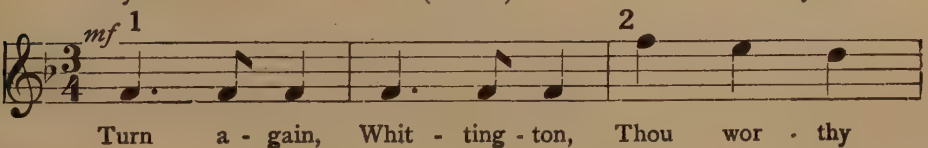


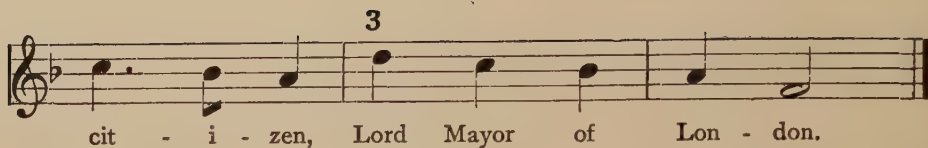
## Turn again, Whittington

Anonymous

(Round)

Anonymous



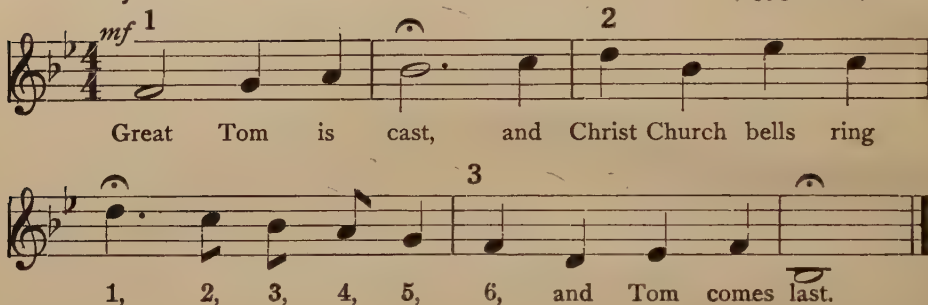


## Great Tom is cast

(Round)

Henry Lawes  
(1595-1662)

Anonymous



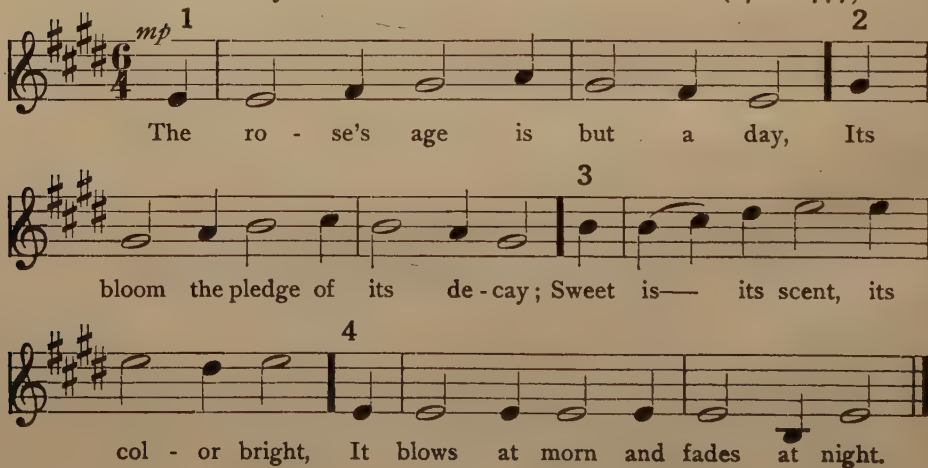
## The rose's age is but a day

(Round)

William Hayes  
(1706-1777)

Anonymous

Not too slowly



# Early to bed

Anonymous  
Allegretto

(Round)

Anonymous

*mp* 1 2

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man.

3

health-y and wealth-y and wise, Wise, health-y and wealth - y.

# Haste thee, nymph

John Milton  
Allegretto

(Round).

F. Arnold

*mp* 1

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful-

2

jol - li - ty, Quips, and-cranks, and wan - ton- wiles,

3

Nods, and becks, and wreath - ed smiles, Sport, that wrin - kled

care de - rides, And laugh - ter— hold - ing both his sides.

# Chairs to mend

(Catch)

Old English  
Allegretto

Old English

1 *mf*

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Rush or cane - bot-tom'd old

2

chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, New- Mac - ker - el, new

Mac - ker - el, new Mac - ker - el, new

3

Mac - ker - el, Old rags, an - y old rags, take

mon - ey for your old rags, an - y hare skins or rab - bit skins.

# My dame has in her hutch

Old English

(Catch)

Old English

1 *mp*

My dame has in her hutch at home A lit - tle dog,

2

hey,- dog, hey!

3

With a clog dog, hey!



# Wind, gentle evergreen

Anonymous

(Round)

William Hayes

(1706-1777)

Andante

1 *mp*  
Wind, gen-tle ev-er-green, to—form a—shade, A -

2  
Sweet i - vy,—bend thy boughs and in - ter - twine— With

3  
Thus will thy last - ing leaves with beau-ty hung, Prove

round— the tomb— where So - pho-cles is laid;

blush - ing ro - ses and the— clus - t'ring vine;

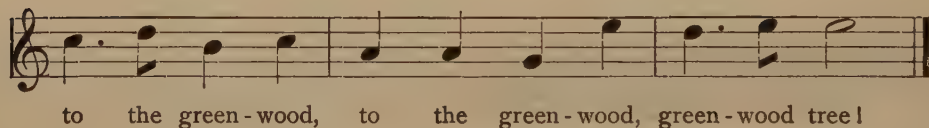
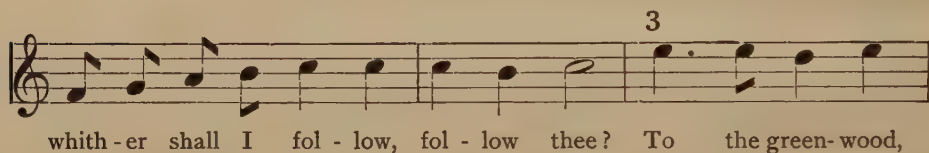
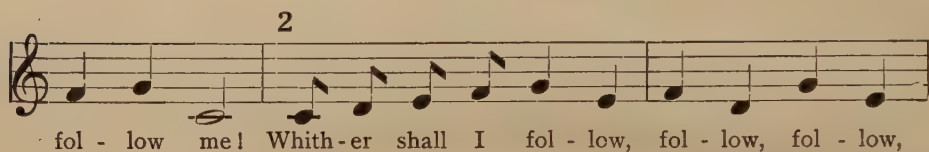
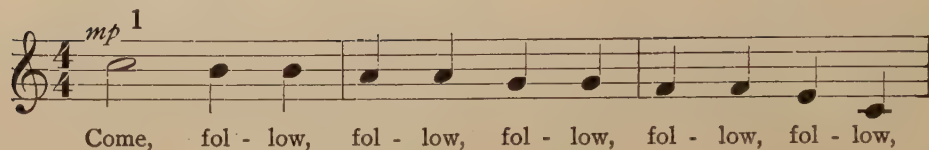
grate - ful em - blems of the lays he sung.

# Come, follow me!

Anonymous  
With enthusiasm

(Round)

John Hilton  
(1599-1657)

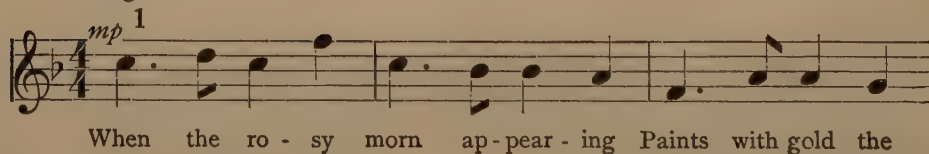


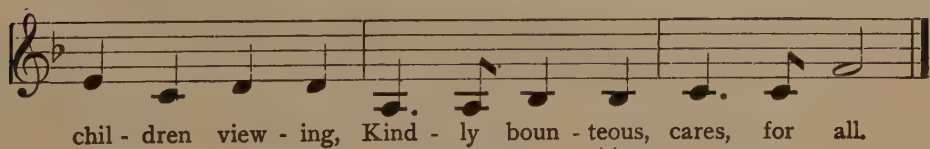
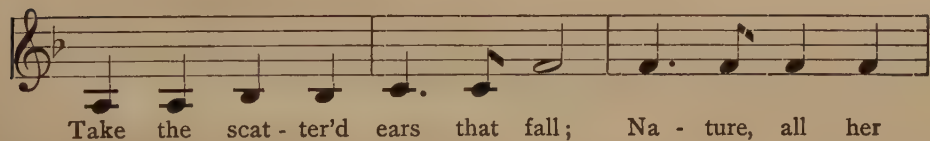
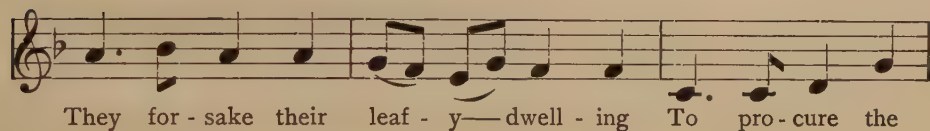
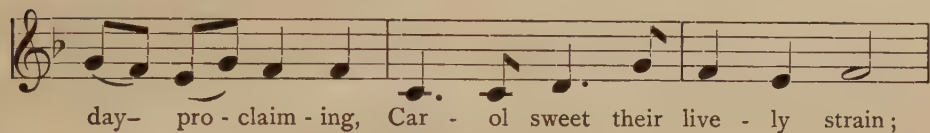
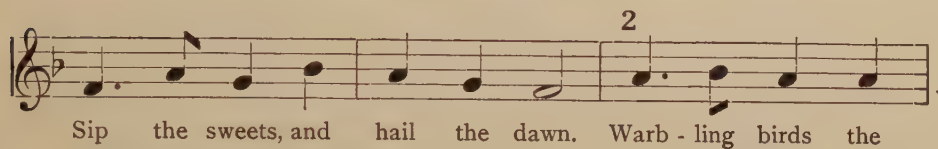
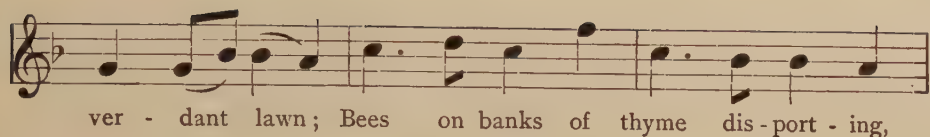
# When the rosy morn appearing

Old English  
Allegretto

(Round)

Old English





# 'Tis hum-drum

Old English  
Allegretto

(Catch)

Henry Harrington

1 *mp*  
'Tis hum - - - - - drum, 'tis

2  
Here's one looks ver - y wise, — and an -

3 *mf*  
Heigh,

2  
mum - - - - - mum, what! no - bod - y speak?

3  
oth - er rubs his eyes, then gapes and yawns and cries.

*mp* *p*  
1  
ho, hum.

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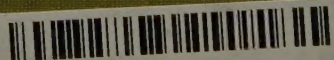












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